Everybody's Magazine

Santa Claus' Uncle

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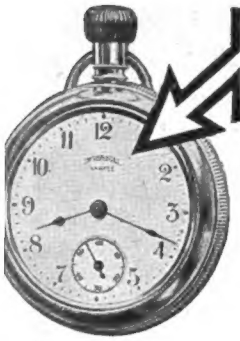

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THE STORY OF AN AMERICAN HOME.

IV. ANTICIPATION.

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PROPERTY.
DO NOT TAKE FROM ALUMNI

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE

VOL. XVIII. JANUARY, 1908. No. 1.

"THE WORLD-OLD TRAGEDY OF DEFERRED HOPE AND FRIGHT AND DOUBT."

THE GAME GOT THEM

How the Great Wall Street Gambling Syndicate Fell Into its Own Trap

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE

Author of "Wall Street Stories," "Sampson Rock of Wall Street," etc.

Illustrated with photographs by Brown Bros.

SOMEBODY asked for a dollar!

That is what precipitated the worst panic of recent years.

The banks had stocks, bonds, mortgages, office buildings, participations in syndicates, notes, steamships, copper-mines, words of honor, loans to directors, and other first-class assets. But for months a boulder had been trembling perilously on the very brink of the precipice. At last, when somebody asked his own bank for his own money, down crashed the boulder on spotless reputations and trembling fears and shining hopes. And beneath the debris of credit there came to many people the only death that they feared —financial death.

"Somebody asked for a dollar. That's what's happened!" A New York banker said so at his club the other night. Among his hearers were other bankers. And they nodded acquiescence, forgetting to accuse Roosevelt of being responsible for the wreck of hopes and reputations and, worse still, of fortunes. The epigram told a long story to the bankers, in exactly five words.

Now, there were reasons why there should have been a panic, and why it should have been exactly the kind of panic that it was,

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G. B. CORTELYOU,
Secretary of the Treasury.

J. P. MORGAN,
The only high financier whom the other high financiers dared to trust.

JAMES STILLMAN,
President City National Bank.

and also why it should have raged at the time when it did and not much earlier and not much later. It had been coming for a long time. More than one observer had perceived its advance, notwithstanding the wonderful prosperity of the past two or three years. Every now and then something happened that hurried it along; some plan miscarried;

"CLOSED"—AND THEIR SAVINGS INSIDE.

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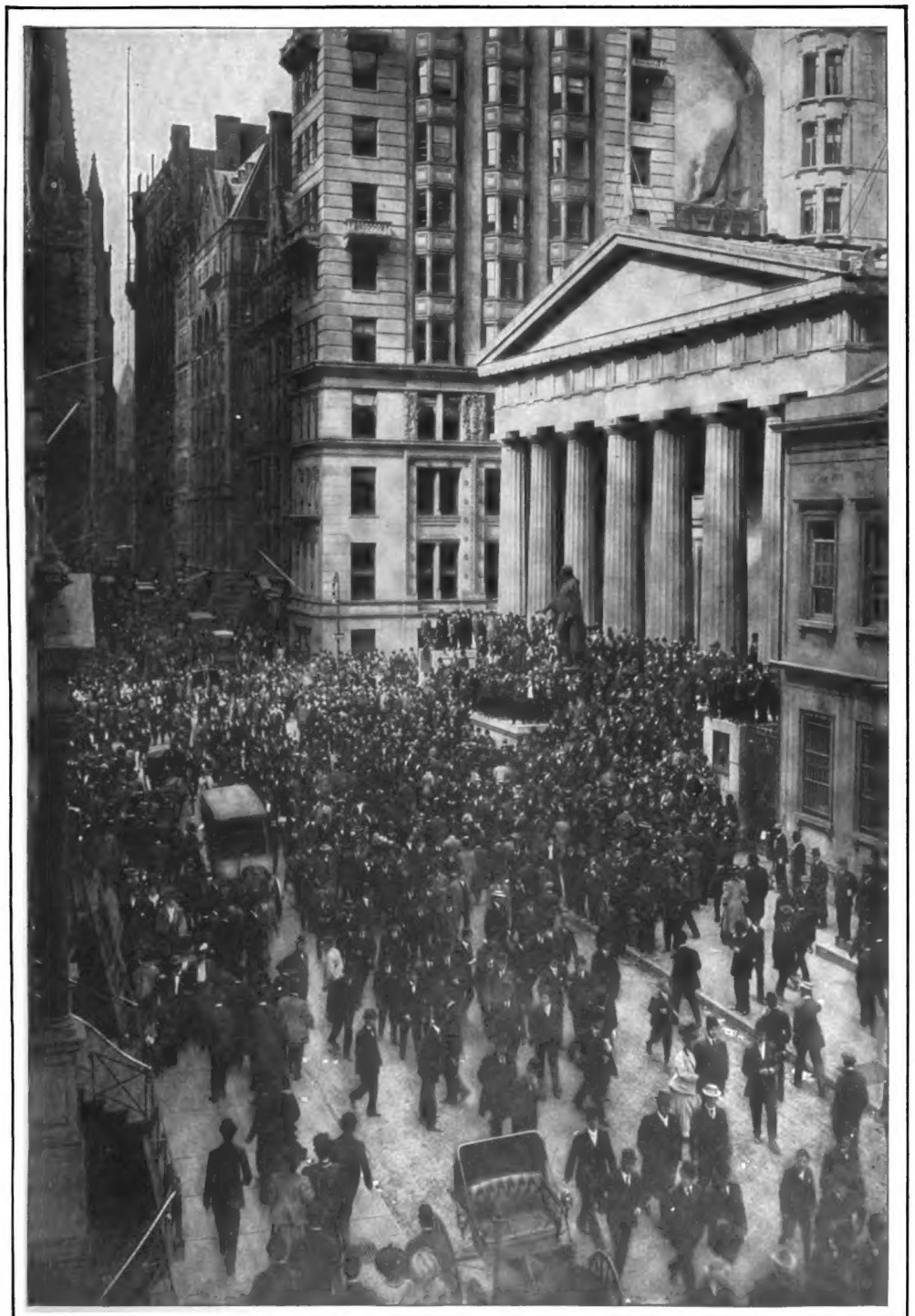

EXCITED CROWDS HUNG ABOUT MORGAN'S OFFICE IN WALL STREET, OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES SUBTREASURY, WHICH SHOWS ON THE RIGHT OF THE PICTURE.

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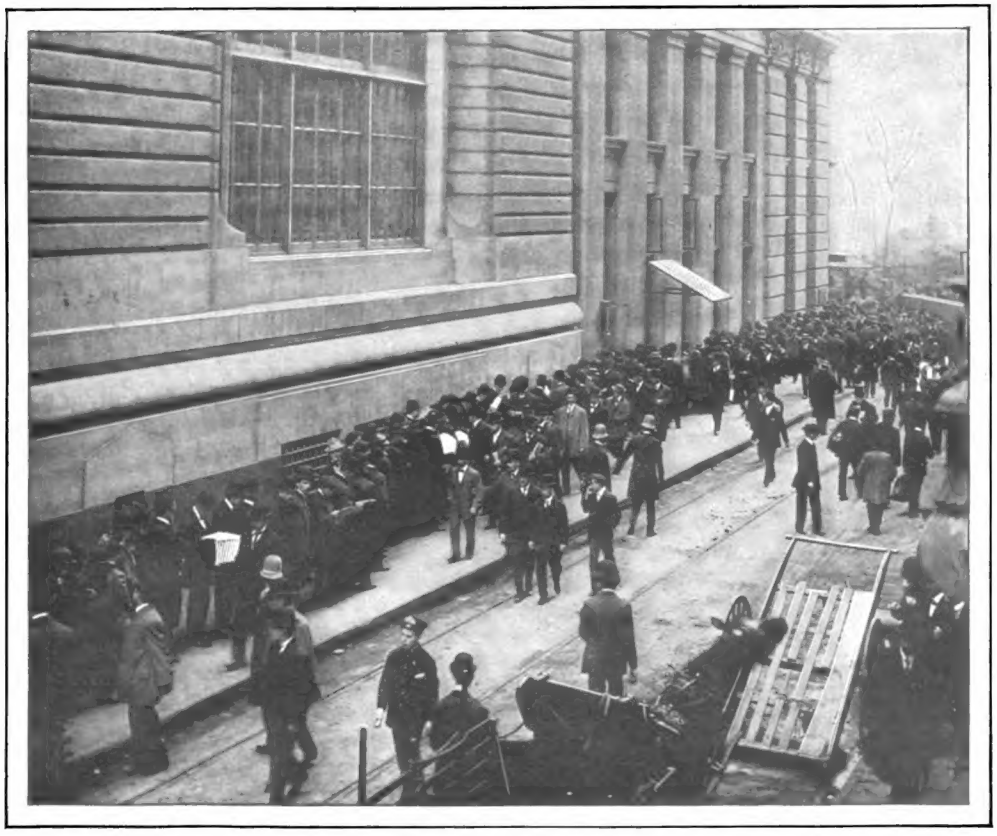
CHARLES T. BARNEY,
Late President of the Knickerbocker Trust Co.

said that the situation was not. But these things did not cause the panic; they did not even cause the distrust that in November pervaded the community.

Who would have said that the touring-car and the projected European trip of 1908 had regretfully to be abandoned because some years ago a few cold-eyed, eagle-beaked gentlemen in London coveted a few gold mines in the Transvaal? And that the reason why Santa Claus will not bring the Russian sables this Christmas is that Russian grafters, dreaming of vast Manchurian plunder, also dreamed that the Japs were apes? Yet these remote events are clearly causes of such disappointments. For the Boer War, so far as concerned the world of business, which does not trouble itself with ethics, meant the loss of about a thousand millions



THE RUN ON THE COLONIAL BRANCH OF THE TRUST COMPANY OF AMERICA: THE LINE OF DEPOSITORS EXTENDING DOWN ANN STREET.

something encroached upon the bank reserves; also from time to time some financier deliberately closed his eyes and swore that the situation was bright and healthy, of some statesman ingenuously opened his mouth and

of liquid capital. Not very long after that stupendous financial loss came the war between Russia and Japan, and a still greater amount of capital disappeared forever—something like a billion and a quarter of dollars.

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Then came the San Francisco disaster. The loss there was, let us say, five hundred millions of dollars; that much wiped out at one fell swoop. Thus you have in a few years the loss of over two and a half billions of dollars of this little world's liquid capital. Remember, this was no stock-market-slump loss, no mere disappearance of an elusive "paper profit" on a speculative line, no shrinkage of bank accounts incidental to the collapse of some absurd boom, no diversion from one channel of trade into another; but the actual and definite and irretrievable loss of that much of the world's capital, which it could have used, which it needed to do business with.

And serious though so stupendous a loss at any time would be, it proved much more than usually serious because during the past three or four years

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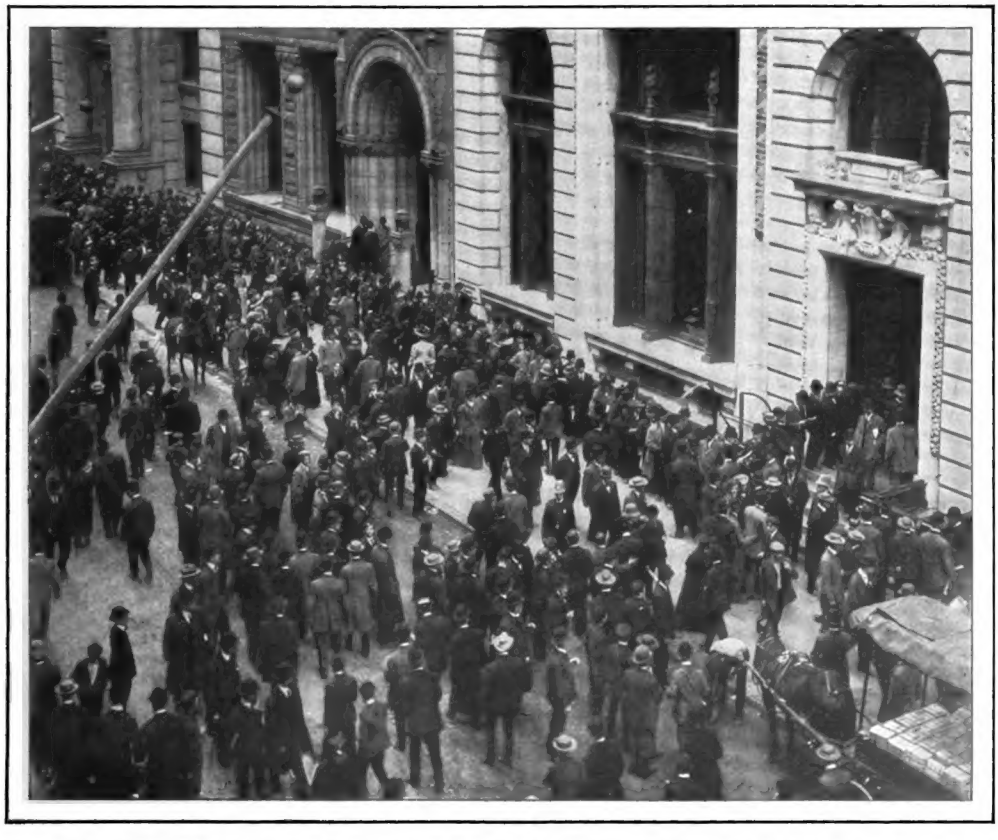
OAKLEY THORNE,
Whose bank was saved by the Clearing House.



WALL STREET ENTRANCE OF THE TRUST COMPANY OF AMERICA; THE POLICE GAVE THE DEPOSITORS NUMBERED TICKETS, AND THE LINE WAITED DAY AND NIGHT.

the entire world has been unusually busy. Aside from spasms of speculation in stocks and staples and metals, there has been unprecedented activity and expansion in industries and manufactures, not only in the United States but also in Germany and England and France. In our country, because of the national optimism, the expansion has been extraordinary, the volume of business simply colossal; our industries have grown

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H. H. ROGERS,

Whose ambition personally to build and own a railway is said to have depleted even his millions almost to the danger point.

E. R. THOMAS,

Who was associated with the Morse-Heinze operations.

C. W. MORSE,

A rival of "The System." He was forced to resign from a chain of banks in whose control he was supposedly impregnable.

at such a rate that we have been unable properly to finance that growth. This state of affairs has been clear to all for many months. We have had too much prosperity for the money; more than we could promptly pay for. Didn't the railroads pray for *less* business so that they might *earn more* per ton per mile? Well, we went along as we should have done no matter who had been President of the United States or president of the Union Pacific or president of the Standard Oil or president of

F. AUGUSTUS HEINZE.

The ruthless determination of his financial opponents to balk his ambition precipitated the October panic.

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the Federation of Labor. And one cloudy day somebody asked for a dollar, and, not getting it promptly enough, very promptly squealed. That squeal was the signal for the chorus to join—the chorus of the entire world, which also wanted Money! *Money!* MONEY! It is sad to want money and not get it. But to ask for your own money and not get it is the civilized man's hell.

The crash would have come earlier if the gold production had not been so great—the greatest it has ever been. But it was not great enough to offset the tremendous losses referred to and, moreover, Mexico went on a gold basis and absorbed a great deal of the precious metal; and Argentina also needed a lot; and Egypt had to have gold. The land of the Pharaohs, by the way, also had its huge boom, in stocks and real estate and agriculture—and its collapse.

The panic of 1907 was, indeed, a world panic. To the British business man the fact that the Bank of England's minimum rate of discount in 1907 reached a higher level than had been seen since King Edward was a young man, is as a long and vivid chronicle of disaster. And the extraordinarily high rate made by the Bank of Germany also tells of strenuous finance, and of hardship to German industry and commerce.

In addition to the loss of $2,500,000,000 of the world's capital, we must reckon also in a general way with the American temperament. Our easy-going methods, our optimism, our habit of not looking beyond to-day helped to make the visible phenomena of the panic of 1907 more sensational in America than elsewhere. The story can begin with the Union Pacific dividend incident; that is, when the common stock was put on a ten-per-cent.-dividend basis, in 1906.

THE ALL-AMERICA TEAM OF FINANCE

A great romance, that! The first chapter of the Story of the Great Panic is really the wonderful Tale of the Dice Throw that Failed. When you say William Rockefeller, Henry H. Rogers, Henry Clay Frick, Edward H. Harriman, and their friends, you really say the star aggregation of cold-blooded sagacity, experience in stock-market operations, familiarity with legitimate, upbuilding business methods and loaded dice, and enormous individual wealth; it is the All-America Team of Finance, is it not?

These men held enormous blocks of divers stocks bought in 1904 and 1905. It had proven more difficult than they liked to dispose of these holdings. Like lesser men, they saw that the country at large was unprecedentedly prosperous and, by the light of the past, that was precisely the time to sell stocks to the people whose prosperity enabled them to purchase securities. It is not possible to believe that these sagacious business men did not realize that there was scarcely enough money to go around.

FIVE HUNDRED MILLIONS ON THE RED

It may be that the All-America financial team was too heavily committed to be able to do anything but go ahead. It was already resentful of the "muck-raking" attacks by press and President, but these did not give it pause. Indeed, it planned more aggressively; the campaign for high stock prices—to permit of the unloading process—was to be pushed more vigorously than ever. The ruins of the city by the Golden Gate were not yet cold when the dividend on the common stock of the Union Pacific was raised beyond the most sanguine expectations of the greediest "outside" stockholder. There followed a general rise in stock prices, Union Pacific triumphantly leading the advance. It looked like golden history in the making, another glorious page of prosperity.

Do you know what these mighty captains really did? Knowing now that time urged, but not yet knowing the fear of man, they took their own money, borrowed more, and said: "*Five hundred millions on the red!*"

And the red did not win!

About three months later: *Enter* ROOSEVELT.

The great constructive financiers, as they love to call themselves, had begun to see that their manipulation in the stock-market, successful though such methods had been in the past, was not attracting the public. They thereupon began to lose patience, which is always far worse than to lose money. They blamed Roosevelt's speeches for their failure to market their stocks, as though it were the President's oratory that had unsettled confidence. Did they think that their abuse of corporate power and their misuse of money had earned the public's distrust? Not for one fleeting moment. Such practises had in the past won for them scores of millions and the admiration of an unenlightened but success-worshiping public; also much power.

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All the muck-raking in the country and all the Presidential speeches had taught them nothing.

The injudicious attempt to manufacture a bull market big enough to unload in was successful in aggravating the situation by tying up scores of millions of dollars that were needed for the conduct of legitimate business.

From that time on, danger-signals rapidly multiplied. The mob possibly did not see them; but the wise few, who must have seen, either deliberately disregarded or could not heed the warning. I recently asked a world-famous multimillionaire why he did not take a relatively small loss by selling out months ago instead of waiting until October to complete his liquidation, and he replied: "I couldn't get out earlier. None of us could. Of course we knew months ago that we were in for pretty severe losses. But general business kept up so remarkably well that we hoped for improvement. If we had tried to liquidate completely last winter, there would have been such a stock-market panic that all of us would have been utterly ruined; and many banks would have gone with us. Oh, yes; we saw the foot of the precipice very clearly; and we knew we were on the way thither. But we took six months to reach it. Think if we had made the descent in two and a half seconds! No. We are at least alive." It is to be regretted that this man's name cannot be published. From being one of America's "richest dozen," he has become what is better — a philosopher, who now realizes the error of his ways and admits it cheerfully, and does not see red when one mentions muck-rakers in his hearing.

THE WISE OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET

Many business men—and promoters and stock speculators—now regretfully remember how they paid no attention when, late in 1906, the Bank of England raised its rate of discount. The wise Old Lady of Threadneedle Street said as plainly as she could: "Get out of debt!" A very wise Old Lady, with ears that can hear a whisper half a world away and a voice that can carry 5,000 miles in the stormiest weather. "Get out of debt!" said the Old Lady, and those that heard her and heeded her advice are *not* blaming Roosevelt to-day for having caused the panic that in a few brief hours flung us back into financial barbarism.

In March, 1907, we had a severe slump in the stock-market. It relieved the situation somewhat, but it did so at the expense of unwise stock speculators, among whom were many personal friends of the Rockefeller-Rogers-Harriman-Union-Pacific coterie. In Newport, Tuxedo, and Westchester County were heard voices ordering horses to be sold and stablemen to be dismissed; automobile repair-bills were angrily sent back for revision, and itemized accounts were insisted upon and extensions of time asked for. The list of the people who suffered the severest losses last March reads like the "Social Register." All of them had "straight tips from the inside."

THE MENACING STANDARD OIL FINE

The Union Pacific coterie itself did not then lose so very much. But it made a beginning of losses. The powerlessness of the Big Men to prevent losses was indeed what frightened Wall Street during those blustery March days; there was no support visible anywhere. There were moments during the slump when it was impossible to sell stocks; there was nobody to buy them. The inveterate bargain hunters whose lair is at 26 Broadway were not buying bargains; they were straining every resource to keep the public from getting bargains from them. John D. Rockefeller, it was said at the time, saved the day for his brother William, and for his associate Rogers, by lending ten millions in cash that he happened to have in bank in New York.

It was then, in March, that the Street and, indeed, people all the country over realized that the All-America financial team, who had said: "Five hundred millions on the red!" had cast the die and had lost. The members of the aggregation had not, however, acknowledged, even to themselves, that they could not win out. That came not long thereafter. When the Standard Oil Company was fined $29,000,000, then, *and not till then*, did the Standard Oil people and other capitalists realize the seriousness of their position. Roosevelt they had regarded as annoying, a sort of gigantic and overactive mosquito, dangerous only potentially. But, with the government's action, the possible menace had changed into an actual blow, a wound in a vital spot. It is safe to say that not one man in ten in the country really expected that the government could or would collect that fine. But there is not one Standard Oil millionaire who

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is sure that the government will *not* collect it. From that day to this, the All-America team has had all it could do to protect itself. It has ceased to be a "steadying factor" in slumps and recessions.

Next in the list of events that helped along the panic was the break in the copper market. Mr. H. H. Rogers had been asserting for years—and other sagacious business men had agreed with him—that copper-mining as an industry possessed elements of stability that made a good copper mine one of the best and safest investments in the world. Copper had almost become one of the precious metals. Now, consumers of copper had been so busy, and deliveries of their own finished products were so urgently clamored for, that they had bought a great deal of copper in order to avoid delays. They did not overstock—as their business then was—nor were they speculating in the metal. There was an enormous legitimate demand for copper, and the high price was justified.

HOW THE GAME GOT H. H. ROGERS

But with the March slump came a warning to all business. The country at large realized that there was not enough money to do the tremendous volume of business in sight, and merchants and manufacturers began to reduce their purchases of raw material. The consumers of the metal said: "We will use up what we have on hand before we buy fresh supplies." The demand for copper ceased so abruptly and completely that it seemed the work of black magic. And the price fell, first gradually and then violently. Copper shares broke badly; millions upon millions were lost by speculators, and also by investors who shared Mr. Rogers's opinion of King Copper; and the stays were thereby greased for the panic to slide on.

And Henry H. Rogers, compelled to abandon cherished plans, forced out of one thing at enormous losses in order to be able to avert still more enormous losses in other schemes, saw the ruin of his hopes and then of his health. That was the tragedy of the Street, relentless as destiny, inevitable as death. Mr. Rogers had gone into Amalgamated Copper because of the stock-market end of it. He had gone into Union Pacific and Atchison and other railroads because of the stock-market end. He had disliked Roosevelt because Roosevelt had interfered with stock-market plans. He had played the game with superhuman adroitness, a courage beyond compare, and the ruthlessness of a machine, with a power that seemed almost resistless; he was the possessor of marvelous vision, the incarnation of financial might—the Master of the Game, not its votary and not its slave. And yet . . . the Game got him!

Facing enormous losses in all his ventures, this man at last knew fear, financial fear, knew what it was to ask for money and not be able to get it. H. H. Rogers not able to borrow money! Do you see the tragedy of that? Can you imagine this demigod of finance jostled off his solid gold pedestal? Can you realize his feelings as he had to let go one thing after another in order to protect his Tidewater Railroad? He had started to build a railroad; he loved to speak of "my road," to boast of its small capitalization, of its being without bonds. It was the most expensive toy in the world; it was the most costly venture ever undertaken by an individual capitalist; as a bit of financial arrogance it was superb. Rogers could say of that road: "I am its founder and its builder; its banker and its absolute czar. *I* am the railroad." He owned it all. It was magnificent, but it was not business.

I dare say he dreamed splendid dreams; perhaps, at times, when his soul's gaze was fixed upon the future and he saw a finished railroad, he did not hear the ticker. But because he had listened overlong and overfondly to the voice of the little tape machine, and had prospered overgenerously, he had lost his sense of proportion. When the storm came, it found merely a man; it did not ask his name, nor his rating. It flung him to the ground and passed on. The Game got him as it gets everybody who plays it as assiduously as Rogers played it. It took from him many millions and his health. It always takes from people either their money or their soul, for none can escape retribution by an exit through the door over which is the black sign: *Death*.

ROOSEVELT AND THE PANIC

With his health impaired, possibly permanently, facing losses of millions, Rogers to-day owns his unfinished tidewater railroad, which has cost him so far $40,000,000 or more—an incomplete piece of work which some day either he or his estate will be glad to dispose of to the Pennsylvania Railroad or some other system. What is life, Mr. Rogers? A

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dream—is it not?—which begins with toil, grows bright with the glitter of unthinkable gold, and ends in a shower of ashes of hopes!

If I have dwelt at some length on the case of Mr. Rogers, it is because in the popular imagination he was the sublimated specimen of the Wall Street magnate. Also because it is men like Mr. Rogers and his associates who have blamed Theodore Roosevelt for all the recent financial troubles, finding worthy echoes in the picayune officials of trust companies, hirelings of breach-of-trust presidents, and managers of tin-pot railroads. In speaking of Mr. Roosevelt's participation in the matter, I may say here that there is no question that he aroused public distrust in the integrity of the managers or organizers of many of our great corporations, and that this year he has been particularly successful in arousing such a lack of confidence, not so much by his speeches, as by the confirmation of his assertions found in the sworn testimony of some of the great grafters themselves, as witness the recent Metropolitan Street Railway revelations. Those revelations certainly made Mr. Roosevelt help along the panic, because they made people say: "The President's speeches are justified. They are borne out by the testimony of these men themselves. We must believe him and not Wall Street."

ENTER—AND EXIT—F. AUGUSTUS HEINZE

Now, if, as we have seen, it is the loss of over two and one-half billions of liquid capital, at a time of enormous industrial expansion, that principally is responsible for the panic of 1907, it is in all likelihood also true that it was Mr. Heinze who pushed the button and blew up a few reputations and made many unfortunate depositors spend sleepless nights. Who and what Mr. F. Augustus Heinze is, the readers of EVERYBODY'S know. Of all that Mr. Lawson has written, the best by all odds is his sketch of the Butte man. When Mr. Heinze sold out to Mr. Rogers and came from the West with several millions, the financial East looked askance at the young Lochinvar. His speculations and his financial operations, his relations with certain banks and certain people were well known and not approved by the bankers. In October, 1907, he thought he saw a chance to punish the treason of associates, and with that end in view—and incidentally, of course, some plunder—he tried to corner United Copper. But his brokerage firm ran against the insurmountable obstacle of no money—and suspended payment. Then the "conservative bankers" thought they perceived a heaven-sent opportunity to eliminate Heinze and his associates from the banking situation of New York City. There followed certain threats the exact tenor of which has not been disclosed, but that they were effective is obvious. Mr. Heinze and his friends gladly "resigned" from their positions as presidents or vice-presidents of several banks. But the seed of fear had been implanted in the breast of the New York City mob.

SOMEBODY ASKED FOR A DOLLAR

In the history of every great catastrophe, you will find that some masterly bit of stupidity sets fire to the oil-soaked rags. The ousting of the adventurers from the banks of which they had obtained control had left the community so keenly apprehensive that almost anything would have stampeded it. The Bank of Commerce had been "clearing" for the Knickerbocker Trust Company in the New York Clearing House. In that capacity, the Bank of Commerce was responsible for the Knickerbocker Trust Company's checks, and, even if it gave notice that it would not "clear" for the trust company, it was responsible for twenty-four hours thereafter. Now, the Bank of Commerce, finding some affiliation between the Knickerbocker Trust Company and some of the so-called "banking adventurers" grouped with Heinze, decided not to clear any longer, and so notified everybody through a megaphone. When, a little later, the resignation of Charles T. Barney, president of the Knickerbocker Trust Company was called for and received, the damage had been done. The run began the next day. The sins of the past were expiated in a few hours. The depositors, as usual, paid the damage. Mr. Barney paid for it wth his life.

The most remarkable development of the banking business of New York City during the past ten years has been the growth of its trust companies. By paying interest on deposits, thereby attracting business; by not observing—not being obliged to do so by law—certain safeguards required of the national banks, as, for instance, in the matter of reserves, they have cut heavily into the banks' business. In New York City alone they have deposits of hundreds of millions. To be able to make money after paying the high in-

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terest on deposits that they paid, they were naturally obliged to take chances and run risks that no conservative banker would approve. They engaged in ventures, underwritings, development schemes, etc., that nothing but the amazing prosperity of the past decade prevented from failing disastrously. Now, the public knew all this in a vague way, but the public always insists on astutely waiting for the horse to be stolen before locking the stable door. But when Mr. Barney resigned as president of the Knickerbocker Trust Company, it believed that all it had ever heard about the business methods of certain trust companies was true of the Knickerbocker. The run began—*somebody asked for a dollar!*—and then there was panic—sheer blind, unreasoning fear.

Of course, the suspension of payment by the Knickerbocker Trust Company, an institution with $62,000,000 of deposits, was the signal for runs on other institutions; and not only in New York City, but elsewhere, trust companies and banks closed their doors. After sleepless nights and much thought, the majority of the banks of the great metropolis of the United States decided to issue Clearing House certificates. Other cities followed the example of New York—anything in order not to have to pay out the money that they did not have!

SELFISH HOARDING

The inevitable growth of unreasoning distrust blossomed logically into the hoarding habit—an inevitable phenomenon of all panics, with or without Roosevelt. And it was not only the small depositors who hid their pitiful hundreds. A bank president whom I asked to estimate how much hard cash had been lost to the working world by this medieval hoarding, answered: "I can't tell you. But the amount is enormous. Even the wealthy are hiding their money. I know one man who has locked up $230,000, and several who have locked up from $75,000 to $150,000. And one of my friends has put very nearly $1,250,000 in his safe-deposit box." Think of a man intelligent enough to have become rich enough to have $1,250,000 in cash acting like a poor man who hoards his money because the life of his family literally depends upon his not losing what little he has!

Great as is Mr. Morgan's reputation as a financier, notable as are his achievements as an organizer, and dazzling his triumphs as a banker and a financial leader, yet of all his successes surely there is none so great as this: that, unanimously, all turned to him and chose him for their leader in their hour of need.

MR. MORGAN TO THE RESCUE

There was not needed a financial genius, an adroit banker, a great capitalist! What the occasion called for was a *man*—a human being who could command the respect and the confidence of the public that had grown distrustful, so that it might heed wise counsel; a man also whose bidding all bankers and financiers and captains of industry would do; in brief, that rarest of creatures, a man who could rise above self-interest.

Mr. Morgan had not been in good health for months, but he did not shirk the responsibility. He feared no man, did not hate the truth, and he had a lifelong habit of command. Aided at every step by Mr. James Stillman and backed by the mighty strength of the Clearing House banks, Mr. Morgan was the supreme commander. It was he who prevented a great stock-market panic on October 24th. Money was not to be had on the Stock Exchange at any price. Stock brokers who had been called upon by banks or other lenders to pay off loans, scurried about frantically, trying to find money. Not to find it, and quickly, meant insolvency—financial death. One hundred per cent., two hundred per cent. was offered . . . and no money!

Down went stocks, dividend-paying shares, standard investment stocks as well as speculative issues, breaking one, two, three points between sales because there were no buyers. And as prices declined, there came from those who were lending money on call, requests to be paid off. The margins had been impaired. But the brokers did not want more collateral; they desired their own money. It was not prudence; it was plain cowardice, twin sister of their unintelligent selfishness.

The tickers began to print on the tape the first chapter of a mighty financial tragedy. Bank presidents in their offices saw clearly that somebody was about to be brutally butchered; and there was no telling who might receive a glancing blow of the knife or at least be splashed with blood. For a moment a thousand hearts felt the clutch of pity or of despair. You could have offered 1,000 per cent. for a million dollars, and not have found a lender. Stocks finally reached

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the toboggan slide. At the bottom was hell and at the top was Morgan!

One minute more without money would have bankrupted Wall Street. But Morgan was watching the ticker in his office, desirous of determining the precise time when it was not alone the stock gamblers who needed money—the breath of life—but also the people. At last he said:

"*Lend $25,000,000 at ten per cent!*"

The news was flashed through the world. And Wall Street heard it as through a blessed megaphone, and devoutly thanked the firm of J. P. Morgan for its life. Of course, it was not Mr. Morgan's own money. But he had not waited for voluntary offers of help. He had told this man or the other, such and such a bank, that his or its particular share would be so much; please to remit at once. And the help came, for Morgan to do with it as he judged best. And so he was able to check the panic.

The day before, the presidents of the principal trust companies had met at Mr. Morgan's residence. They were informed that they must help themselves by helping the situation. The Trust Company of America needed aid. If it met the run successfully, sentiment would improve. If it closed its doors, heaven help the rest. At first there was no enthusiastic response. Think of it, even at that late day, each man was for himself, and the enemy was Fear, panic Fear, a match for all the banks in the world when they allow him the slightest start. After much discussion, a committee was appointed to investigate the condition of certain companies. The chairman of this committee deemed it his duty to ask many questions, which were cheerfully answered, among others, by Mr. Oakleigh Thorne, president of the Trust Company of America. Finally, when tempers were beginning to wear out, Mr. Morgan, supported by Mr. Stillman, insisted upon the cooperation of the trust companies. The trust companies then philanthropically chipped in $10,000,000.

There is no intention here to condemn the policy of any bank or trust company, nor of the presidents thereof. But the situation really called for a man like Mr. Morgan—a man who could say, as he did in his office, heedless of who might hear him: "Tell the Secretary of the Treasury that he must do it, now, at once, if he is going to do it at all. Tell him that we can't wait for him to make up his mind. Tell him that if he can't or won't help immediately, *I* will." The man who said that was the same man who half an hour before might have been seen pounding his desk, telling some evident truths to men like Thomas F. Ryan. And men like Mr. Thomas F. Ryan meekly accepted the selfsame evident truths, scarcely daring to bat an eyelid before this choleric old fellow, because they knew that he did not fear them. They knew also that this old man with the gift of plain speaking was incapable of littleness or spite, and particularly incapable of taking advantage of their troubles to make money for himself. And they knew that he was the only man who might help struggling millionaires to pull through. To see the faces of the Ryans and the Harrimans, whenever Mr. Morgan addressed a few well-chosen remarks to them, was almost worth the panic. It was not so much that Mr. Morgan was so very big, but that some of the others were so very little!

It was fortunate for Mr. Morgan that in this crisis he had for his right hand Mr. James Stillman. Whatever may be the popular impression of Mr. Stillman's connections, the fact remains that, at the height of the storm, not even Mr. Morgan himself worked harder or more efficiently or more disinterestedly than the president of the National City Bank.

The Clearing House Committee also rendered valuable assistance. And if we are to take the testimony of every bank president in the city of New York, there is reason for congratulation in the fact that George B. Cortelyou was Secretary of the Treasury. He proved himself a man broad-minded, public-spirited, of real ability, remarkable quickness of perception, and great courage.

At this writing, it is impossible to tell the complete history of the panic of 1907—the panic through which many great captains of finance and industry were chastened. If it will teach conservatism to the oversanguine, integrity to financiers of a certain type, prudence and old-fashioned methods to the presidents of our financial institutions, and wisdom to Congress, the price paid will not be too high.

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Making a Man of Him

By JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

Author of "Cap'n Eri," "Mr. Pratt," etc.

Illustrations by Horace Taylor

CAPTAIN PENNIMAN and Mrs. Bradley looked at the boy, and the boy stared fixedly at the carpet center of the braided rug mat on the floor of the little sitting-room. The three faces, with the lamplight shining upon them, differed widely in expression. Mrs. Bradley, the Captain's widowed sister, had been crying, and her eyes were wet. Captain Penniman's mouth was tight shut, his brows were drawn together in a frown, and he appeared to be holding his temper under control by main strength. Ed Copeland, the nephew, an overgrown youngster whose age was sixteen but who looked three years older, was frowning also, and his whole attitude indicated sullen obstinacy.

"Oh, Eddie," pleaded the widow, "won't you go with your Uncle Zeke? He'll make a man of you; you heard him say so yourself. You will, won't you, 'Zekiel?"

"You bet!" replied the Captain, with decision.

"Eddie" sniffed contemptuously. "No," he declared. "No, A'nt Elvira, I ain't goin'! I don't want to be no whaler. If you want to get rid of me, hand over the money that belongs to me, and I'll start for Californy. There's gold out there and Injun fightin' and all kinds of fun. I'll go there quick enough. All I want's the chance."

"If you want fightin'," the Captain suggested tartly, "you ship along of me and I'll give you all you want. Don't lay awake nights worryin' about *that*."

Mrs. Bradley tried again. "Now, Eddie," she coaxed, "Californy ain't the place for a boy your age. Everybody says so. It's a dreadful wild country, and you might be killed. And you know you ain't to have the money till you're twenty-one; 'twas left so in your ma's will. I was to be your guardian and look out for you till you come of age. 'Take my boy,' Sarah says to me on her dyin' bed, 'and take care of him.' Sarah loved me more'n anybody else in the world, poor thing."

"Darn funny way to show love!" growled Captain Zeke.

Eddie kicked the corner of the mat. "Then *take* care of me," he retorted. "Let me stay here in Bayport, then. I'd rather go gold-huntin', but if I can't, I'll stay here. Anyhow, I won't go whalin' with Uncle Zeke."

"But you *can't* stay here, Eddie. I'm scared to have you, the way you act and the company you keep. You're goin' right straight to the dogs, and I know it. Oh, dear, dear!"

She broke into sobs, covering her face with her apron. Her brother clenched his big gnarled fists.

"I wish to thunder Sarah'd made *me* your guardian," he declared savagely. "You wouldn't be robbin' hen-yards nor hangin' round billiard saloons, if she had, I bet you! Oh, see here, Ed! look at the chance I'm givin' you. I'll take you to Boston with me on the packet to-morrer, buy you a first-class seaman's outfit, ship you as cabin-boy on the Lucky Strike, and for three years you and me can be blubber-huntin' and money-makin' up North. That's more fun than a barrel of

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Californys—huskies to trade with, and bears to shoot, and—and—" Here the captain's invention failed him and he paused, then added briskly: "Come on, Ed! you've got the makin's of a decent feller in you, and three years under me'll fetch it out. What d'you say? Will you go?"

"No, I won't. I'll stay to home, and when I'm twenty-one I'll have the money that was left me to do what I please with. I won't go; that's settled."

Captain Zeke rose to his feet. "Elviry," he roared, addressing the widow, "you go into the for'ard cabin and shut the door. I've offered this critter the chance of one kind of whalin', and now I'm goin' to give him the other kind. No lubber can talk to me like—Let go of my arm, you fool woman!"

But Mrs. Bradley would not let go. Instead, she clung more tightly to her brother and sobbed wildly.

"No, no, 'Zekiel!" she begged. "You mustn't! Don't you know you mustn't? I promised Sarah the very last thing never to whip him. 'He's a proud boy,' says she, 'and I wouldn't have his sperit broke for anything.' I——"

"Sperit be hanged! You go in the other room, Elviry Bradley; and if you hear anything smash in here, don't fret yourself that it's his *sperit*. Who's that?"

Some one had knocked at the door that opened from the porch into the dining-room. Captain Zeke dropped his threatening arm. His nephew, who had turned pale and was half-way to the stairs, regained courage and came back to his chair. Mrs. Bradley wiped her eyes, brushed her hair smooth, and peeped under the window-shade.

"I declare, it's Squire Pepper," she whispered. "What *do* you s'pose he wants?"

Squire Pepper was chairman of the Bayport board of selectmen. At the name Captain Zeke started. An expression of guilty triumph shone in his eyes.

"*I* don't know," he muttered hastily. "Come to say good-by to me, maybe. He knows I sail to-morrer. Let him in, why don't you?"

Squire Pepper entered the room with the dignity pertaining to portliness and high rank. He bowed condescendingly to Mrs. Bradley and her brother, and regarded the would-be gold-seeker with stern disapproval.

"Elvira," he puffed, "I have—er—come on an errand of—er—er—on an unpleasant errand. I am sorry that my business is—er—er—what it is, but, holdin' the position which I do, it is sometimes necessary to—to—er—yes—ahem!"

The widow looked frightened. Eddie cast another glance in the direction of the stairs. Captain Zeke, however, was surprisingly calm.

"Set right down, Squire," he urged. "Sorry you've got unpleasant business, but let's get through with it quick, as the feller who married the homely woman said to the parson. Ain't goin' to have me took up, are you?"

The chairman of selectmen refused the proffered chair.

"No, Ezekiel," he replied; "no, I ain't goin' to arrest you. I've come to speak concernin' that young man," indicating the trembling Eddie with a nod. "The board has about come to the conclusion that he is a element—er—er—a bad influence in the town, and that it may be necessary to send him to the reform school."

"The *reform school!*" Mrs. Bradley repeated the words in a horrified whisper. Her nephew turned white.

"Yes," said Mr. Pepper, nodding ponderously. "The reform school up to Boston. Bayport folks are long-sufferin', as a general rule, and they think high of you and the cap'n, Elviry; but this boy here has gone on cuttin' up one dido after another until he's reached a stage where he's a dangerous influent—er—elemence—er—as I said afore. Melon patches and apple orchards are bad enough, but——"

"Why, Solon Pepper!" exclaimed Mrs. Bradley, "how you talk! When you was a boy I remember you stole father's apples more'n once; and as for *melons*——!"

The Squire seemed rather taken aback by this attack from a supposedly friendly quarter. He cast a troubled glance at Captain Zeke.

"Yes, yes," observed the latter promptly, "but hookin' melons and apples ain't all Eddie's done. You was goin' on further, wa'n't you, Squire?"

"I was—ahem—yes. As I said, we can forgive apples and melons, boys bein' boys, but stealin' chickens and smokin' and drinkin' and——"

"*Drinkin'!*" screamed the widow. "Eddie Copeland, do you *drink?*"

"No, I don't. All I ever took was some lemonade Gus Cummins had at the billiard saloon."

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"Humph!" grunted Cap'n Zeke. "I cal'late there was a stick in that lemonade, wa'n't there? I know there usually is."

"*How* do you know, Zeke Penniman?" asked his sister suspiciously.

The Captain, momentarily embarrassed, hesitated. Squire Pepper came to the rescue.

"I guess 'twa'n't all lemonade," he said. "But that's neither here nor there. The selectmen have decided that your nephew must be taken care of. It's as much for his sake as anybody else's. And at the reform school, under strict dis*cip*line, there's a chance to save him. You've told me often, Elvira, that you can't handle him, so it's our duty to step in. Ahem—yes."

The widow began to cry. Eddie, too, sniveled—a surprising procedure for a bloodthirsty would-be Indian killer.

"A Penniman sent to the reform school!" sobbed Elvira. "The family is disgraced forever."

Captain Zeke felt that now was his time to come to the front.

"Well now, Squire," he said, "let's see. I cal'late that you ain't real set on sendin' the boy to the reformatory providin' he's took care of and trained proper. We was just settlin' on a plan when you come in. I start to-morrer for Boston to join my ship. I've offered to take Eddie whalin' with me, and he's been thinkin' it over. What do you say now, Ed? Is it the Lucky Strike or the reform school?"

Young Bradley looked at the trio before him. His aunt, her hands clasped, was gazing at him appealingly. Captain Zeke was smiling with the confidence of a victor. Squire Pepper's face wore a stern and uncompromising frown.

"IF YOU WANT FIGHTIN', YOU SHIP ALONG OF ME."

"I don't know as it won't be triflin' with my duty," observed the Squire, "but I'll take the responsibility. If you sail with the Cap'n, boy, we'll let you off on the reform school. But it must be one or t'other."

Eddie rubbed his coat-sleeve across his eyes. He sniffed, glanced once more at the stern face of the Squire, and muttered, "I'll —I'll go with you, Uncle Zeke."

On the porch, with the door carefully shut, Captain Zeke took leave of his visitor.

"Ever so much obliged to you, Squire," he whispered. "It worked fine, didn't it? Do you know, I clean forgot you was comin'? You scared him, all right. But for the land sakes, don't let Elviry know we fixed it up aforehand."

II

Captain Zeke and Eddie boarded the little packet schooner at two o'clock on the following afternoon. Passengers are now whizzed from Bayport to Boston, on the express train, in two hours and ten minutes, but this was before the days of Cape Cod expresses, and packets, like the whaling industry, were not yet obsolete.

Mrs. Bradley came down to the beach to see them off. A spinster cousin from Orham was coming over to live with her, so she would not be altogether alone; nevertheless, her farewells were rather tearful. She was used to seeing her brother only at long intervals and then merely for a few weeks at a time, but Eddie had been her charge for ten worrisome years. It was a great relief to know that he would be away from temptation and under watchful care, but she would miss him dreadfully.

"Take good care of him, 'Zekiel, won't you?" she pleaded. "Remember, he's poor Sarah's only child."

"*Only* child!" repeated the Captain, in amazement. "Great land! you ain't hankerin' to have him twins, are you? *He'll* be all right. Three years of fun, and then come home to find money in the bank waitin' for him to spend. That and his wage and share'll give him a pretty pocketful. Big luck, I call it. Hey, Ed?"

As an additional guard against possible

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"IT MAY BE NECESSARY TO SEND HIM TO THE REFORM SCHOOL."

rebellion on the part of the nephew, the captain was taking with him fifty dollars of the money left by the boy's mother, to be deposited at interest in a Boston bank. When the new whaler should return from his arctic adventure, this sum would be his to spend as he pleased.

The packet, with a fair wind to help her, moved out from her anchorage. Before the sandy bluffs of Bayport had sunk below the horizon, Eddie was heartily homesick. Seasick he was not, having had considerable experience in sailboats, but, as the fear of the reform school became more remote, the dread of the long voyage under his uncle's iron discipline grew stronger.

He had a taste of the discipline during his first hour aboard the packet. Captain Zeke had found a crony among the passengers, another old salt, one Cap'n Solomon Badger of Harniss, who also was going to the city to set sail for foreign parts. Eddie, not finding the conversation of the skippers particularly interesting, had wandered forward. His uncle suddenly became aware of his absence.

"Here, Ed!" he hailed. "Where's that boy gone to? Hi, Ed! What you doin' up there? Come aft and set down alongside."

Eddie, leaning over the rail, did not stir. "I'm all right," he answered lazily. "I like it better here."

The next minute a tar-toughened thumb and finger closed on the lobe of his left ear, and he was led past a dozen grinning passengers and fo'mast hands, back to a seat near the wheel. Into this seat he was plumped without ceremony.

"When I speak to you, son," observed the Captain serenely, "you want to do two things right off. One is to say, 'Aye, aye, sir,' and t'other is to mind on the jump. It's your skipper that's bossin' you now, not your A'nt Elviry, and the sooner you splice that into your memory the better for you. I'm shippin' this young fellow, Cap'n Sol," he added, to his friend from Harniss, "as cabin-boy, and I want to begin right. His a'ntie's spiled him a little, but I cal'late to fix that in a day or so."

Captain Badger nodded. "A good beginnin' saves a bad endin'," he remarked sagely. "You mind your superior officer, boy, and you've larned the fust lesson of a seaman. I've been aboard ships where an answer same as you gave your uncle would land you in the scuppers with your topriggin' busted. Yes, indeed."

Eddie, very red in the face and with a tingling ear, made no answer; but, like the famous parrot, he thought much.

The two captains were discussing a salt-water subject, namely, the ethics of the process known as "shanghaing" sailors.

"I don't believe in it myself," affirmed Captain Sol. "It don't seem to me Christian nor moral. And yet there's times when——"

"I agree with you exactly," concurred Captain Zeke. "I never shanghaied a

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fo'mast hand in my life. Me and my fust mate, Obed Coffin—you know him, Sol; one of the Nantucket Coffins—we've had more arguments than a few about it. Whalin's whalin', I give in to that, and men are hard to get for v'yages that last same as mine do. But *I* won't shanghai nobody, and I tell Obed so. 'If you want to take the responsibility,' I says to him, 'I won't interfere; but I don't want to know nothin' of the details.' Then my conscience is clear, anyhow."

"And yet," continued his companion, "I s'pose it's just as well for 'em as to be gettin' drunk in crimps' boardin'-houses. All's done, they tell me, is to put a little sleepin' stuff—opium or such—in their grog, and there they be. Wake up aboard a clean ship, out of temptation's way, and no chance to drink nor fight. Lookin' at it that way, it seems almost a mercy to 'em, don't it? And the sleepin' stuff don't do 'em no harm."

"IT'S YOUR SKIPPER THAT'S BOSSIN' YOU NOW."

"Harm? Not a mite of it. Why, I tell you, Sol, I'm subject to rheumatiz when I get amongst the ice or in cold weather ashore, and when it's got me good I can't sleep nights. Old Dr. Penrose, down home, he gave me some opium pills. One of 'em stops pain and I get to sleep soon's I turn in. Got a couple of boxes now in my satchel. Well, one time I was sort of absent-minded—been havin' dinner with some fellers I knew—and I took two of them pills, by mistake. Sleep! Say! I slept fourteen hours on a stretch and they had to stick pins into me to wake me up. But I felt fust-rate after it; nothin' but a little headache, same as anybody's likely to have after a dinner like—after a dinner. I could take fifty of them pills and not mind it. No, no! drugs may hurt a land-lubber, but a sailor's head's too tough. What's the matter, boy? Goin' to sleep?"

Eddie looked up. "No—no, sir," he replied. "I was thinkin', that's all."

Captain Zeke smiled approval of the "sir." "That's the way to talk, son," he said. "You'll larn, give you time."

"Yes, sir," said Eddie, "I guess so." His meditations had brought him to a definite conclusion, namely, that he would run away as soon after arriving in Boston as was possible. He would *not* go on that whaling voyage.

The packet reached the city in the early hours of the morning. First of all, on landing, Captain Zeke arranged for his trunk and his nephew's bag to be sent aboard the Lucky Strike. The ship was lying at Long Wharf and she was to sail at nine that evening; "goin' out on the ebb," her skipper said. Then, satchel in hand, the Captain led the way up-town.

"Hadn't I better go aboard the ship and wait for you, Uncle Zeke?" asked Eddie, with studied carelessness.

"No, no, son. You come right along with me. Got errands to do, you and me have. Got to buy your fit-out, for one thing. You can't go to sea in them shore togs."

Eddie covered his chagrin with a question. "What you takin' that satchel for?" he asked.

"Got papers and one thing or 'nother in it. Besides, it's handy to put bundles in."

They walked through lower Commercial Street, lined, at this period, with ship-chandlers' stores, seamen's boarding-houses, shipping-offices, and the like. The city was brand-new to Eddie and he looked about him with wide-eyed interest. Captain Zeke nodded to various acquaintances whom he passed.

"Who was that?" inquired the nephew, referring to one of these, a burly, red-haired man in soiled shirt-sleeves, who was standing in the doorway of a dingy shop, the windows

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of which were filled with bottles. Various signs hung about indicated that "Choice Wines and Liquors" were sold within, that "Comfortable Beds" might be had at thirty-five cents a night, that sailors could secure berths in ships for all parts of the world, and that "Passages for the Gold Diggings" might be booked at reasonable prices.

"Him?" replied the Captain absently. "Oh, his name's Reilly. Runs a sailor's boardin'-house and— Well, what do you want?" This to the red-haired man, who had run after them.

"Why, Captain," said Mr. Reilly, "I just wanted to say that them two fo'mast hands you need ain't turned up yet, but I'll——"

"I don't want to know nothin' about it," was the quick reply. "That's between you and Mr. Coffin. I can't stop to talk. I'm busy."

They hurried on. Eddie appeared fascinated by Mr. Reilly and his place of business, for he kept glancing back as if to fix the locality in his mind.

By noon many errands had been done. In a little clothing-store, kept by a former Cape Codder, Captain Zeke bought his nephew a sailor's outfit, including everything needed for a long voyage in an arctic climate. The purchase consumed much time, for nothing was bought at the price first named, and the "beating-down" process was lengthy and argumentative. The shopkeeper finally agreed to "throw in" a black and yellow neckerchief, for good measure, and on this basis the deal was made. At last, the satchel being stuffed to the top and the boy's arms filled with bundles, they entered the door of the "Bay State House," a hotel on Hanover Street. Here also the captain was known. After an interview with the clerk, they climbed four flights of stairs to a room under the eaves.

"YOU AIN'T GOIN' TO LOCK ME IN, ARE YOU?"

"There!" exclaimed Captain Zeke, dumping satchel and bundles on the bed. "There, Ed! here we be and here you'll stay until it's time to go aboard ship. You can get on your new togs and look out of the window till I come back. I got to go see my owners and the like of that."

He opened the satchel and extracted a bundle of papers. Then he turned to the door and fumbled with the key.

Eddie had received the command to wait at the hotel with marked cheerfulness. Now, however, he looked troubled. "You ain't goin' to lock me in, are you?" he inquired anxiously.

"That's what, son. I brought you here for just that reason. If I leave you in a room up under the hurricane-deck with the door locked, I cal'late you'll stay put till I come back. Otherwise I wouldn't be so sure. By-by. Think of the fun you'll have blubber-huntin'; 'twill keep you from gettin' lonesome."

The door slammed and the key rattled. The disappointed "blubber-hunter" thumped on the panel.

"Aw, Uncle Zeke," he pleaded; "let's have dinner first. I'm hungry."

"We'll feed later on, son," was the muffled response. "A sailor has to l'arn to do without reg'lar meals."

His footsteps died away on the stairs. Disconsolately, Eddie turned to survey his prison. His first move was to open the window and peer out. Roofs and chimneys across the street made up the discouraging prospect in that direction. There was a transom over the door, but it was too small to crawl through. Obviously there was no escape.

The Captain's satchel lay open on the bed. For the sake of doing something, the boy began looking over the purchases of the morning. He took out one bundle after another. Beneath those that contained the boy's outfit were other bundles hurriedly thrown in by the skipper before leaving Bayport. A small package, wrapped in

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THE CAPTAIN ALIGHTED OR, STRICTLY SPEAKING, FELL OUT OF ITS DOOR.

white paper with writing on it, caught Eddie's eye. He picked it up and read the inscription. Then he started violently. Fragments of a conversation heard the previous afternoon came back to him. For a full five minutes he sat staring at the package in his hand.

The captain's business with his owners took more time than he expected. He visited the bank also. It was nearly four o'clock when he unlocked the door of the room "under the hurricane-deck." Eddie, dressed, as per orders, in his new sea-going clothes, was seated by the window.

"Well, boy," observed the skipper approvingly, "now you begin to look like salt water, sure enough. Hungry yet, are you? That's all right. Waitin' for grub helps a feller's appetite. Hey! What's that?"

He pointed to the little table by the bed. On it stood a coffee-pot, a plate of bread and butter, and another of cold ham.

"Why, Uncle Zeke," explained Eddie, "you didn't come back and I got awful empty. There's one of them pipes that you talk through in the wall, over there, and I hollered down-stairs and told 'em I wanted somethin' to eat. They said, 'Come down and get it.' I told 'em I couldn't, 'cause you'd gone off and locked the door, but if they sent somethin' up perhaps they could push it through that little skylight."

He indicated the transom.

"Humph!" grunted Captain Zeke. "So they done it, hey? Well, I must say I like your brass. And me chasin' around to banks depositin' your money and goin' without my own fodder, while you're livin' like a fightin' cock! All right, I'll have you aboard ship pretty soon, and then we'll see. How much did them victuals cost?"

"Oh, they was the cheapest I could pick out; though things *are* dear here, ain't they? But I've saved some for you, and the coffee ain't cold yet. Do have some coffee, anyhow. I'll feel better about orderin' it if you do."

His uncle hesitated. His smart nephew had stolen a march on him, but the food was there and it must be paid for, so . . . He sat down beside the table.

"Here's your cup, Uncle Zeke," said Eddie. "I'll fill it for you. One spoonful of sugar, ain't it, sir? You always take one at home."

"Put in two. Might's well—got to get my money's worth somehow. Here! let that bread alone. You've had yours."

He finished the last of the eatables. Then, his temper somewhat improved, he sat, sipping his coffee and complacently regarding his companion. The latter returned the look. In fact, he watched his relative with a curious intentness.

"Humph!" grunted Captain Zeke, putting

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down the emptied cup and peering into the coffee-pot. "Took care not to leave more'n was good for me, didn't you? All right, son, I ain't complainin'. I s'pose you figgered you sort of got a leetle mite the best of the old man on this grub business. Well, maybe you did, but your Uncle Zeke ain't so slow that he can't catch himself. I cal'late you wouldn't have come along with me on this trip if it hadn't been for Squire Pepper—would you, hey?"

"I don't know, sir." The boy was very respectful.

"You don't know? Well, *I* know. And you had a suspicion that you might slip your cable and run away when you struck the city. Hey? How about *that*?"

Eddie flushed and hesitated; also he appeared somewhat alarmed. The Captain chuckled.

"Lord love you, son," he exclaimed; "did you s'pose I was as green as that comes to? I ain't been handlin' men and boys all these years for nothin'. But 'twas funny to see your face when I locked that door. Haw! haw!"

He laughed uproariously. His nephew laughed too, just a little. His momentary alarm had vanished and, for no apparent reason, he seemed easier in his mind.

"Now, son," continued Captain Zeke, "I'm goin' to give you a few p'ints regardin' what you're to do aboard the Lucky Strike. You'll have to work, understand. Bein' relation to the old man don't count aboard a vessel of mine. But, at the end of the v'yage, if you ain't a well-behaved, good-habited, spry young feller, I'll eat my hat. Now listen."

Eddie listened. Captain Zeke's few points were not so few, after all. The prospective cabin boy gathered that his berth was to be anything but a sinecure. Also he noted that his uncle's discourse was becoming a trifle incoherent.

"As I was sayin'," went on the Captain, "as I was sayin'—you'll have to . . . to . . . I don't see what makes me so everlastin' sleepy."

He yawned cavernously. Eddie, in his chair by the window, smiled.

"A body'd think," observed Captain Zeke, "a body'd think—th—think—th—that . . ."

His eyelids drooped and he leaned sidewise in his chair, saving himself from falling only by a violent effort.

"A body'd th-th-think . . ." said the Captain.

"A body'd think," remarked Eddie nonchalantly, "that you'd been shanghaied, wouldn't they?"

"Hey? H-hey? Wh-whash that?"

"But never mind, Uncle Zeke. There's no harm in it. Drugs may be bad for a landlubber, but a sailor's head's too tough. Nothin' but a little headache same as any one's likely to have after dinner. I——"

"Boy!" The Captain probably had an idea that he was shouting, but his utterance was merely a husky whisper. "Boy, whash been doin'? Has—have you . . . er . . ."

He paused, staggered to the bed, and, murmuring that he guessed he'd "turn in for a spell," fell fast asleep.

III

Obed Coffin, first mate of the Lucky Strike, was distinctly nervous. He was anything but a nervous man, generally speaking, but at eleven o'clock, with the tide three hours on the ebb, full crew aboard, and the ship waiting to cast off, it was disquieting to be minus a skipper. And Captain Zeke Penniman was usually the most punctual of men.

"Land knows what's become of him," he said to Mr. Nye, the second mate. "Somethin's happened, sure. If 'twas three hours *ahead* of time I'd expect him any minute; but more'n two hours behind . . . I'm scart."

"Maybe he's drunk," suggested Nye, who had never sailed with Captain Penniman.

"Drunk! Zeke Penniman? Don't talk foolish; he's a teetotaler—on board ship or nigh sailin' time, anyhow."

The second mate spat disgustedly. "Thunder!" he exclaimed. "He ain't, is he? Why didn't you tell me that afore I signed articles? A teetotal whaler! I didn't believe there was such a thing."

"Well, there is, and . . . Hi! I cal'late this is him now. Yes, 'tis. But how in the world did he come to be so extravagant with his money? Zeke Penniman in a *hired hack!* I'll b'lieve the millennium's struck, pretty near."

It was Captain Zeke, sure enough, and in a cab. The Captain alighted from the vehicle, or, more strictly speaking, fell out of its door, and staggered to the string-piece of the wharf.

"Obed," he called. "Obed Coffin, where in time are you?"

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"Aye, aye, skipper," replied the wondering first mate. "I'm mighty glad to see you. I was beginnin' to think——"

"Shut up! Goin' to stand talkin' all night? Pay this feller"—indicating the cab driver—"fifty cents—no more, understand. Hurry up, will you! Oh Lord, my head!"

Mr. Coffin paid the driver, and the Captain of the Lucky Strike prepared to climb aboard his vessel. He seemed to find it a difficult task.

"Here!" he growled. "Give me a hand, won't you! And be lively about it."

Obed helped him over the rail while Mr. Nye assisted by holding a lantern.

"Ain't sick, sir, are you?" asked the first mate.

"No!" sputtered Captain Zeke savagely.

"Course he ain't," put in Nye, hugely delighted. "You're all right, hey, skipper? Sea legs ain't on, that's all." Then in Mr. Coffin's ear he whispered: "This what you call a teetotaler?"

The Captain heard him. "What's that?" he demanded. "You dast to hint that I've been drinkin' liquor and I'll—oh, my head!"

"Hadn't we better get under way?" asked Obed, hurriedly.

"Have you — have you seen anything of—of a nephew of mine?" Captain Zeke blurted out the question.

THE CAPTAIN WAS SMILING—GRIMLY, BUT SMILING NEVERTHELESS.

"No, sir. Was that the new cabin-boy? He hasn't turned up. Thought you was goin' to fetch him from Bayport."

The skipper groaned aloud. In his coat pocket was a note, which he had found in the room at the Bay State House after being shaken into wakefulness by the night clerk. Its every word was burned into his memory. It ran as follows:

"DEAR UNCLE ZEKE: I decided not to go whaling and I put two of your rheumatiz pills in that coffee you drank. You said yourself you could take fifty of 'em, so I know two won't hurt you. I'm off to dig gold. When I come back rich maybe I will call on you and Aunt Elvira.

"Your loving nephew,

"EDWARD COPELAND.

"P. S.—I took what money you had in your pockets to pay my fare. You can take enough to make us square out of the bank where you put my fifty."

"Shall I get under way?" repeated Mr. Coffin, watching his superior. Captain Zeke, sick, wrathful, and humiliated, his head splitting and his stomach turning somersaults, groaned again.

"I—I guess not, Obed," he stammered. "I cal'late we won't sail to-night. We ain't got a full ship's company, so——"

"Yes, we have, sir. Reilly fetched the final pair aboard about eight. Had to shanghai 'em, of course. He come pretty nigh not gettin' the last one, but luck was with him. Seems a green young feller in sailor's rig drifted into his place and asked for a ticket to Californy; wanted to go to the diggin's, like the rest of the fools. When he found out what passage would cost, he was consider'ble set back—hadn't got money enough, you understand. Then he wanted to know if he couldn't ship as fo'mast hand aboard a 'Frisco vessel. Reilly see that Providence was helpin' us along, and he asks the young cub to have somethin' just for sociableness. Well, you know what that means—means the Lucky Strike's got her full crew."

The first mate laughed at Mr. Reilly's little joke. Captain Zeke did not laugh.

"*Where* did this young chap want to go?" he demanded excitedly.

"To Californy. He——"

"What sort of a lookin' feller was he? How was he dressed?"

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"Oh, he's quite a likely youngster, I should say. Freckle-faced and sort of tow-headed. Had on a nice new fit-out of togs, blue shirt and——"

"Obed Coffin, don't you lie to me! Don't you dare say that shanghaied lubber had on a speckled yeller neck-handkerchief if he didn't! Don't——"

"But he did. How'd you know? A yeller handkerchief with black spots. Want to see him? He's down in the fo'castle now, sleepin' like a lamb."

A few minutes later, Mr. Nye, holding the lantern by the forward companion, looked full into the face of the skipper as the latter ascended the ladder from the fo'castle. The Captain was smiling—grimly, perhaps, but smiling nevertheless.

"Obed," queried Captain Zeke, turning to the first mate, who was behind him on the ladder, "three years is quite a spell, ain't it?"

"Why—why, yes, sir."

"I cal'late in that time and with the proper disc*ip*line, a skipper that knew his business might make a man even out of a young rip like that one down there, hey?"

"Aye, aye, sir. I s'pose he could."

"Yes. And anyhow," Captain Zeke's grim smile broadened and his right fist clenched, "anyhow he could have consider'ble fun tryin'. Mr. Coffin, you may get the ship under way, sir."

The Gnomes

By ARCHER M. HUNTINGTON

WHEN light has died along the distant cloud-hills,
When day has fled behind the purple domes,
All silent and all breathless and expectant,
Nature awaits the gnomes.

Out creeping from their hiding places stilly,
Awaking in the gloaming and the night,
The fateful forms, distorted, grim and cheerless,
Renew their reign of fright.

A thousand dreams that rose in maiden fairness,
A thousand deaths are now with horror crowned,
Dead promises and sighs and dread despairings
In the dark night-waves drowned.

Hope changed to cankered bitterness and moaning;
Love slimed with treading where love ne'er should go;
A myriad twisted things that once wore beauty
Walk cat-like to and fro.

And God, Who sleepeth in the higher heaven,
Hath sent no angel with a flaming sword;
The mockery of all the world's enchantment
Roameth far abroad.

So, through the fitful nights and days alternate,
Love and despair shall each the other know;
And day shall wake its hymn to heavens unfolding,
And night shall bear its woe.

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"De Kid Wot Works at Night"

By WILLIAM HARD

Photographs by Emmett V. O'Neill

WHEN the shades of night look as if they were about to fall; when the atmosphere of Chicago begins to change from the dull gray of unaided local nature to the brilliant white of artificial illumination; when the Loop District, the central crater of the volcano, is filling up rapidly with large numbers of straps which have been brought down-town from outlying car-barns for the convenience of those who have had enough and who now wish to withdraw; when the sound of the time-clock being gladly and brutally punched is heard through every door and window—

When all these things are happening, and, besides—

When all the fat men in the city get to the street-cars first, and all the lean and energetic and profane men have to climb over them to the inner seats; when the salesladies in the department stores throw the night-covers over bargain ormolu clocks just as you pant up to the counter; when the man who has just bought a suburban house stops at the wholesale meat market and carries home a left-over steak in order to have the laugh on the high-priced suburban butcher; when you are sorry your office is on the fifth floor because there are so many people on the eleventh floor and the elevator goes by you without stopping, while you scowl through the glass partition—

When all these things are happening, and, besides—

When the clocks in the towers of the railway stations are turned three minutes ahead so that you will be sure to be on time and so that you will also be sure to drop into your seat with fractured lungs; when the policeman blows his whistle to make the street-car stop, and the motorman sounds his gong to make the pedestrian stop, and both the motorman and the pedestrian look timorously but longingly at the area of death just in front of the fender; when the streets are full and the straps are full, and the shoes of the motor-

"WATERMELON PETE."
President of the Union.

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SUCH A BIG NIGHT!

cars of the elevated trains are throwing yellow sparks on the shoulders of innocent bystanders; when the reporters, coming back to their offices from their afternoon assignments, are turning about in their doorways to watch the concentrated agony of an American home-going and are thanking God that they go home at the more convenient hour of 1 A.M.—

When all these things are happening, and when, in short, it is between five and six o'clock in the afternoon, the night newsboy and the night messenger boy turn another page in the book of experience and begin to devote themselves once more to the thronging, picturesque, incoherent characters of the night life of a big American city.

Then it is, at just about five o'clock, that the night messenger boy opens the door of his office by pushing against it with his back, turns around and walks sidewise across the floor, throws himself down obliquely on his long, smooth bench, slides a foot or two on the polished surface, comes to a stop against the body of the next boy, and begins to wait for the telegrams, letters, and parcels that will keep him engaged till one o'clock the next morning and that may lead his footsteps either to the heavily curtained drawing-rooms of disorderly houses in the Red Light district or to the wet planks of the wharves on the Calumet River twelve miles away, where he will curl up under the stars and sleep till the delayed boat arrives from Duluth.

Then it is that the night messenger boy's friend and ally, the night newsboy, gets down-town from school, after having said good-by to his usually mythical "widowed mother," and after having assumed the usually imaginary burden of the support of a "bereaved family." Then it is, at about five o'clock, that he approaches his favorite corner, grins at the man who owns the corner news stand, receives "ten *Choinals*, ten *Murrikins*, ten *Snoozes*, and five *Posts*"; goes away twenty feet, turns around, watches the corner-man to see if he has marked the papers down in his note-book, hopes that he hasn't marked them down, thinks that perhaps he has forgotten just how many there were, wonders if he couldn't persuade him that he didn't give him any "*Murrikins*," calculates the amount of his profit if he should be able to sell the "*Murrikins*" without having to pay the corner-man for them, turns to the street, dodges a frenzied automobile, worms his way into a hand-packed street-car (which

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CAN YOU EAT ALL OF THIRTEEN CENTS' WORTH?

Pop (for an appetizer), two cents; Hamburger and Coffee, five cents; pie *à la mode*, six cents.

is the only receptacle never convicted by the city government of containing short measure), disappears at the car-door, comes to the surface in the middle of the aisle, and hands a *News* to a regular customer.

From the time when the arc-lamps sputter out bravely against the evening darkness to the time when they chatter and flicker themselves into extinction before the cold, reproving rays of the early morning sun, what does the street-boy do? What does he see? What films in the moving picture of a big American city are unrolled before his eyes? These are questions that are important to every American city, to every mission superintendent, to every desk sergeant, to every penitentiary warden, to every father, to every mother.

Night, in these modern times, is like the United States Constitution. It is an admirable institution, but it doesn't know what is happening beneath it. Night comes down on Chicago and spreads its wings as largely and as comfortably now as when the *Tribune* building was a sand-dune. You stand on Madison Street and look upward, through the glare of the arc-lamps, and you see old Mother Night still brooding above you, calmly, imperturbably, quite unconscious of the fact that her mischievous children have lined her feathers with electricity, kerosene, acetylene, coal-gas, water-gas, and every other species of unlawful, unnatural illuminating substance. She still spreads her wings, simply, grandly, with the cosmic unconcern of a hen that doesn't know she is hatching out ducks instead of chickens; and in the morning she rises from her nest and flutters away westward, feeling quite sure that she has fulfilled her duty in an ancient, regular, and irreproachable manner.

CATCHING THE FRONT PLATE JUST IN TIME

She would be quite maternally surprised if she could know what her newsboys and messenger boys are doing

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while she (good, proper mother!) is nodding her head beautifully among the stars.

I do not mean by this remark to disparage the newsboy. He occupies in Chicago a legal position superior to that of the president of a railway company. The president of a railway company is only an employee. He receives a weekly, a monthly, or at least a yearly, salary. The newsboy does not receive a salary. He is not an employee. He is a merchant. He buys his papers and then resells them. He occupies the same legal position as Marshall Field & Co. Therefore he does not fall within the scope of the child-labor law. Therefore no rascally paternalistic factory inspector may vex him in his pursuit of an independent commercial career.

ONE OF THE FEW SURVIVORS OF THE NIGHT SHOE-SHINING BUSINESS.

At about five o'clock he strikes his bargain with the corner-man. The corner-man owns the corner. It is a strange and interesting system, lying totally without the pale of recognized law. Theoretically, Dick Kelly, having read the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, and having become conscious of his rights, might try to set up a news stand at the southwest corner of Wabash and Madison. Practically, the Constitution does not follow the flag as far as that corner. Mr. Kelly's news stand would last a wonderfully short time. The only person who can have a news stand at the corner of Wabash and Madison is Mr. Heffner.

Mr. Heffner is the recognized owner, holder, occupant, possessor, etc., of some eighty square feet of sidewalk space at that point, and his sovereignty extends half-way down the block to the next corner southward, and half-way down the other block to the next corner westward. When Mr. Heffner has been in business long enough he will deed, convey, and transfer his rights to some other man for anywhere between $5 and $1,500.

YOU CAN'T SELL BUSINESS LIKE THAT AT THE CORNER OF WABASH AND DEARBORN

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These rights consist exclusively of the fact that the newspapers recognize the corner-man as their only agent at that particular spot. When the corner-man wishes to transfer his corner to somebody else, he must see that the newspapers are satisfied with his choice of a successor.

The newsboy deals, generally speaking, with the corner-man. The corner-man pays the *Daily News* sixty cents for every hundred copies. He then hands out these hundred copies in "bunches" of, say, ten or fifteen or twenty to the newsboys who come to him for supplies. Each newsboy receives, as a commission, a certain number of cents for every hundred copies that he can manage to sell. This commission varies from five to twenty cents. The profit of the corner-man varies therefore with the commission that he pays the newsboy. The public pays one hundred cents for one hundred copies of the *News*. The *News* itself gets sixty cents; the newsboy gets from five to twenty cents; the corner-man gets what is left, namely, from thirty-five down to twenty cents in net profit.

A LITTLE GAME OF CRAPS AFTER THE 1.30 A.M. DINNER.

On the basis of this net profit, plus the gross profit on his own sales made directly by himself to his customers, there is more than one corner-man in Chicago who owns suburban property and who could live on the income from his real-estate investments.

From five o'clock, therefore, on to about half past six, the newsboy flips street-cars and yells "turrible murdur" on commission. But pretty soon the corner-man wants to go home. He then sells outright all the papers left on the stand. The newsboy makes him an offer. It is like a fire sale.

"Forty cents fer de whole lot," says the newsboy.

"Fifty cents," says the corner-man.

"Forty. Dat's all."

"Fifty. I'll sell 'em to the nigger kid."

"Forty. Youse seen me lick dat kid meself yestiddy. He ain't no good."

"Oh, you ain't so much yerself. Sammy Ryan, that works fer the man on the next corner, I seen him more than half-way down to this corner ten times to-day. W'y didn't you hand it to him? Because you can't. That's w'y. Fifty cents fer the lot!"

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"Nit. Say, dat nigger kid got six *Snoozes* from yer to-day and youse forgot to put 'em down. Forty!"

"You're a liar! That nigger kid is the only one of all twelve of you kids that don't hand it to me like that. He's honest, he is! An' I bet he kin lick any Dago in the town."

At this point the "nigger kid," through no fault of his own, gets pushed off the sidewalk into a pool of dirty water by an extremely angry "Dago."

The "Dago" then returns to the corner-man and says simply but majestically:

"Youse saw me. Forty cents fer de lot!"

"All right. Take 'em, you little pirate," says the corner-man, and thereupon puts on his coat and goes home.

The Italian newsboy is now in full possession of the stand. If he sells the papers for a total of more than forty cents, he wins. If he can't sell them for that, he loses. He has embarked upon a speculation.

This element of speculation is one of the reasons why the Italian boy is distancing all other boys in the business of selling newspapers. He is almost as good a bargainer as the Jewish boy, while, at the same time, he is almost as good a fighter as the Irish boy. His power of bargaining and fighting simultaneously renders him almost irresistible, especially when it is combined with his marvelous power of persistence. The Italian boy will stay at his stand till the last paper is sold.

A few years ago a Chicago publisher, making a Sunday morning tour in his automobile, happened to notice that the Irish corners were deserted very early in the day. The Irish boy was a skilful salesman, but as soon as he had made as much money as he needed for tem-

OFF THE STREETS BUT AN HOUR AT A DOWN-TOWN BOYS' CLUB

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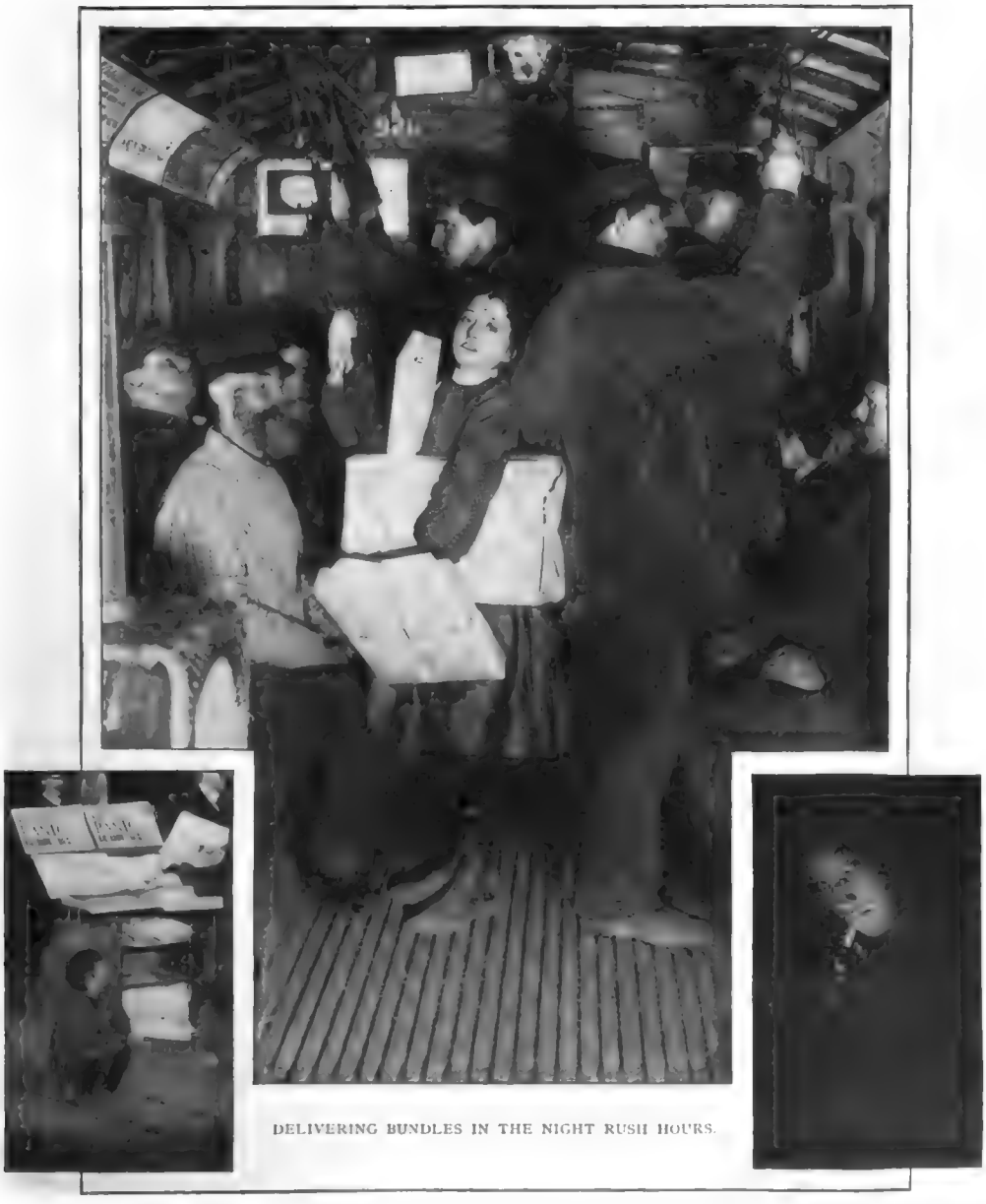

DELIVERING BUNDLES IN THE NIGHT RUSH HOURS.

HALF PAST ELEVEN AT THE CORNER OF STATE AND MADISON.

AT NIGHT THE CIGARETTE STIMULATES THE TIRED LITTLE BODIES.

porary purposes he closed up his stand and went to a picnic. The Italian boy, on the other hand, never had money enough until all his papers had been exchanged for an equal number of nickels. The Irish boy was interested in getting money to spend. The Italian boy was interested in getting money.

Therefore, although the Italian is a comparatively late arrival, he already leads the newspaper-selling business. A short time ago Hull House, in connection with other settlements, made a comprehensive investigation of the subject. Out of 1,000 newsboys investigated, cross-examined, tracked to their lairs, and tabulated, there were 211 who came from south of the Alps.

Next to the Italians came the "Americans," whatever that may mean. There were 208.

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Next to the "Americans" came the Germans, 180 of them. Next to the Germans, occupying fourth place in the list, came the Irish, numbering only 113. Just as the Irishman has lost his place among the "day-laborers" and has moved upward into the ranks of the foremen, so he has lost his place among the newspaper venders of America and has moved upward into the superior financial stratum in which the boys of the family are more likely to be kept at home.

Below the Irish in the Hull House census there follow, with decreasing numbers, the negroes, the Scandinavians, the Jews, the Poles, the English, the Bohemians, the Dutch, the French, the Canadians, the Greeks, the Scotch, and the Arabians, in the order named. Finally, at the bottom of the list, encompassed with enemies, bobbing irrelevantly in the vortex of the international whirlpool, there are descried the heads of one Austrian, one Dane, one Lithuanian, one Roumanian, and one Syrian.

The best specimen of the finished type of newsboy, within my knowledge, is an Italian boy named "Jelly." His father's surname is Cella, but his own name has been "Jelly" ever since he can remember.

"Jelly" was born on the great, sprawly West Side. His father worked during the summer, digging excavations for sewers and gas-mains. His mother worked during the winter, making buttonholes in coats, vests, and pants. Neither parent worked during the whole year.

This domestic situation was overlooked by the Hull House investigators. In their report on newsboys they found that the number of paper-selling orphans had been grossly over-estimated by popular imagination. Out of 1,000 newsboys in their final tabulation, there were 803 who had both parents living. There were 74 who only had a father living. There were 97 who had only a mother living. There were only 26, out of the whole 1,000, who had neither a father nor a mother to care for them.

But "Jelly" occupied a peculiar position. He had both parents living and yet, from the standpoint of economics, he was a half-orphan, since neither parent worked all the year.

At the age of ten, therefore, "Jelly" began selling papers. His uncle had a news stand on a big, important corner not far from "Jelly's" house on the West Side. At the age of ten "Jelly" was selling papers from five to eight in the morning and from five to eight in the evening. He was therefore inclined to go to sleep at his desk when he was receiving his lesson in mental arithmetic in the public school where he was an unwilling attendant. Nevertheless, he showed an extraordinary aptitude for mental arithmetic a few hours later when he was handing out change to customers on his uncle's corner.

"Jelly" was a pretty good truant in those days. There was no money to be made by going to school and it looked like a waste of time. His acquaintance among truant officers came to be broad and thorough. He was dragged back to school an indefinite number of times. Yet, with the curious limitations of a newsboy's superficially profound knowledge of human nature, he has confided to me the fact that every truant officer gets $1 for every boy that he returns to the principal of his school.

Besides being a pretty good truant, "Jelly" became also a pretty good fighter.

His very first fight won him the undying gratitude of his uncle.

It happened that at that time the struggle between the circulation departments of the evening newspapers was particularly keen. "Jelly's" uncle allowed himself, unwisely, to be drawn into it. The local circulation experts of the *News* and the *American* noticed that on the news stand kept by "Jelly's" uncle the *Journal* was displayed with excessive prominence and the *News* and the *American* were concealed down below. It was currently reported in the neighborhood that "Jelly's" uncle was receiving $10 a week from the *Journal* for behaving in the manner aforesaid.

In about twenty-four hours the corner owned by "Jelly's" uncle bore a tumultuous aspect. The *News* and the *American* had established a rival stand on the other side of the street. This stand was in charge of a man named Gazzolo. Incidentally it happened that a man named Gazzolo had beaten and killed a man named Cella in the vicinity of Naples some five years before.

Gazzolo's news stand had confronted Cella's, frowning at it from across the street, for about a week, when it began to be guarded by some six or seven broad-chested persons in sweaters. Meanwhile Cella's news stand had also acquired a few sweaters inhabited by capable young men of a combative disposition.

On the afternoon of the eighth day the

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sweatered agents of the *News* and the *American* advanced across the street and engaged the willing agents of the *Journal* in a face-to-face and then hand-to-hand combat.

At least three murders have happened in Chicago since that time in similar encounters. "Nigger" Clark, an agent of the *News*, was killed on the South Side, and the Higgins brothers were killed on the Ashland Block corner in the down-town district itself, within view of the world-wide commerce transacted in the heart of Chicago. And a Chicago publisher has told me that these three open murders, recognized by everybody as circulation-department murders, must be supplemented by at least six or seven other clandestine murders before the full story of the homicidal rivalry between the agents of Chicago afternoon newspapers is told.

It was amateur murder before the *American* arrived. Then circulation agents began to be enlisted from the ranks of the pupils in the boxing-schools, and since that time the circulation situation has become increasingly pugnacious, until to-day it has reached the State Attorney's office and has come back to the street in the form of indictments and prosecutions.

Typical of this warfare was the fray that followed when the sweatered agents of the *News* and the *American* came across the street and fell rudely upon the news stand of "Jelly's" uncle.

"Jelly's" uncle had his shoulder-blade broken, but "Jelly" himself, being young and agile, escaped from his pursuers and was instantly and miraculously filled with a beautiful idea.

The agents of the *News* and the *American*, coming across the street to attack "Jelly's" uncle, had left Gazzolo's corner unprotected. "Jelly" traversed the cedar blocks of the street and reached Gazzolo in an ecstatic moment when he was surveying the assault on Cella's shoulder-blade with absorbing glee. Just about one-tenth of a second later Mr. Gazzolo was pierced in the region of the abdomen by the largest blade of a small and blunt pocket-knife in the unhesitating right hand of Mr. Cella's nephew, "Jelly."

It was a slight wound, but in consideration of his thoughtfulness in promptly perceiving Mr. Gazzolo's unprotected situation and in immediately running across the street in order to take advantage of it, "Jelly" was transferred by his uncle to a position of independent responsibility. He was put in charge of a news stand just outside an elevated railway station on the South Side.

Nevertheless, even after this honorable promotion, "Jelly's" father continued to take all his money away from him when he came home at night. And the elder Cella did not desist from this practise till his son had been advanced to the supereminent honor of selling papers in the down-town district.

This final transfer happened to "Jelly" when he was fifteen. He still retained his stand on the South Side, selling papers there from five to ten in the morning, but he also came down-town and sold papers at a stand within the Loop from five to nine at night. His uncle had prospered and had been able to invest $1,000 in a down-town corner, which was on the point of being abandoned by a fellow Italian who desired to return to the hills just south of Naples.

Thereafter, till he was sixteen years old, "Jelly" led a full and earnest life. He rose at four; he reached his South Side stand by five; he sold papers there till ten; he reached the down-town district by eleven; he inspected the five-cent theatres and the penny arcades and the alley restaurants till five in the afternoon; he sold papers for his uncle on commission till half past six; he bought his uncle's left-over papers at half past six and sold them on his own account till nine; and then, before going home at ten in order to get his five hours of sleep, he spent a happy sixty minutes reinspecting the five-cent theatres and the penny arcades and dodging Mr. Julius F. Wengierski.

Mr. Wengierski is a probation officer of the Juvenile Court. At that time he was making nightly tours through the down-town district talking to the children on the streets and trying to induce them to go home. He made a special study of some fifty cases, looking into the home circumstances of each child and gathering notes on the reasons why the child was at work. He was assisted by the agents of a reputable and conscientious charitable society.

In only two instances, out of the whole fifty, was the boy's family in need of the actual necessaries of life. In one instance the boy's father was the owner of his house and lot and was earning $5 a day. He also had several hundred dollars in the bank. In only a few instances did the family, as a family, make any considerable gain, for the purposes of household expenses, from the child's labor.

Some fathers, it is true (notably the one

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who owned his house and lot), used the child selfishly and cruelly as a worker who required no wages and whose total earnings could be appropriated as soon as he came home. It was the same system as that to which "Jelly" had been subjected from ten to fifteen. But these cases were exceptional.

One of the boys was working in order to get the money for the instalment payments on a violin, and another was working in order to pay for lessons on a violin of which he was already the complete and enthusiastic owner.

One little girl was selling late editions in the saloons on Van Buren Street in order to have white shoes for her first communion. Another little girl needed shoes of the same color for Easter. Still a third was working in order that after a while she might have clothes just as good as those of the girl who lived next door.

In at least ten of Mr. Wengierski's cases, the reason for earning money on the street at night was the penny arcade and the five-cent theatre. The passion for these amusements among children is intense. They will, some of them, work until they have a nickel, expend it on a moving-picture performance, and then start in and work again until they have another nickel to be spent for the same purpose at another "theatorium."

The earnings of these children, according to the Hull House investigation, which is the only authoritative investigation on record, vary from ten cents a day when the children are five years old up to ninety cents a day when they are sixteen. This is the average, but of course there are many children who make less and many who, because of superior skill, make more. Among these latter is "Jelly."

"Jelly's" high average, which used to reach almost $2 a day, was due partly to his own personal power and partly to the fact that on Saturday night he employed the services of his little sister.

Saturday night was "Jelly's" big time. On other nights he went home by ten o'clock. He had to get up by four and it was necessary for even him to take some sleep. But on Saturday night he gave himself up with almost complete abandon to the opportunities of the street.

On that night he used to close up his stand by eight o'clock and then go down to the river and sell his few remaining papers to the passengers on the lake boats. "Last chanst ter git yer *Murrikin!*" "Only one *Choinal* left! De only *Choinal* on de dock!" "Buy a *Post*, mister! Youse won't be able ter sleep ter-night on de boat! De only paper fer only two cents!" "Here's yer *Noose!* Only one cent! No more *Nooses* till youse comes back! Last chanst! Dey will cost yer ten cents apiece on de boat!" "Git yer *Murrikin.* No papers sold on de boat!" "Git yer *Post.* Dey charges yer five cents w'en youse gits 'em on de boat!"

Slightly contradictory those statements of his used to be, but they attained their object. They sold the papers. And as soon as the boats had swung away from their moorings, "Jelly" would come back to the region of the five-cent theatres and the penny arcades and resume his nocturnal inquiries into the state of cheap art.

At half past ten he went to an elevated railway station to meet his little sister. She was ten years old. She had dressed herself for the part. From her ragged and scanty wardrobe she had chosen her most ragged and her scantiest clothes.

Accompanied by his sister, "Jelly" then went to a flower-shop and bought a bundle of carnations at closing prices. With these carnations he took his sister to the entrance of the Grand Opera House. There she sold the whole bundle to the people coming out from the performance. Her appearance was picturesque and pitiful. Her net profit from the sale of her flowers was usually about thirty-five cents.

As soon as the flowers were sold and the people had gone away, "Jelly" took his sister back to the elevated station. There he counted the money she had made and put it in his pocket. He then handed her out a nickel for car-fare and, in addition, a supplementary nickel for herself. "Jelly" was being rapidly Americanized. If he had remained exactly like his father, he would have surrendered only the nickel for car-fare.

It was time now to go to the office of the *American* and get the early morning Sunday editions. "Jelly" began selling these editions at about twelve o'clock. He sold them to stragglers in the down-town streets till two. It was then exactly twenty-two hours since he had left his bed. He began to feel a little bit sleepy. He therefore went down to the river and slept on a dock, next to an old berry-crate, till four. At four he rose and took the elevated train to the South Side. There he reached his own news stand and opened it up at about five o'clock. This was his Sat-

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urday, Saturday-night, and Sunday-morning routine for a long time. On other nights "Jelly" slept five hours. On Saturday nights he found that two hours was quite enough. And his ability to get along without sleep is characteristic of newsboys and messenger boys rather than exceptional among them.

The reason why "Jelly" used to dodge Mr. Wengierski is now explainable. To begin with, his opinion of all probation officers is unfavorable. He classes them with truant officers. They are not "on the level." They discriminate between different classes of boys. "Jelly" was once accosted by a probation officer at about ten o'clock at night on Clark Street. He gave this probation officer a good tip about a lot of boys who were staying out nights attending services in the old First Methodist Church. These boys had been seen by "Jelly" going home as late as half past ten. The probation officer took no action in their case while at the same time he advised "Jelly" to stop selling papers at an early hour.

Incidents like this had convinced "Jelly" that probation officers were certainly not on the level and were possibly "on the make." But in Mr. Wengierski's case he had an additional reason. Mr. Wengierski was looking for boys of fourteen and under, and, while "Jelly" was entitled by age to escape Mr. Wengierski's notice, he was not so entitled by size. He was sixteen, but he looked not more than thirteen. The street had given him a certain superficial knowledge, but it had dwarfed his body just as surely as it had dwarfed his mind.

Mr. J. J. Sloan, when he was superintendent of the John Worthy School (which is the local municipal juvenile reformatory), reported that the newsboys committed to his care were, on the average, one-third below the stature and one-third below the strength of average, ordinary boys of the same age. In the face of testimony of this kind, which could be duplicated from every city in the United States, it seems absurd to talk about the educative influence of the street. That it has a certain educative influence is undeniable, but it is equally undeniable that the boys who are exposed to this influence should be prevented, by proper legislation, from exposing themselves to it for too many hours a day and should especially be prevented from exposing themselves to it for even a single hour after seven o'clock in the evening.

"Jelly" has now become a messenger boy and has been given a new name by his new associates. He will some day go back to the paper business because there is more money in it, and "Jelly" is fundamentally commercial. But there seems to be, after all, a certain struggling, unruly bubble of romanticism in his nature and it had to rise to the surface and explode.

"Jelly" first thought of the messenger service when he was attending a five-cent theatre. "Jelly" went in. The fleeting pictures on the screen at the farther end of the room were telling a story that filled him with swelling interest. A messenger boy is run over by an automobile. He is taken to the hospital. He regains consciousness in his bed. He remembers his message. He calls for a portable telephone. He 'phones the message to the young man to whom it was addressed. The young man comes at once to the hospital. The young woman who had sent the message also comes. She wants to find out what has happened to the message. The young man and the young woman meet at the bedside of the messenger boy. They fall into each other's arms and the messenger boy sinks back on his pillow and dies. And it is a mighty good story even if the rough points are not rubbed off.

"Jelly" determined at once to be a messenger boy, without delay.

Messenger boys differ from newsboys in several particulars.

In the first place, when they work at night, they earn a definite wage instead of being out for themselves as independent commercial adventurers. The night messenger boy, from five in the afternoon to one in the morning, earns $1. After that hour he earns overtime at a definite rate. What he picks up incidentally in the way of tips is "velvet." There are messenger boys in Chicago who, at the age of sixteen, are earning at least $60 a month.

In the second place, the night messenger boy, being an employee instead of an independent "merchant," must be at least sixteen years old, under the child-labor statutes of Illinois.

In the third place, the night messenger boy has a point of view that is much more objective and much more artistic than that of the night newsboy. The night messenger boy is not working for himself. He is not worrying about his income. Consequently,

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he can take a much more disinterested interest in what happens to him.

It was a messenger boy who gave me the last word on the necessary qualifications of a political leader.

He was telling me why it was that messenger boys always act, not as individuals, but in mass. For instance, when one messenger boy is reading a novel, all the others are also reading novels. They will sit in the office, quiet as mice, with a long row of yellow-backs in their hands. Each boy has bought one book, a book of the general character of "Tin-toothed Tom of Tennessee," in exchange for a nickel. Then, by a system of universal transfers, each boy reads every other boy's book before the fad expires. An expenditure of one nickel has provided him with the perusal of some thirty or thirty-five volumes.

But when the novel-reading fad has reached its climax, it ceases suddenly, totally. After that no one would read a novel if he were paid for it. Everybody plays craps. And after everybody has played craps, everybody stops playing craps at the same moment and goes simultaneously, in a body, to the nickel theatres and the penny arcades.

These waves of popular fancy are governed largely by the boy who happens at the time to be "leader."

"And what must a boy do to be leader?"

The answer was instantaneous and comprehensive:

"He must be brave and he must know how ter shoot de gab."

And it might puzzle James Bryce himself to construct a better definition of popular leadership in a pure democracy.

The messenger service is a democracy of the purest kind, courageous, pugnacious, unterrified, irreverent. When the boys went on strike a year or two ago there was an injunction issued against them. The servitors of the court were afraid that they would not be able to find the boys in order to get service on them. But there was no such trouble. The boys made no effort to avoid a knowledge of the court's wishes. They gathered in large numbers and listened with vast satisfaction to the words that the court had used. And then the man who had read the injunction was almost mobbed because he didn't have a copy of it to give to each one of his auditors. The few boys who managed to get written specimens of the court's order became celebrities.

A certain number of boys work out from two offices in the very center of the Red Light district. Some of these boys stop working at one. Others work through till morning. There is no business in that district in the morning hours except the business of disorderly houses and all-night saloons. And even during the earlier hours of the night there is very little business of any other kind. The only effective reason for keeping an all-night office in that district is to share in the profits of vice.

There was once a woman who owned a big disorderly house in the district and who got her one son into the Red Light messenger service under an assumed name in order that in the course of his nightly duty he might be more or less under her protecting eye. Outside of this case there has never been much evidence of maternal care in the life of the boys who spend their working-hours carrying messages and parcels almost exclusively among disreputable characters.

All night long these boys may be seen, slouching out of their offices, shambling along the street with the peculiar foot-dragging shuffle of their kind, passing the rows of open-faced saloons, turning down into the rows of droop-eyed, close-curtained houses, climbing the steps of a brothel, disappearing into the interior, coming out again after a while, and lounging languidly back to headquarters.

From carrying messages for the women of the town they go on to carrying cocaine and other drugs for them. They learn where the illicit venders of forbidden drugs have their salesrooms. They learn where the friends of the women drink their favorite drinks over their favorite bars. They make appointments between those who have fallen and those who are being tempted to fall. They become part of the mechanism of vice. And then they become part of vice itself. It is a process of inevitable absorption.

The disease of vice penetrates the whole body of the street service among boys. When Mr. J. J. Sloan, who has already been quoted, was managing the John Worthy School, he said that one-third of the street-boys sent to him were suffering from the loathsome distempers of which the Red Light district is the propagating center.

Who can look at a boy, sixteen or seventeen years old, employed for no other purpose than that of delivering messages to prostitutes, and not feel that the shame of the fact

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adduced by Mr. Sloan throws its shadow over other persons besides the boys themselves?

Many night messenger boys, whose "trick" lasts only from five in the afternoon to one in the morning, volunteer to work after that time in order to earn some overtime money. When they do this they are likely, at the age of sixteen, to approximate the income of some of the adult telegraph operators. They do it, of course, at the cost of their health.

Even when these boys stop working, they find it difficult to make up their minds to go home. They are likely to go instead to the restaurant that happens to be in favor with the boy who happens to be leader.

Just at present there is a restaurant in the southern part of the down-town district where at two o'clock in the morning there is a gathering of a large part of the wisdom of the street.

After going down into the basement where the food is served and after doing their best to make the cashier accept street-railway tickets instead of money for the sandwiches and coffee that they have consumed, the boys come back to the surface and sprawl on the sidewalk and spend a few quiet evening hours under the glare of the corner arc-lamp.

"Fade me?" It is the first formal question in the game of craps. It is like "May I play, partner?" in bridge. "Fade me?"

"Wot are yuh playin'?"

"A nickel."

The challenged boy draws a street-railway ticket out of his pocket, a ticket given to him by the company and saved by himself through the simple expedient of ignoring the conductor or else of walking to his destination. Most messenger boys have a few surviving tickets on their persons.

Two hours and a half pass playing craps. The honesty of the engineering construction of the dice is several times impugned. And, apparently, not without reason. The boy who is winning at any given time is the boy who is playing with his own dice.

At about half past four a very old man, about thirty-six years of age, stumbles by. He turns and comes back. He is carrying a satchel. He steadies himself and begins to tell the boys that in that satchel he has a machine that will make him a millionaire. His eyes stagger almost as much as his legs. He is thin. His skin is drawn tightly over his face. His clothes hang loosely on his frame. After explaining the value, though not the character, of the machine in his satchel, he explains further that he is not only a future millionaire, but that he has already been a millionaire, having owned at one time a factory 500 feet long and more than that broad.

The boys rise up from their sprawling attitudes on the sidewalk under the glare of the arc-lamp. In turn, solemnly, they kick the stranger's satchel. It is battered in, on both ends. It is then cracked open in the middle. It is revealed as being empty. The boys change from solemnity to gaiety and kick the satchel all together instead of in succession. The man staggers out into the street. A policeman turns the corner.

"Time to go swimmin'," yells the leader. He has seen the policeman and has demonstrated his right to be leader.

The light of dawn is chilling and freezing the warm nocturnal radiance of the arc-lamp. The policeman's face is gray and sick. To the man who has worked all night it seems unreasonable, impossible, like a nightmare, that within another hour or two thousands of people should be resuming their frantic, insane, energetic labor in the office-buildings about him. The perpetually renewed strenuosity of the world seems like the mocking laugh of a demon who is laughing in order to hear himself. It seems to have no other excuse or explanation.

But these messenger boys, living their whole life all at once, emphatic and condensed, are yelling: "Come on! Swimmin'!"

They rush in a body down the street and turn the corner toward the lake.

The policeman looks down the street, eastward, after them. A gleam of sunlight strikes the metal on his helmet. The night is over.

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A Balanced Account

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

Author (with Stewart Edward White) of "The Mystery"

Illustrations by May Wilson Preston

"Bribery is at most but a conventional crime."—A JUDICIAL OPINION FROM THE AMERICAN BENCH.

MONASTOR wins. Parsee second. Shrimp third," droned the human automaton at the telephone.

A thoughtful-looking man, who was talking in a corner of the pool-room with a heavy-set, handsomely dressed fellow, glanced up at the employee who had just announced the finish of the fourth race at New Orleans.

"Ever play the ponies, Mr. Cary?" asked the bigger man carelessly.

"No," replied the other. "I do not approve of illegal betting." He spoke with a certain austerity, indicating a distaste for his present surroundings. He was strictly legal, was Mr. Barker Cary; and the highly respected and vicious law firm of which he was a member had saved more blackguards, great and small—but principally great—from their just deserts by the trickeries and pitfalls and evasions inherent in our legal system, than any other firm in the city. Always, if you please, in a strictly legal manner. Al Cullen, his companion, understood, and smiled.

"I don't play 'em myself," he said easily. "There's more money in the other side of the game, taking the coin these suckers play." He indicated the hungry-eyed crowd with a contemptuous roll of his head. "Something like practising law, eh?"

"The case looks ugly," said the lawyer, disregarding this thrust, and reverting to a previous theme of conversation. "Rennigan was seen taking the money. Marked bills, too."

"Of course!" snorted the other. "Bull Rennigan's just the sort of thick-neck to play the smart crook all his life and then get drawn on the jayest kind of a plant. They got it on him good, didn't they?"

"He had been drinking," said Mr. Cary severely. "The head of the Building Department of a great city, under the influence of liquor in business hours!"

"Awful, ain't it!" returned Cullen sardonically. "And this contractor guy was sore on him for some other dirty deal, and rang in the marked stuff on him with a witness in sight. Hey?"

"Just so. It is a very difficult case to defend."

"Right," agreed the other. "Well, you've got Willy the Weeper, to turn on his sprinkling cart and soften up the jury, haven't you?"

"I beg your pardon," said the lawyer stiffly.

"I beg yours," said the other, with a grin. "You've associated with yourself in this important case the Hon. William B. Graney, the silver-tongued master of pay-thetic flumgoozle, haven't you? Catch that?"

"The manner in which you put your questions is unfortunate, sir."

"Look here, now." Al Cullen's hand fell upon the knee of the other. Al Cullen's smile was warm and pleasant, but there was a glitter in his eye. "Cut out the bluff. We'll do business quicker. You're up against it, ain't you?"

The lawyer silently acquiesced.

"Bull Rennigan ain't got a chance on earth in a straight trial."

"It is certainly a difficult case to defend," repeated the lawyer.

"I've heard that before," returned the other, impatiently. "Straight talk. Have you tried the judge?"

Mr. Cary protested vehemently.

"Well, I know you *have*. And I know it's no use. Old Mac would let in all kinds of reversible error for Bull—*and* for his price—but that smart young assistant district attor-

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ney knows he's got a cinch, and he'll take no chances. So that's out of it. And Willy the Weeper's eye-water won't hardly wash out the marks on those bills. Bull is up against it good. You can't get at the assistant district attorney. He's on the level. There's only one thing left, the jury. That's what you're here for—in this law-breaking pool-room."

"I am here, Mr. Cullen, because our client urged my meeting you, for a purpose that I do not fully comprehend."

"Oh, you don't fully comprehend!" Al Cullen's tone was still genial. Geniality is part of the stock-in-trade of the subsoil politician. But he seemed quite unimpressed by the lawyer's icy courtesy. "You'll compre*hend*, all right. You're here because you're here, because you're here, because you're here," he hummed, gliding into the meaningless, endless-chain song of the day, as a pallid and weazened old man walked by and nodded to him. "You're here," he continued, the man having passed, "because you and I between us are going to fix that jury."

Mr. Cary rose hastily.

"Sit down!" said Al Cullen pleasantly.

Mr. Cary reached nervously for his hat.

"Sit down!" The tone was not so pleasant now. Rather to his surprise, Mr. Cary found himself hesitating.

"Take a seat," said Cullen suavely. "There are two other men in this room who are watching you."

"Watching me!"

"Why, what kind of a fool do you take me for?" demanded Cullen. "Did you think I was going to do your dirty work without your sharing the risk? Do you know what you're here for? To inspire confidence."

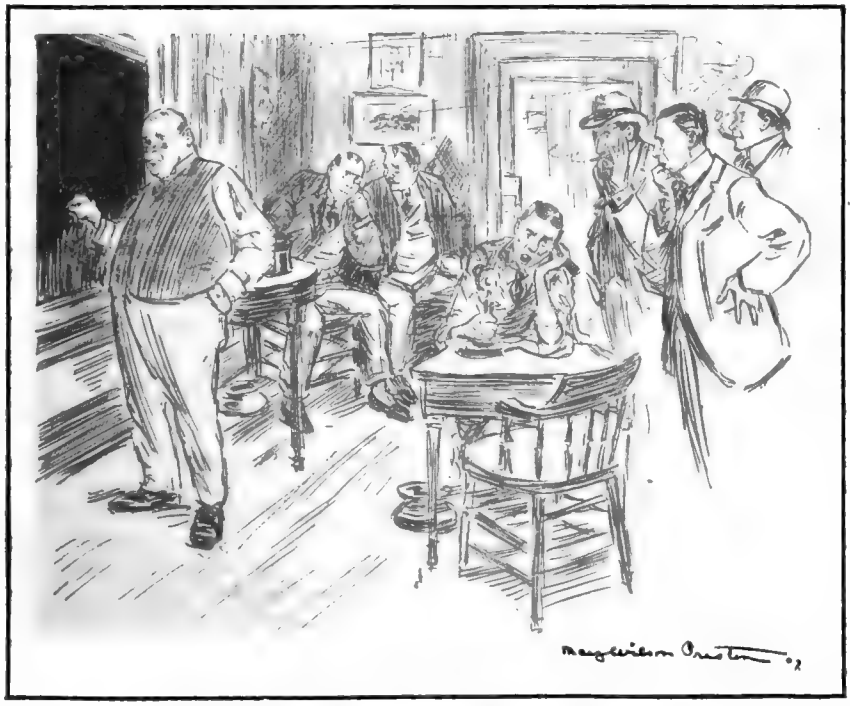
"Confidence?" queried the lawyer, dazed.

"Yes, confidence. On my part and on the part of the man we're buying."

"I refuse to have any share in such a proceeding," cried Mr. Cary.

"*Of* course you do. *Of* course!" acquiesced Cullen. "Don't I know you d—n respectable fellows! You don't need to take any active part in this little deal. Just stay here while I talk to a man, that's all. Then —then"—he put his finger on the other's knee, leaning forward to look him between the eyes—"if I should get into any trouble about this, I'd be sure of having the best lawyers in town to defend me, free. See? Besides, it makes my pay surer."

Mr. Cary squirmed tentatively, like a crea-



"WARLOCK WINS. CAMPUS SECOND KENESAW THIRD."

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ture entrapped. Every man upon whom his roving eyes fell seemed to be scrutinizing him. Many a time the lawyer had been in deals as base as this debauching of justice, but always, heretofore, he had worked behind the scenes. Now, suddenly, he felt like a robber who, having made a successful entry, is bathed in a glow of light by some unseen agency. Cullen watched him closely.

"That's all right," he said confidentially. "You ain't going to get into any trouble. We've got to hang together: that's all. Am I right?"

"They're off for the fifth," intoned the dull voice of the announcer. "Campus leads. Buffenden close up."

"See that young fellow over there? No, not the one with the diamond horseshoe. Just beyond him. If this race goes against him, he's our man."

"How?"

"We'll fix him for the jury."

"Is he on the panel?"

"He will be, if he ain't. I know the Commissioner of Jurors. He's the backer of this pool-room."

"But you don't know that the man will be accepted."

"Who, young Kent? I'll take a chance on that. The ticklish part is getting him to come in on the game."

The man referred to was a pale, neatly dressed fellow of perhaps thirty, who stood stiffly against the wall on the opposite side of the room, his eyes eagerly fixed on the telephone receiver.

"At the half—Cormorant leads," announced the phonographic voice. The young man twitched suddenly. His hand clenched. "Campus second. Warlock third."

"His horse is ahead," commented Cullen, with the ready judgment of the experienced pool-room frequenter. "Cormorant's a dog, though. Won't last through."

"At the three-quarters; Cormorant and Warlock neck and neck. Campus close up," proclaimed the voice. Kent was now half crouching. From his pursed lips his breath came wheezingly. His fists rose and fell walking-beam-wise at his sides, following the imagined rhythm of the gallop.

"See him root," said Cullen, with satisfaction. "All in on this race. There *he* goes."

"Warlock wins. Campus second. Kenesaw third."

"Wait here," said Cullen to the lawyer, and walked over to where the young fellow stood, limp and drooping.

"How are they going, Kent?" he asked heartily. The other, with the instinct of even the least practised gambler to "be a game sport," straightened up and smiled in rather a ghastly fashion.

"Oh, all right," he said evenly.

"Hit 'em up this race?" asked the other.

"N-no, didn't catch 'em much, to-day."

"Heard that Cormorant was touted for the last race. Rotten old skate."

"They got me on that, all right. I played him straight and place."

"Hard luck," returned the other carelessly. "How's the Missis?"

A spasm contracted the face that was no longer that of a "game sport." Kent thrust his fingers nervously into his waistcoat pocket. The pocket bulged a little, showing where a watch used to be. But no watch was there. Only a racing ticket with the legend, "Corm., 40-5; 10-5" on it. "She's not very strong yet, Mr. Cullen," he said gloomily. "I don't know what would have become of us if you hadn't helped me out when she was so sick, getting me off that jury duty."

"THEY GOT ME ON THAT, ALL RIGHT. I PLAYED HIM STRAIGHT AND PLACE."

"Oh, that's all right," returned the other heartily. "What's a little pull good for if a man can't help another out of a tight place? It didn't cost me anything, you know."

"It was mighty good of you just the same," said Kent. "She's getting on now. But she doesn't gather strength. The doctor says she ought to be out more, and go to the theatre and stop worrying. But—well—I lost my place, nursing her. And—and—we're kind of up against it."

"Then what are you doing here?" asked the politician kindly.

"Playing the fool," returned the other bitterly. "A friend gave me a tip one day and I

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"YOU DO SOLEMNLY SWEAR," CAME THE MEASURED WORDS OF THE OATH.

won. It was almost enough to send the wife away. Then I—I——"

"You tried to make up the balance, and lost more than you'd made, and, trying to get even again, you've blown in all the rest."

"That's about it," was the shame-faced admission.

"Kent, I've got another jury proposition to make to you," said Cullen. "I'm going to give you straight talk. Come over here in this corner."

Mr. Cary, watching, saw Cullen's hand placed confidentially on the other's shoulder; saw the sudden start that the young man gave; saw him look all about as if seeking a means of escape; saw Cullen return to the argument—could formulate for himself the very wording of the vicious logic: "It's done every day. You aren't hurting any one. Only giving Rennigan a chance for his life, and he'll play straight after this." Then, to his alarm and dismay, Cullen brought the young man over and introduced him.

"I've never done anything like this before, Mr. Cary," said Kent, looking at the ground.

"I don't know what you mean," returned the lawyer, in stony accents.

"That'll be all right, Kent," broke in Cullen heartily. "It's a go. Fifty dollars down, a hundred more when you go on the jury, and the other three hundred and fifty when the jury disagrees. And afterward, I'll get you a job."

He glanced at Mr. Cary with a look that meant, as plain as words could say it, "You're in on this." Protest on the part of the lawyer would have been useless. But that instinct of self-preservation which he fatuously mistook for a conscience, smarted rawly for many a day.

"Don't worry about any come-back," said Cullen to Kent as they parted. "There'll be another man on the jury that's right. It ain't safe to hang a jury with only one stand-out."

Sitting at the defendant's table in the crowded court room beside his political ally and boss, Bull Rennigan, Commissioner of Buildings for the city, Al Cullen watched a pale, quiet-looking young man who came forward to be examined for the panel. Alone of all in the intent court, he noted that Kent, when sworn, did not kiss the book, touching his lips to his thumb instead. Cullen smiled rather grimly. No better indication was needed that his man could be depended upon. Rennigan, a powerful, bull-necked, flushed fellow, with the head of an ape, and a brutal, frightened face, looked over at Cullen, who nodded imperceptibly.

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Smoothly, as if the wheels of justice had been specially oiled for its progress, went the examination of young Kent. True, Mr. Cary, examining for the defense, was lengthily and minutely inquisitive as to the possible political affiliations of the talesman. But that was all a "bluff." The assistant district attorney was completely fooled. His detectives, who were looking up every talesman, had reported Kent's record as good. He passed the examination with flying colors. At a gesture from the clerk he stood.

"The defendant will rise," said the official voice.

So the two men faced each other, one slight, pale, tense; the other burly, sullen, and cowering behind his mask of bravado; each eying the other with a sick surmise. In that moment, fronting the human beast before him, Kent felt a nausea of the soul, born of the dim realization that he was there under bond to turn loose upon society a creature of prey, ferocious, voracious, pitiless.

"You do solemnly swear," came the measured words of the oath.

And fixing his mind on the little woman, wan and ill at home, on how much the money would mean to her, Kent swore to do his duty—so help him God. With a throat still burning from the words, he took his seat in the box as Juror No. 9.

"THE LAST TIME—SO HELP ME GOD," HE SAID.

Throughout the dull days that followed, it was a satisfaction to know that he was earning his money by something of an ordeal. For the jury was locked up like so many convicts. Special officers guarded its goings-out and its comings-in. They watched over it while it ate, while it read or wrote, while it slept. The hotel where it was lodged, a few blocks from the court-house, became a veritable prison for innocent men. Once Kent was permitted, under guard, to see his wife, who had come to the hotel after court hours.

"How are you getting along, Jen?" he cried eagerly, peering into the white face with the big, wistful gray eyes.

"Oh, so much better," she said gaily. "If you could only be with me, I should be quite well. Poor boy!" She rubbed her cheek caressingly upon his shoulder, with a pretty, sidelong movement; then wrinkled her nose at the policeman, who had turned for a moment to the door. "How do you like being in jail? You haven't even got 'the little tent of blue that prisoners call the sky' in your cell, have you?" she chirruped, peering out of the window at the dull wall opposite.

"Never mind, girlie," said Kent. "It'll soon be over. And then——"

"And then," she twinkled, "you'll get your new place, and we'll have a Sunday off. In the country! All by ourselves!"

"Being millionaires—almost," smiled Kent.

"And I'll forgive you that last lucky bet, because it was lucky. And because"— her lilting, happy voice became suddenly grave and pleading—"because it's the last time. Isn't it, Paul?"

"The last time—so help me God," he said. As he spoke, the memory of that other oath, so solemnly and treacherously sworn, shook his words within his throat. The very form of the pledge seemed like a blasphemy.

She noticed nothing of his sudden distress.

"And oh, Paul, what do you think! I met Mrs. Tracy on the street yesterday and she's asked me to go to the matinée next Wednes-

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day. 'The Mikado,' too. The dear old 'Mikado!' To hear music again—real music! I can feel it inside me—all of it." She pressed her frail hands to her bosom and drew a deep inspiration. "Perhaps it will come back to me—my singing. Oh, if it only would!" She hummed a bar, under her breath, and pirouetted away from him. Despite the pallor of her cheeks, the hollows under the eyes, the pathetic little droop at the corners of the delicate lips that spoke so eloquently of privation and sorrow, Paul Kent's wife was still sweetly, blessedly, unconquerably young.

To Kent, after she had gone, it seemed worth the price he had paid; worth honor, worth rest of spirit and peace of conscience to see the reincarnation of the girl-spirit he had loved. Resolutely he kept her face before him, thereafter, during the weary hours in the jury-box. To the evidence he paid little more than perfunctory attention. He heard, as one in a dream, those damning details of persecution, of oppression, of extortion, terminating in the revolt of one man who, pressed beyond the limits of endurance, had chosen to face ruin, so that he might have his revenge. And as the dreadful story developed, and Rennigan's bestial face became even more sullen and gray, Kent wondered by what possible logic he could excuse, even to the trusting girl at home, his voting for acquittal. Then he fell to conning the faces of his fellows in the box, for some indication of the other juror who had sold the birthright of honor, like himself. No; not like himself! He had done it to save Jen's life. He *had* to do it. What reason had the other found strong enough he wondered miserably. Debts? Want? Greed? He felt a sudden, self-exculpatory contempt for anyone who would yield to a need less bitter than his own. Which man could it be? That dapper little fellow at No. 2? Or the bluff, square-jawed, weather-beaten man, No. 12? Or possibly the nervous, elderly juror in seat No. 5? The juror in front of him, No. 3, a meek, gentle, grizzled man of fifty, reached back and nudged his knee.

"Better 'tend to business," he whispered; "the judge's looking over this way."

Throughout the remainder of the defense, which was to last but two days, Juror No. 9 paid exemplary heed to the evidence. It was pitifully weak, the defense's case. More than ever Kent wondered what possible basis for a vote of acquittal, other than the real reason, could be assigned, even by the most charitable. He would have liked to know the other purchased juror; to agree with him upon some formula. With his eyes upon a witness who was being cross-examined, he was pondering this matter, when he became conscious of a sudden stir among the reporters at the table near by. Some one had come in with a message, which was passing from hand to hand.

Kent saw the eyes of the newspaper men concentrated upon him, with a sort of pitying interest. Like a searing flame the thought passed through him that he had been betrayed. His heart-beats throbbed in his temples as he saw a note handed up to the bench. He heard dully, through the blood pulsations, the voice of the judge declaring recess. As he walked out of the jury-box he cast one look of appeal at Cullen, sitting at the defendant's table. But Cullen's eyes were fixed on a slip of paper, and his face was gray and glazed. "Cullen's just found out," flashed into Kent's mind. As soon as the twelve men had reached the jury room, the captain of the court squad entered, and walked straight to Kent. The words that he spoke seemed like a muffled message from a far distance. What was this? The officer's voice was kind; even commiserating. Were the representatives of dishonored justice wont to be thus pitiful? Kent wondered. "He must try to stand up under it. Perhaps it wasn't as bad as it appeared. First reports were likely to be exaggerated." In Heaven's name *what* did it all mean!

"The New Gilbert theatre has fallen in, and Mrs. Kent is dangerously injured. You are to go home at once."

Slowly the words forced themselves into his consciousness. It was not discovery, then; not disgrace, but worse, how infinitely worse! Like a man stunned, Juror No. 9 let himself be helped into his coat by No. 3. The gentle little grizzled juror was to accompany him home. On the way, Kent spoke once.

"I'm getting what I deserve," he said.

No. 3 thought his mind was temporarily affected. He patted him on the knee, as they sat in the up-town train. "There," he said soothingly, "you brace up. Probably it ain't so bad as you think."

Kent found his wife quite conscious and without pain. "Poor boy!" she whispered. "Poor, dear, dearest boy!"

The doctor followed Kent to the outer room.

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"I don't know, yet," he said, in answer to the man's speechless appeal. "There's some hurt to the spine. We'll operate as soon as the other physician comes. Go back to her. But—keep your nerve."

Kent went in, leaving No. 3 in the outer room.

"I can't put my arms around you," she whispered. "They—they won't move. Oh, Paul, I don't want to die! I love you so!"

"You aren't going to die!" he said fiercely, and buried his face in the bedclothes. She moved her head to bring her cheek against his hair.

"Listen, dear one," she said. "If I should, you must promise me not to bet any more. I know you did it for my sake, but—but not any more, ever. And you will get another place. I know it. You're so faithful and so clever and hard-working. There *must* be places, good places, for men like you. I was so proud, dearest, when they put you on the Rennigan jury. With all the talk of bribery and money to be spent, they picked you out of—how many was it? Four hundred. You see, I've been reading the papers, though you weren't allowed to read them. Oh, it's good to know that they could tell an honest man, Paul. Thank God for that, my husband."

Kent lifted his head and laughed. He got to his feet, still laughing. Then, mercifully, the doctors came, and he was sent from the room. At the door he met Cullen.

"Hello, Cullen, you damned scoundrel," said Kent. "Did the woman you loved ever thank God you were honest?"

Again he laughed. Juror No. 3 sat staring in his corner.

"I've got something to say to you, Kent," said Cullen. His face was bloodless, and the clean-shaven line of his jaw looked as if drawn in blue-black charcoal on gray parchment.

"Say it quick," said Kent.

"Do you know what caused the New Gilbert disaster?" asked Cullen.

"No."

"Rotten building. Do you know who O K'd the permit for the rotten building?"

"No."

"The Building Department. Do you know who got the money?"

"Not—not—" Kent was gasping.

"Yes, Rennigan," went on Cullen, evenly. "Rennigan, the man who murdered a hundred and ten people to-day. Do you know now who *that's* up to?" He pointed to the room whence there oozed the sickish sweet scent of ether.

"By God!" Kent's voice came in a high, jerky whine. "You tell me—before I do what I've got to do—you tell me—are you *sure?*"

"Am I sure! Wasn't I with Rennigan for three years?"

Kent became suddenly quite calm. He looked Cullen between the eyes. "I'll give you your money back," he said passionlessly, "if I have to steal it. Then I'll go into that jury-box and tell the whole story, and there'll be a new trial and a straight one. When I get out of jail—look out, Cullen."

"You'll go into that jury-box," said Cullen, clipping his words as if his lips were steel shears, "and vote 'Guilty.' That's what you'll do."

"What do you mean?"

"This. My boy was in the New Gilbert. He was a good boy, Danny. I was bringing him up *right*. No politics for his. I'll never bring him up any more."

"Dead?" said Kent.

"They haven't even found him—for sure. They found something that's most probably him. You can't tell." A spasm shook the iron frame of the man.

"You, too," said Kent slowly. Cullen turned and strode up and down the room.

"That's what comes of the game I've been playing," he said. "The game I got you into. That—and this." He pointed again to the closed door. "Why, even your little wife's sickness is part of it. Look at the mole-hole you live in. No air. No light. Of course a woman pines away. Against the law, all these tenements that they call 'apartments,' to get more rent. D'you know what the builders call 'em? 'Rennigans.' Yes, 'Rennigans', because he was Commissioner when they were put up. No builder or contractor'll live in a 'Rennigan.' He knows too much about 'em. It's just another case of the bribery that you and I were going to acquit our friend for."

Suddenly and with a shock of alarm, Kent bethought him of the third man present. Juror No. 3 sat huddled and round-eyed in his chair. With a gesture Kent indicated him.

"Oh, *him?*" Cullen snorted. "He's all right. He's the other one. A hot bunch of three we are, ain't we? We're the three cards in this brace game of bribery. Bribery! Hell!" he cried. "Why don't they call it by

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"OH, PAUL, I DON'T WANT TO DIE! I LOVE YOU SO!"

its real name? Why don't they try Bull Rennigan for the blood that's on his hands? Yes, and worse. It ain't bribery. It's murder. It's worse than murder. Don't I know? Haven't I seen it? Not three months ago a poor old Jew come to me. His daughter had been stolen into one of those protected dens in the district protected by Bull Rennigan. He gets part of the rake-off. Where is she now? *What* is she now? And I couldn't do nothing for the old man. Bull was too strong. I said then I'd quit Bull—but when he got up against it I was the first to go to the front for him. This is what I get for it. Bribery! It ain't bribery. It's thieving and robbery and the ruin of young girls and the murder of women and children; that's what it is. Oh, Danny, my boy! Danny!"

There was a stir and a murmur from the inside room. The door opened, and one of the doctors came out.

"It's all right," he said curtly to Kent. "She'll pull through. No! You can't go in yet."

Kent staggered to the window, threw it open, took one full breath, straightened up, and fell over against Cullen. The politician carried him out and dropped him on a lounge, the doctor following. Cullen came back, planted himself in front of Juror No. 3, and glared at him.

"You heard what I said," he growled.

"Yes. Yes, Mr. Cullen," fluttered the little man.

"You're going into that jury-box and vote to convict Rennigan."

"But the money, Mr. Cullen. I took——"

"D— the money! Give it back. I'll give it back for you."

"I wouldn't take it anyway," whimpered the little old fellow. "Not after this to-day. But they've got something on me. An old case. They said they'd send me up——"

"Oh, that old check-kiting charge? I'll take care of that. You go into that box and convict Rennigan or I'll drag you to Sing Sing if I have to take the stripes to do it."

"I—I—will, Mr. Cullen. I'll do it—so help me God."

"Yes; so help you God!" retorted Cullen with bitter irony.

The jury was out. It had listened with grave attention to the prosecutor's brief summing up; with hardly concealed impatience to the platitudinous hysterics of "Weep-

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ing Willy" Graney, the Silver-tongued, for the defense. And one short hour after retiring, they came in. Bull Rennigan turned livid. Acquittal was too ridiculous to hope for, and no jury would report disagreement in so short a time.

"I don't understand," said the highly respectable Mr. Cary, of counsel for the defense, in reply to his client's terrified question.

"Gentlemen of the jury, have you agreed on your verdict?" asked the clerk solemnly.

"We have," said the foreman.

"Do you find the defendant guilty or not guilty?"

"We find the defendant guilty of the offense as charged."

Bull Rennigan's jaw fell. A trickle of saliva ran down his chin. His eyes blinked rapidly. Mr. Cary called for a poll of the jury.

"Guilty," said the foreman. "Guilty," said No. 2. "Guilty," quavered the meek, grizzled little man in the third place, his eyes on an upper corner of the room. Rennigan cursed under his breath. "Guilty," said four and five and six and seven and eight, the words falling like hammer strokes to beat Bull Rennigan down. Juror No. 9 turned full upon the defendant and looked him between the eyes.

"Guilty," he said clearly, and the last hope was gone.

"Wh—what does it mean?" half sobbed the broken Rennigan, as Mr. Cary gathered up the papers.

"It means," said the highly honorable member of the much respected law firm, for once lapsing into regrettable but virtuous violence, "that the miserable hounds have turned crooked!"

Some Day, O Seeker of Dreams

By ARTHUR STRINGER

SOME day, O Seeker of Dreams, they will seek even us!
Some day they will wake, Fellow Singer, and hunger and want
For the Ways to the Lonelier Height!
So let us, Shy Weaver of Beauty, take heart,
For out of their dust they will call to us yet!
Let us wait, and sing, and be wise,
As the sea has waited and sung,
As the hills through the night have been wise!
For we are the Bringers of Light, and the Voices of Love,
Aye, we are the Soothers of Pain, the Appeasers of Death,
The Dusk and the Star and the Gleam and the Loneliest Peak!
And when they have found and seen, and know not whither they trend,
They will come to us, crying aloud like a child in the night;
And when they have learned of our lips,
Still back to our feet they will grope
For that ultimate essence and core of all song,
To usher them empty and naked, then, out to the unanswering stars,
Where Silence and Dreaming and Music are one!

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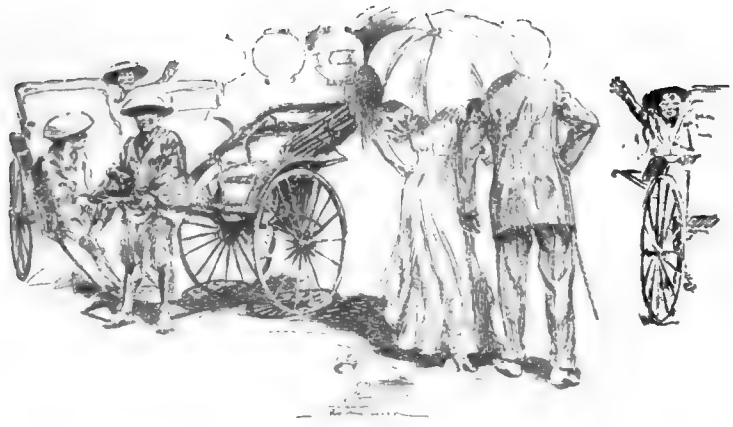

THE PARABLE

By FRANKLIN CLARKIN

Illustrations by Karl Anderson

BETWEEN an explorer and a soldier, one who conquers the mysteries of a far horizon and one who charts the way to the possession of an empire, I imagine there may be matters in common, of spirit at least. But the sudden friendship of the Heron and the Captain arose from that ineffable burden that settles on the hearts of white men who stay long alone among alien dark peoples; and both of them had come down to the foreigner's races for the relief, the lift, that the spectacle might give.

"This is the week in May," the Blue Heron had said, "that old Morris Park used to open."

And the Englishman seemed to understand, saying, as if stroking him down:

"We'll go. Everybody will."

Everybody did go: every outlander; diplomatic families from the capital; and from the treaty ports white bankers and merchants, their wives and daughters; and all the new tourists.

If you looked at the scene as a newcomer in the East—a "griffin," that is—there was in it a sort of enchantment. In Shanghai or Simla you might see a near counterpart of this Yokohama race-day, but with its mixing of types, its human fantasia, not elsewhere perhaps in the world.

Little *mousmes* in kimonos the shade of a dove's breast; tall Chinese with splendid queues all but trailing, and field-glasses over their shoulders; Parsees from India, sleek, brown, perfect featured; Japanese coolies in blouses that reminded one of the Beef-Eaters at London Tower; Cantonese women, serene, incurious, gleaming hair flattened and pinned with jade and silver, balancing in shoes that might have been thimbles; gentlemen riders, English and German, in white polo breeches, hurrying to their mounts—oh, it was various and pretty enough round by the paddocks and betting-booths as the starter's bell clanged for the China pony classes!

But to the Great Blue Heron (so called because he was always just winging to or from some strange unmapped solitude) now just back from Gobi Desert, and vowing, as was his invariable custom, that nothing would tempt him out of his own civilization again—all that made it worth while was that slope of sunny lawn before the grand stand and the kind of human beings that filled it. They filled it with high hats and black coats, clear spring gowns from New

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York, London, Paris, Vienna—with the complexions and contours and, more than all, the fine straight eyes of his own accustomed species.

The Heron, you see, was not one who prefers every nation and country to his own.

"It's great!" he exclaimed in simple elation.

He even responded cordially to the tentative salutation of that pushing but mannerly person—remittance man, or beach-comber, whatever he was—the Count Banagos, a wanderer from Europe's bad lands. There are not many of one's own color to play with in the East, and this breeds tolerance of persons, up to a certain point. In regard to Banagos, that point was where meager civilities left off and any attempt of his to cross a domiciliary threshold began. He was what Mrs. Montebaine called "glabrous"—he was shining, sleek, gray-faced, heavy-eyed, wasted. Rather than the Western, he had always the Eastern spirit, the *jiu-jitsu* philosophy, which amounts to "conquer by yielding," or seeming to yield in order to obtain an effectual clutch.

The Heron and the Captain passed from the otherwise inspiring lawn to the paddocks and betting-booths, where amid the Europeans and the Asiatics, the whites and the yellows, a solitary negro caught attention. The sight of him was to the Heron a suggestion of home, and he was in the mood to greet him as a man and a brother when he saw that the black had his cap off, and that he was bowing with deference before a woman with a race-card in her hand—a white woman, young, almost a girl. Her face was not to be mistaken: friendly, full of health, pure of line, sensitive—American!

I'm afraid the Blue Heron gazed overhard at her, so bereaved had he lately been of seeing the breed of woman that he had grown up thinking the loveliest anywhere.

Radiant, wonderful! Across her level brow there was a look of which he was never to lose the memory. It was a look tender, dreamy, unawakened, as of one inwardly dwelling on unrealities, playing with vague indefinite fancies. Somehow, her face was like a crystal, with light sparkling in the depths of a bewildering clearness.

The Heron stood fixed, all astir with pride of the girl as a specimen of his own kind, till he heard one of the Captain's strongest expletives. Banagos was coming up beside her; coming up and confidently remaining by this being who so delighted one's vision.

"The blighter!" complained the Captain indignantly. "I'd jolly well like to advise her about him."

The Blue Heron considered a moment. "Why? She wouldn't thank you. No doubt she's in a condition of pleasant exaltation. She has been observed by a nobleman!"

"Nobleman? The rotter! I knew of him in India."

"Here he gives out that he's on a diplomatic mission."

"Selling cloth for army overcoats!"

"And he has what catches women—a lot of manner!"

"Of sorts," shrugged the Captain.

They saw the darky tout draw away. As he went, they could hear the girl lament to Count Banagos, in a most engaging voice:

"I wonder why I give attention to tips on horses? They only destroy one's judgment!"

In this there seemed to the Heron a touch of character that he liked. A moment after, when the gong sounded, and the entries sallied out—smart, good-boned, self-assured, well-conditioned ponies from mid-China—the girl suddenly exclaimed:

"There, there's The Parable!"

Immediately the Heron and the Captain conceived a liking for The Parable. He was a bright brown, with a star and a snip of white down his noble chanfrin. He had a free elastic tread, a reliant bearing, and in his proud head were full, dark, deep, benign eyes that seemed to see nothing actual, but embraced all, kindly, without understanding. You could fancy, as the Heron luminously did, a certain affinity, certain points of correspondence, between The Parable and the girl. Prime pattern he was, too—a lot of "class"; a greyhound delicacy of build, yet substance also; plenty of breadth through the heart; a soft slope of shoulder; eager, sportive, but steady. Which described her also! In her figure, covered with finely cut clothes, there was something slight, soft, almost fragile, yet athletic—what sculptors call Parisian, with a strength added, a poise and a firmness, that are part of the new grace in America.

Indeed, at the window of the "*mutuel*" the two friends laid their wager as much on the girl as on the pony, and they were filled with her when Mrs. Montebaine came up:

"Going to the Race Ball?" she inquired.

Now, to have any part in the Race Ball you must engage your dances ages ahead, and

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THE GIRL SUDDENLY EXCLAIMED: "THERE, THERE'S THE PARABLE!"

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when you have entered your name on the cards of all those you ought to dance with, and of all those you want to dance with, there is little leeway for change. This works a hardship sometimes—especially to those who have recently arrived.

"I have this new girl in tow," she proclaimed in tender anxiety (Mrs. Montebaine took everybody's difficulties to heart except her own). "Of course, the count is filling out her card, for he has been rubbed off several by the husbands and brothers. I released some of my own partners to check him."

"Tell about her," demanded the Heron.

"Miss Constant, of Detroit—of the blood of the old *voyageurs*. Just out of school, with a record in the broad jump, and the right to wear an 'X' on her sweater. Her mother is taking baths at Chuzenji. They brought notes to me from home and I asked her down for race week. Seems normal and balanced—rich; but vexatiously young."

The Blue Heron objected.

"I mean—well, see whom she's with now!"

Then Mrs. Montebaine regarded the Blue Heron a moment with sudden premonitory interest. "I'm afraid to say a word to her," she resumed, with considerable preoccupation; "I'm afraid she might fancy she was being opposed and dictated to, or that if she heard his story she might conclude him 'interesting'; and how fatal that would be!"

"What a terrible perplexity," the Heron remarked.

Mrs. Montebaine seemed visibly drooping from the weight of her new solicitude. "They were at Chuzenji together. I don't believe she likes him—but to a girl every man, even a scoundrel, is still a lover. Besides, we don't know what ennui he relieved, and she is so kind!"

She raised her parasol, glancing at the Heron.

"She ought to be cautioned," declared the downright Captain.

"Captain," she pleaded, "help me try ridicule. Nothing is so effective as ridicule—from a man. We will take care of this, you and I. The Heron can be of no use to us—he's so full of zeniths and nadirs, lines of latitude and longitude, and how to project the spherical on a flat surface."

"Besides," the Heron genially coincided, "the Captain is a famous strategist!"

"Quite so," remarked the Captain, with conviction.

He turned absently to where the ponies were parading past. Almost immediately they were approached by the negro, who accosted the Heron excitedly:

"Sump'n better than Parable this mornin', suh," he declared.

"What makes you think so?"

"That German with the spurs can't ride that pony, suh. Hol' your money, suh, till the owner rides him for the Cup. That pony takes smaht handlin'. You got to have the right kind o' hand and heel, er he won't go yo' way. I watched him this mornin', suh, and he's full of whims as—a woman! You can't fo'ce him, and this German he don't know. You got to suggest to that pony and let him make up his own mind, like as if he was doin' it of his own free will. No, suh, he's notional, suh, and he won't take no whip or spur nohow!"

The Blue Heron stood still, as if his sight were seized by a sudden impelling vision. His fancy that there were points of correspondence between this clever pony and the girl extended itself almost fantastically. There was for him a droll significance in the negro's words, "You got to suggest to that pony, and let him make up his own mind as if of his own free will"—why, The Parable might interpret for him something of the girl's temper! He laughed at the notion, then gave the black a yen. "I like your tip," said the Heron, looking unaccountably jolly. To himself he added: "I may yet be of use to Mrs. Montebaine."

There was a reasonably fair start, and The Parable got off well. One could see that he knew his business, but he plainly labored against some restraint, resentment, disinclination. It might have been temper, it might have been temperament. Or it might have resulted from the method of his rider, which was imperative and punishing. So much so that the American girl broke out—"Oh, oh, how silly!"

At the stretch there was a chance that the bright brown pony would win; whereat his adherents waxed proportionately enthusiastic and gave frantic encouragement. But a shortening of the stride, a repression of eagerness, a shake of the neck showed what in a woman might have been pique, and finally there came from him a complete refusal.

A murmur of disappointed comment arose from the crowd, making the few cheers for the winner sound like a laugh at the wrong place.

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"Why, he wasn't one-two-three!" the Heron heard the girl say. "Anyway, I believe in him!"

II

NEXT day came the Cup Race.

Every entrance to every little paddock had been changed into a bower. Each had a table set for entertainment, many with Japanese servants moving silently about in their tight coolie leg-wear and one-toed stockings. From beyond, one could get the pleasant pungent smell of horses.

"Miss Constant," Mrs. Montebaine announced, when the Heron and the Captain entered her stable, "I want these two men to take care of you a while. I'm glad I was the first to bring you two together," she finished, searching deeply the frank eyes of the Blue Heron. "Miss Constant wants a pony to ride, and I thought you'd help her out."

"Right O," agreed the Captain, accepting the speech for himself. "Would you say she needs assistance? She chose The Parable!"

"Isn't he corking?" the girl exclaimed; and then dolefully: "But he didn't win!"

"He will. He's game as a pebble."

"It seems he has to be humored," put in the Heron. "What you want of him must be put to him in an indirect dissembling way."

"Yes. Isn't it complicated? The black boy says all Parable needs is some one 'up' who comprehends him."

"Yes," the Heron acknowledged absently. An expression of detachment, of sudden disengagement from the scene, swept over his face. Then he glanced inquiringly into her eyes. They were quiet, drowsy—like dawn upon great waters.

The count dawdled in as if certain of welcome, but Mrs. Montebaine blocked him —"Oh, Banagos," she said, "I left my parasol in one of the paddocks—would you look it up for me? Thank you." At this abrupt and evident extrusion of him Miss Constant showed surprise.

In the light that slanted in at the door the Blue Heron had caught again that wondrous look of innocence that stretched across her candid brow. But there was now a wholly comprehending expression showing through, and when Mrs. Montebaine trembled one eyelid at him, the Blue Heron thought he detected the slightest, gentlest stiffening of Miss Constant's chin. Afterward he was sure that he saw behind the cloudy mystery of her eyes the lightnings of a possible storm. She certainly had it in her to be wilful, and even rash; but he felt sure it would be a noble rashness and a wise wilfulness.

All minds were burdened with the count, but when the British captain, with a glance around, started a sentence beginning, "You know when I first came across him in Quetta—" Mrs. Montebaine cut it off with:

"You were speaking of The Parable. You see, dear—" she turned to the girl—"The Parable is popular because he's more than a pony. He's a touchstone. His nature points social and moral truths."

The Heron raised his head, startled, as though she might be reading from his thoughts.

"He's a sort of game," she went on. "If any one can invent a new application of him, that person gets invited to dinner to tell it! The Parable is like a girl at her coming out—a poet with his song—they must be given their head. They don't need the steels."

What the pony was, developed distinctly in the race for the cup. The Heron saw the running only by cursory glimpses spared from the girl; yet he saw enough to convince him that the darky tout had observed well. The rider had no whip or spur. He merely "jollied" The Parable with soft words, confidently let him go his own pace undisturbed, and The Parable won all the way, airily, scornfully, ears back to catch the thud of the hoofs behind, and then playing forward with joy in his own speed, leaving the "length of a street" between himself and the field.

The girl impulsively rushed to him, and rubbed off a fleck of foam that was sliding down upon one eyelid, and he took her in from top to toe, with the sublime reserve and haughtiness of horses. Alone in the center of the crowd, unconscious of the picture they made, she laid her white little hand under his sweaty cheek-strap, and he bent his head to her as the cheers went up at the strident announcement—"*Par-a-bel first!*"

That night, at the Grand, the Captain and the Heron saw Miss Constant and Mrs. Montebaine across the dining-hall, the persistent Banagos in attendance. Mrs. Montebaine having signaled with a beckoning smile, they joined her party later on the veranda where the music was. All were in good spirits from the out-of-doors day. The girl's talk was the talk of one superbly up with events. Yet now and then, as if fearing to be thought too clever (for a girl), she

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HE TOOK HER IN FROM TOP TO TOE, WITH THE SUBLIME RESERVE AND HAUGHTINESS OF HORSES.

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would laugh at herself and say mitigatingly: "I'm only guessing, you know. Or perhaps I read that. Mother always has one New York paper follow her everywhere, and I have to read it to her."

Then she would frivol about things. And presently, there on the dim veranda, she sang, half under her breath, as if she could not restrain the melody in her heart: "Ain't yo' got a little corner in yo' house fo' me?" She sang it in mellow ragtime, sang it with daintiest coquetry, the coquetry that proclaims itself in order not to be taken seriously, yet that inflicts its charm no less. Banagos fidgeted in his chair. When she laughed at him, he broke away to go to his room for cigarettes.

A moment after, the Heron and Mrs. Montebaine were astonished to hear the Captain in his slow manner saying:

"Doesn't it entertain you to find a count a bagman—an inversion of *Beaucaire?* Women always have been susceptible to the barber masquerading as nobleman. I wonder are they the same toward a nobleman turned vendor, and that sort of thing?"

Almost at once there came from the girl, ominously—"Are you asking me?"

She made what seemed an impatient, irritated motion with her gloves and retorted:

"The man either way would be the same."

"I don't know," he caught her up, in his deliberate monotone. "Remember *The Admirable Crichton.* In his own place he was a flunky. On the lonely isle, being abler than any other of the castaways, he was a king! And the young ladies treated him in each situation accordingly. He wasn't the same man in the least—to them."

There followed a silence, and Mrs. Montebaine, foresightedly as she thought, led the Blue Heron down the veranda.

"Do you know," he remarked to her, "I don't think that for experienced persons you and the Captain are doing very effective strategic work."

"No?" questioned the chaperon. "Sometimes I fear she's impossible."

That stirred the Heron, as perhaps she intended it should.

For there had revived in him an ecstatic fidelity; seeing once more a splendid American girl, of liveliest identity, made it impossible to sit by frozen while she became another newspaper "cable" and woful example of *mésalliance.*

Still, there were things one could not do.

To do them would not be playing the game, it would not be what the Captain called "cricket." Chiefly was this so, to the Heron's taste and instinct, because he had begun to feel himself at the mercy of her face, had begun himself to care for the girl, and it was unfair to urge matters in his own favor by any means involving depreciation of the count. No man nowadays persisted in these affairs as he might in others more material. "She likes me, or she doesn't; anyway, she's sound," the Heron ended—the consequence was beyond him.

His "parable" would have to work out itself, or he would give it all up.

III

Such is the separation of East and West in Yokohama that very few Japanese go to the Race Ball. Its name, therefore, might be taken in two senses. And it does mean an occasion where the pleasure lies in what is like home, with nothing native about it at all.

From a most familiar chat with Mrs. Montebaine, the Captain went to her young charge and kept her through two numbers. Then they approached the Heron, seated at a little table behind the palms. She was gently flushed. The Captain withdrew hastily.

"The Captain is in a fine paternal mood," the girl said to the Heron. And he, guessing that his friend had been busy at his appointed task with her, answered:

"Don't mind him. It's his habit."

"But—I rather like it. I have no father, you know."

In the simplicity and the tone of the words there was a shade of abdication, of soft and limp dependency; and as she leaned back in her chair in a way that gave the effect of being at anybody's mercy, looking across at him with exquisite pensiveness, the Heron understood the Captain's feeling.

After a moment she straightened up and continued: "He has gone now to find the count." It took effort for her to explain, but she brought forth: "You see, he abruptly began to abuse him to me—how suddenly he breaks out with things!—is that the English of it? Said he was a waster—what is a waster?—and 'an atrocious beast who didn't dare show himself in India or the China treaty ports.' And having amazed me with all that, he declared he must now go at once and say it to the count himself."

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"O Lord," groaned the Heron, "he's been trying the plain solemn warning!" Vividly recognizing that something troublous might be happening—"Let us go to Mrs. Montebaine," he suggested. She was leaning dreamily on the balustrade of the club balcony.

"My dear," said Mrs. Montebaine to the girl, as he left them, "there's a heart lonesome from vacancy. If you go home without filling it, I shall consider you stupid!"

"Indeed!" the girl merrily answered back. "Well, I've *never* been called stupid!" In all she said there was a candor entirely baffling. "I understood that the Great Blue Heron liked all sorts of lonesomeness," she added, under her chaperon's perplexed frown.

"He used to fancy so. But he's matured on this trip. He's had the explorer's fever, but it's about burned out—for a while, at least. The sole horizon that attracts him now is the one yonder." She indicated, with her fan, in a long sweep, the far edge of the moon-dappled Pacific. "He wants to be back among his own people, he says, sharing their work, going with them to their fate. I wish," she added, her gaze upon the girl, "I was somewhere near his age!"

The girl was very quiet; she couldn't be driven to make her feeling known.

Mrs. Montebaine's maternal fancy had betrothed these two and already beheld them at home, "espoused and fruitful," as she put it to herself, in a wide flowered country house that she could imagine to the last detail—"There would be dogs, and the stables would take a lot of room, and they would turn the meadow fences into 'jumps,' and the Heron would have some sensible occupation in town——"

Meanwhile, the object of these solicitudes, innocent of being subject to a neighboring Providence, believing he was himself presently to weave a thread in fate, hastened out along the street to the hotel. He strode through the office and up the stairs to the count's door. From within, he distinctly caught the pop of a cork, and he knocked.

"Push in!" came the summons. The Captain was sitting on the window-sill, swinging one leg. In the middle of the room was Banagos, extremely pale. He held a bubbling bottle of *tansan* and a glass. Another glass stood neglected on the table; and he smiled in hard assurance.

"I've just told him," casually remarked the Captain, in his measured voice, slipping negligently down from the window-seat, "that he is an impostor and a bounder; and that his record makes his entering the company of a white woman a trespass against decency!"

The cold boldness of these epithets turned the Heron's eyes toward Banagos; while the Captain concluded with somber unreckoning scorn: "To this he only grins and says, 'Dear boy, have a drink'!"

SHE SANG IT IN MELLOW RAGTIME, WITH DAINTIEST COQUETRY.

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"Join us?" came from the unwilling host, as he lifted another glass. "What? Going?" —he thrust his head forward, and shook his lapels at them with his thumbs, reminding them very much of a cock getting ready to crow—"Now," he peremptorily chanted, "may I say that you should not have bothered me? Take your complaints to the lady. Ah"—delightedly—"I'm sure you will; I hope you will. For you know nothing of the hearts of women, you Angles and Saxons!"

As they went down the stairs, the Heron said in good-humored derision, "Well, you've tried what you are pleased to call ridicule—and you've tried actual blunt statement."

No answer came from the Captain. He was depressed, but pertinaciously clinging still to his purpose when they returned to the club balcony where the women waited—Miss Constant not in the least perturbed. Instead, sad to say, she seemed oddly amused.

Placing himself before her, the Heron forthwith deprived the Captain of further opportunity with her. Impudent and unsportsmanlike, these methods, he thought, and not complimentary to her own insight. He had hesitated to take any part in any method, but the attraction of playing the rôle of good genius to a woman bore strong upon him, and he now again decided that the least objectionable way was the one that the black boy had put into his head.

"I don't blame you for not taking advice," he delivered himself pacifically.

"But I do take it," the girl protested cheerily; "you should see me at the races—always letting some one upset my own better judgment!"

"Well, you mustn't. It's better to go and mark your map's void spaces by yourself, and whistle bits of ragtime if you're lonesome. Don't live your life vicariously—as the Japanese do with their dancing!" He believed in what he was saying, but he felt constrained and embarrassed that he should be taking it upon himself to say it at all. At the end he scowled like an ancient Nippon mask toward the Britisher.

Immediately, at his ironical flippant tone, and more at the evidence that he, too, thought her capable of being serious about that tawdry count, the girl stood upright. Much to the Heron's consternation, a mist came over her sweet eyes. She started to speak. Her lips trembled softly, but no words issued; she walked straight away into the house.

Mrs. Montebaine scolded gently: "You've hurt her, Blue Heron!" Yet as she, too, turned indoors she gave a glance into the Captain's eyes that was nothing if not exultant. "After all," she whispered, "one way of making a filly think about you is to hit it a little clip on the nose as you give it a lump of sugar!"

"What, may one ask," questioned the Captain, of the Heron, "were you trying to do?" Mrs. Montebaine waited to hear.

The Heron was solemn and disconsolate.

"Do?" he replied dismally. "Oh," he went on, "I was working out a parable, you know. There was once a pony that could never be made to go the pace you desired unless you jollied him, threw the reins on his neck, and let him race without spurring. Then he'd win for you. I was attempting that with her, don't you see?" His remorseful smile indicated how unfavorably he was looking in upon himself. "Yes, I've hurt her, and she thinks I'm a tiresome meddler like the rest of you."

"Isn't it sad," remarked Mrs. Montebaine, "that though we may give advice we cannot give conduct?"

"Conduct?" the Heron hotly repeated. "What is the matter with her conduct, Mrs. Montebaine? If she likes Banagos, he's all right!"

Mrs. Montebaine caught her breath, and studied him eagerly. "Dear me!" she commented.

IV

SALES are part of Race Week, for those who care for horses. So the balustrade of the club veranda supported a row of leaning men, and between the auctioneer's stand and where the racers were ranged, with tails toward the flashing harbor and tickets pasted on their rumps, various carts of English pattern driven by women had drawn up as at a polo field. One of them was Mrs. Montebaine's, and Miss Constant was beside her.

The Parable came out. The auctioneer said impressively:

"I'm selling here the great Parable—sound, safe for a lady to ride—trappy and fast, too—individual, classy, and clever—honest as the day."

At once there was a fury of bidding. Everybody seemed to desire the swift bright brown that had taken the Pimpam Cup, and had helped the gaiety of many a dinner-table. Each bid was raised. The price ran to 170

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yen. The Blue Heron looked about. At the wheel of Mrs. Montebaine's covert cart near Miss Constant stood Banagos; and Banagos was meeting every bid.

The auctioneer had the crowd well under his eye. He leaned over toward the Blue Heron. "Two hundred from the covert cart."

That conjunction of the girl and Banagos was maddening this morning, and the Heron kept the count going by large advances.

"My boy, his bids may be hers," protested the Captain.

The hammer fell. The Heron handed up a card, and then wrote out a tag: "To Miss Constant, Grand Hotel, for as long as she likes." The auctioneer looked from the card to the tag and from the tag to the Heron in some bewilderment, but the pony was led off with the tag on his headstall, and the Heron paid.

Mrs. Montebaine passed her reins to the girl, stepped from the cart, and twisted in and out through the crowd till she reached him. "You seem to have a blind craving for that pony," she said reprovingly.

"I suppose you think me suffering from a glooming of gallantry, quite a darkening of conscience? Well, please don't," was his quiet answer.

"As to her," she asked severely, "is *he* or are you going to be the highest bidder?"

"I? Why—I can only bid a lot of sound devotion. What's that?" He seldom spoke in a way that could be called serious; so this wise daughter of Juno showed complacent interest, keeping a thoughtful silence. The Captain regarded him hopelessly.

The three walked thus together to the hotel. And Miss Constant drove up the Bund and down again, past them, with the count beside her! She seemed to flaunt him at them.

"I must tell you," Mrs. Montebaine waveringly alleged to the Heron, as they separated, "Miss Constant has sent for her mother. They are sailing by the next Empress!"

The Heron was dumb for a moment; he showed such quick distress that Mrs. Montebaine could not look at him. "Why"—the dancing bay waters over which he was fixedly gazing seemed to bedazzle him—"the next Empress? Just," he added, "she and her mother, by themselves?"

He waited intently, fearfully, for the reply.

Mrs. Montebaine hesitated. Her set purpose was not to let them go by themselves—when they did go—if only the Heron could be handled. To bring him into her plan she determined to take another long shot and observe results; so she answered explicitly, without change of expression, "No."

. . . It struck deep! Never till that instant had the Heron believed that this American girl would go so far as that—so far as to allow Banagos to go with her to that dear country which was home. Against the background of the Heron's conception of the designing, guileful, unbeguiling East she had been as a lark in a morning sky—a joyous presence, artless as she was beautiful. But he had been long out of touch. He had come fresh out of wild silent places to a big town, and had made a manly error.

He thought of the first race-day—his first sight of the splendid lawn filled with the sort of faces, the sort of men and women he had missed like a lost part of himself. And then his coming upon Her, the darky boy stopping before her—perhaps *he* had felt something homelike, too, in her face—and the way she had said, as if annoyed with herself, "Why should I give attention to 'tips'? They only destroy one's judgment." The hours at the paddock; the night on the veranda; the song she sang; the inward glimpses he had of her sweet and firm virtues; that maiden pensive shadow across her eyes and brow—he had wondered that a sign of mere unacquaintance with this world could in itself be so lovable—all these recollections swept back. As fast as they came, he put them away.

"I'll get a pass and join the Captain when he returns to the war," he determined.

Up in his own room he lighted his pipe, took down his old water-bottle, and his binoculars, his aneroid barometer, hill-measurers, and gun-cases. He rubbed up his theodolite, opened his kit, and began putting camp things into it, as on the eve of another lonely departure. "I *did* want to go home," he was remarking to himself, when the door opened.

"I'm waiting to go down to tiffin," said his friend the Captain, in a chilling tone.

After a moment, with a stare round the room at his scattered duffel, the Heron responded: "All right. I'm busy, but I'll go."

At a table in an alcove, where the great swaying pongee punkahs stirred the warm air lazily, he saw The Girl and Mrs. Montebaine. He saw the Japanese boy who pulled the

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AT A TABLE IN AN ALCOVE HE SAW THE GIRL AND MRS. MONTEBAINE.

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punkah strings, bent and drowsing in the corridor. In the sunny courtyard, enlivened by the playing fountain, there were idle bare-legged rickshaw men in white tunics and black basin hats, sitting on their shafts. Against a great glossy-leaved magnolia he saw a boy holding a bright-burnished, star-and-snip, upstanding pony—The Parable, the beautiful Parable. How honest and simple he looked!

There was a movement at the table in the alcove. The girl was beckoning to him, and Mrs. Montebaine was laughing. Mrs. Montebaine got up and came down the room.

"Miss Constant wants you a moment," she said brightly to the Blue Heron. "Captain, sit down."

In a perfect unthinking daze the Heron went to the alcove, and stood bending with his hands on the back of a chair.

"There's The Parable out there," she said, a soft glitter in her adorable eyes, "and here's the tag you put on him, addressed to me."

"Yes."

"Why did you do it?"

"No reason. Mere aversion to letting Count Banagos do your bidding for you."

"How boyish! Isn't it time you grew up?"

He had something to say, but could not bring it out. He stood detached and grave. She went on:

"Please tiffin with me. Do you know we've never had a real talk together?" He sat down like one ordered.

"Mrs. Montebaine told me something you told her, after the sale, on the Bund—" and then she could not go on, but turned away to where the fountain played in the sunlight and The Parable was shoving his nose into the magnolia leaves.

Her words roused the Heron—and he scarcely noticed how hot her cheek and ear looked, his own blood was in such turbulence.

"I said," he artlessly related, leaning over, "that I could 'bid for you a lot of sound devotion'?—didn't you know *that?*"

She turned back all smiles. "How in the world should I?" In her eyes gleamed deep mischief. "You were all so busy marking out my map's blank spaces, I had no chance at its mysteries myself!"

"I wish you to be serious this morning," the Heron demanded, quivering.

"I *am* serious," she swiftly returned—"within!"

Glances were being turned upon them from the other tables in this public place. So she arose, and he followed her out. They walked down the sunlit Bund together, not saying a word.

Coming up from the China Sea, far out by the horizon, was a ship gleaming white, heading to harbor. The girl discovered her. "Look—the Empress! She will be sailing to-morrow."

"Yes—homeward—back to our land and people." The Heron stopped still. "Mrs. Montebaine said you were going on her, you and your mother—and—not alone——?"

"She said that?" flashed the girl abruptly. "What a very odd thing to say!" He saw her chin set itself as on the day at the stables. But when she spoke, looking out to sea, it was in a milder tone, very solemn, yet with the happy audacity that he knew: "And you—you thought the count— How dense men are! Dear Blue Heron, when we go we go alone!"

The effect of her emphasis upon the Heron was as if there had been a quick, definite elimination of Banagos. He joyously hastened to accept the fact and the consequent advantage:

"But suppose you do go to-morrow—and to wholly save Mrs. Montebaine's veracity, suppose I go along, too; and suppose we never travel separate ways on this earth again—would you mind?" There was a rickshaw approaching. Two men on the balcony of the club beyond were idly regarding them.

Meeting his steady eyes, hers glowed as he had never seen them glow before; and a visible thrill passed over her sensitive face.

"Ah," she cried tensely, then added in her old blithe way: "Don't make me tell you—here!"

The Heron, fired with strange and daring desires, glanced hastily up and down the open garish street.

"How public everywhere seems to-day!" he complained.

At that her parasol collectedly tipped so that for a moment her head and his were utterly shut out from view.

Then their steps, quite composedly to all appearances, turned back to the Grand.

"What ever will we do with The Parable?" she inquired as they entered the open foyer and saw the pony still in the courtyard by the magnolias.

"Oh, we'll leave him to the Captain and Mrs. Montebaine. The pony, too, is a strategist."

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The Romance of the Reaper

By HERBERT N. CASSON

Author of "The Romance of Steel and Iron in America," etc.

II

EDITOR'S NOTE.—When Cyrus McCormick, with his reaper, had begun an economic revolution, imitators and competitors sprang up on every side. Spectacular field contests brought thousands of excited farmers to public testings of rival machines. Newspapers gave columns to descriptions of inventive audacity. A hundred courts rang with the embittered eloquence of great lawyers attacking and defending patent rights. Seward, Stanton, and Stephen A. Douglas were enlisted in the fight. A fee of One Thousand Dollars from one of McCormick's antagonists put Lincoln in funds for the debate with Douglas that gave us our best loved President. Poor men became millionaires. Rich men became poor. Mr. Casson's second article on the reaper is indeed a romance.

FIFTY years ago two young farmers named Marsh were cutting grain near De Kalb, Illinois. They were too intelligent —too American—to be fond of work for work's sake. And of all their drudgery, the everlasting stooping over bundles to bind them into sheaves galled them most. Such back-breaking toil, they thought, might be well enough for kangaroos, but it certainly was not suitable for an erect biped, like man.

"If I didn't have to walk from bundle to bundle, and hump myself like a horseshoe, I could do twice as much work," said one of the brothers.

"Well," said the other, "why can't we fix a platform on the reaper, and have the grain carried up to us?"

It was a brilliant idea and a new one. Neither of the young fellows had ever seen a reaper factory; but they were handy and self-reliant. By the next autumn they were in the field with their new machine, and as they had expected, they bound the grain twice as quickly as they had the year before.

So was born the famous Marsh harvester, which proved to be the half-way mark in the evolution of the grain-reaping machine. It was the child of the reaper and the parent of the self-binder. It cut in two the cost of binding grain. But it did more than this—it gave the farmer his first chance to stand erect, and forced him to be quick, for the two men who stood on the harvester were compelled to bind the grain as fast as it was cut. Thus it introduced the factory system, one might say, into the harvest field. For the first time the Big Minute made its appearance on the farm.

The Marsh boys, never dreaming that they had helped to change the destinies of nations, took out a flimsy patent on their invention, and went on with their farm work. Two

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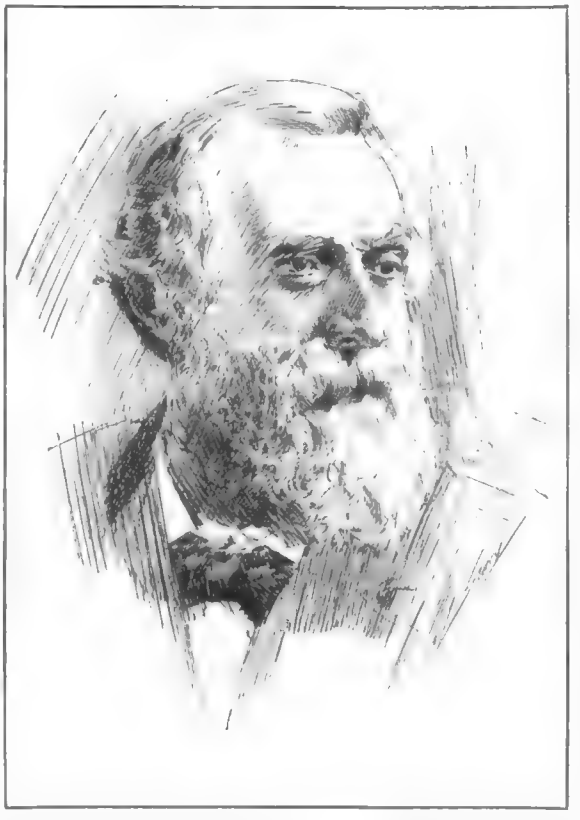
summers later, as they were at work with it, their home-made harvester broke down. A farmer named Lewis Steward was riding by. He stopped, and, being a man of unusual abilities and discernment, he at once saw the value of the Marsh machine, even in its disabled state.

"Boys, you're on the right track," he said. "If you can run your machine ten rods, it can be made to run ten miles. It is superior to anything now in use."

Thus cheered, the Marsh brothers went to Plano, arranged a partnership with a clever mechanic named John F. Hollister, and began to make harvesters for sale. To their surprise the new machine was not welcomed. It was received with an almost unanimous roar of disapproval. It was a "man-killer," said the farmers. Now, the Marsh brothers were quick, nervous men, and they had built a machine to suit themselves. But it was undeniably too fast and nerve-racking for most farmers. The laborers refused to work with it.



RALPH W. EMERSON, ONE OF THE OLDEST LIVING PIONEERS OF THE REAPER INDUSTRY.

The Marshes overcame the obstacle in a very ingenious way. They put *girls* on their harvesters, instead of men. Not ordinary girls, to be sure, but vigorous German maidens, who were swift and skilful binders. Also, they had well-trained men, disguised as hoboes, who mingled in the crowd around the harvester at times of demonstration, and volunteered to get aboard of it. To see a girl or a "Weary Willie" binding grain on the new machine shamed the laborers into a surrender; and in 1864 two dozen of the Marsh harvesters were sold.

In this year one of the Marshes performed a feat that seemed more appropriate for a circus than for a grain-field. Riding alone on a harvester, he bound a whole acre of wheat in fifty-five minutes. Little was heard of this amazing achievement at the time, as the national mind was distraught over the death-grapple of Grant and Lee in Virginia.

But there was one quick-eyed man in Chicago named Gammon who heard of the event, and acted upon it so promptly that the goddess of prosperity picked him out as one of her favorites. Several years before, Gammon had been a Methodist preacher in Maine. A weak throat had brought his sermons to an end, and he became a reaper salesman in Chicago. He was shrewd and honest, and in 1864 his profits were very nearly forty thousand dollars.

When he heard that W. W. Marsh had bound an acre of grain in fifty-five minutes, on a new-fangled reaper, he caught the next train for De Kalb, and bought a license to manufacture Marsh harvesters. He took in a partner—J. D. Easter—and the business inched ahead slowly, until in 1870 the sales rose to a thousand. Easter and Gammon were driving their small factory ahead at full speed. If they only could secure enough capital, they would surprise the world.

One evening, while Gammon was worrying over this lack, he heard a gentle knock at the door. He opened it to one of his old acquaintances from Maine.

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"Mr. Gammon," said the visitor, "I have about forty thousand dollars of spare money that I would like to invest in Chicago real estate, and I want your advice as to the best place to buy."

"What!" said Gammon, springing to his feet in delight. "Have you money to invest? Give it to me and I'll pay you ten per cent. or make you a partner in the best business in Illinois."

The visitor, whose name was William Deering, knew nothing whatever about reapers nor wheat-fields. He had gained a fair-sized fortune in the wholesale dry-goods business. But he was a Methodist and had confidence in the ex-reverend E. H. Gammon; so he passed his $40,000 across the table and the next day went home to Maine.

Two years later Deering came down to see how Gammon and the $40,000 were faring. The books showed a profit of $80,000. So Deering requested that he be made a partner. A year afterward Gammon fell sick and begged Deering to come to Illinois and manage the business. Deering consented to be manager for one year only; but Gammon's sickness continued.

"So," said William Deering, who told me this story, "in that way I got into the harvester business and had to stay in. But I did not even know, at that time, the appearance of our own machine."

Deering's competitors at first called him a greenhorn. But they forgot that he was the only one among them who had been trained in the art of business. He was already a veteran —a prizewinner—in the game of finance. For thirty years, ever since he began to earn $18 a month in his father's woolen-mills, he had been a man of affairs. He had, in fact, established the wholesale dry-goods house of Deering, Milliken & Co., which still stands as one of the largest of its kind. This training was all the more valuable an asset because of the conditions that prevailed when Deering entered the harvester trade. For he arrived in that worst of all years in the century—1873. The Jay Cooke panic was at its height. The proudest corporations were falling like grass before a mower. It was a year of dread and paralysis. But Deering faced these disadvantages with ability, with sheer, dogged persistence, and with business training. In seven years he had become the greatest of the harvester kings, and was leading them all up to a higher level.

We shall understand more clearly what this means if we consider the state of the trade at the time of his entrance. A man of peaceable and kindly inclinations, Deering was dragged into a business that was as turbulent as a bull-fight. For as the reaper had evolved, it had become a bone of contention, and it remained so from the first patent to the last. The opening battle was fought by McCormick and Hussey, each claiming to have been the Christopher Columbus of the business. After the gold-rush of 1849 new types of reapers sprang up on all sides. The crude machines that merely cut the grain were driven out by others that automatically raked the cut grain into bundles. These were soon followed by a combined reaper and mower, which held the field until the Marsh harvester was invented, as we have seen, at the close of the Civil War.

Among these different types of reapers, and the numerous variations of each type, the bitterest rivalries prevailed. There was no pool, no "gentlemen's agreement," no "community of interest. "Indeed, the "harvester business" was not business. It was a riotous game of "Farmer, farmer, who gets the farmer?" The excited players cared less for the profits than for the victories. As fast as they made money, they threw it back into the game. Mechanics became millionaires, and millionaires became mechanics. The whole trade was tense with risk and rivalry and excitement, as though it were a search for gold along the high plateaus of the Rand. And this in spite of the fact that, with the exception of McCormick, Osborne, and Whiteley, the men who came to be known as reaper kings were not naturally fighters. No business men were ever gentler than Deering, Glessner, Warder, Adriance, and Huntley. But the making of reapers was a new trade. It was like a vast, unfenced prairie, where every settler owned as much ground as he could defend.

Each step ahead meant a struggle for patents. Whoever built a reaper had to defend himself in the courts as well as approve himself in the harvest-fields. Cyrus H. McCormick, especially, as William Deering soon learned, wielded the Big Stick against every man who dared to make reapers. He was the grizzled old veteran of the trade, and he gave battle to his competitors as though they were a horde of trespassers. He was their common enemy, and the reaper money that was squandered on lawsuits brought a golden era of prosperity to the lawyers.

Some of these patent wars shook the coun-

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try with the crash of hostile forces. The tide of battle rolled up to the Supreme Court and even into the halls of Congress. Once, in 1855, when McCormick charged full tilt upon John H. Manny, who was making reapers at Rockford, Illinois, a three-year struggle began that was the most noted legal duel of the day.

McCormick, to make sure of his victory, went into the fight with a battery of lawyers whom he thought invincible—William H. Seward, E. M. Dickerson, and Senator Reverdy Johnson. Manny made a giant effort at self-defense by hiring Abraham Lincoln, Edwin M. Stanton, Stephen A. Douglas, Peter H. Watson, George Harding, and Congressman H. Winter Davis.

From first to last it was a lawyers' battle, and McCormick was finally defeated by Stanton, who made an unanswerably eloquent speech. For this speech Stanton received $10,000, and Lincoln, who had made no speech at all, was given $1,000. Yet, in the long run, the man who profited by this lawsuit was Lincoln; for it was this money that enabled him to carry on his famous debate with Douglas, and thus made him the inevitable candidate of the Republican Party.

McCormick's most disastrous lawsuit was with D. M. Osborne and the Gordon brothers, of Rochester. In 1875 the Gordons had invented an attachment for a wire self-binder, and in a careless moment McCormick had signed a contract promising to make these self-binders and to pay $10 royalty on every machine. Then a man named Withington appeared with a much better self-binder. McCormick at once began to make the Withington machine and was sued by the Gordons.

At this time McCormick was over seventy years of age, and sorely crippled with rheumatism; but he believed that the Gordons had deceived him and he fought them sternly as long as he lived. After his death, his eldest son, Cyrus, consented to a compromise, whereby Osborne, who was owner of a share in the Gordon concern, and the Gordons were to be paid $250,000. But in order to impress upon them the enormity of this amount, he prepared the money for them in small bills. When they called at the McCormick office in Chicago, they were taken to a small room on the top floor and shown a great pyramid of green currency.

"There is your money," said McCormick's lawyer. "Kindly count it and see if it is not a quarter of a million dollars."

The three men gasped with mingled ecstasy and consternation. "B-b-but," stammered one of them, "how can we take it away? Can't you give us a check?"

"That is the right amount, in legal money, gentlemen," replied the lawyer. "All I will say is that there are a couple of old valises in the closet—and I wish you good afternoon."

For several hours Osborne and the Gordons literally waded in affluence, counting the money and packing it in the valises. By the time they had finished, it was eight o'clock. The building was dark. The elevator was not running. They were hungry and terrified. Step by step they groped their trembling way down-stairs, and staggered with their treasure through the perilous streets to the Grand Pacific Hotel. None of them ever forgot the terror of that night.

Next to McCormick, the most warlike Reaper King whom William Deering set out to conquer was "Bill" Whiteley, of Ohio. Whiteley had invented a combined mower and reaper in 1858, which he named the "Champion"; and he pushed this machine with an irresistible enthusiasm.

His mode of attack was not the patent suit, but the field test. This was the white-hot climax of the rivalry among the reaper kings; and it was great sport for the farmers. It was a reaper circus—a fierce chariot-race in a wheat-field; and its influence upon the industry was remarkable. It weeded out the low-grade machines. It spurred on the manufacturers to a campaign of improvement. It developed American harvesters to the highest point of perfection. It swung the farmers into the new path of scientific agriculture. And it piled expenses so high that few of the reaper kings escaped disaster.

A field test was conducted in this fashion: A committee of judges was appointed, and several acres of ripe grain were selected as the battle-field. After the field was marked off into equal sections, each reaper took its place. There were sometimes two reapers and sometimes forty. The signal was given. "Crack"—the horses leaped; the drivers shouted; and hundreds of farmers surged up and down in excited crowds.

"All's fair in a field test," said the reaper agents who superintended these contests; though each man said it to himself. They were a hardy and reckless body of men, half cowboy, half mechanic, and no trick was too dangerous or too desperate for them. Often the feud was so bitter that bodyguards of

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big-fisted "bulldozers" were on the spot to protect the warrior of their tribe who was in danger. "I had four men with me once who together weighed 1,000 pounds," said A. E. Mayer, who is now the general of an army of 40,000 salesmen. In most tests the machines were shamefully abused. Self-binders were made to cut and bind stubble as though it were grain. Mowers were driven full tilt against stumps and hop-poles. Rival reapers were chained back to back and yanked apart by plunging horses. The warrior agents exposed the weak points in each other's machines. They photographed each other's breakdowns, and bragged to the limit of their vocabularies. They raised prices in one town and cut them in the next; for when their fighting blood was aroused—and that was often—they cared no more for profits than a small boy cares for his clothes.

The king of the field test was William N. Whiteley. No other reaper king, in any country, received as much renown from his personal exploits. He was the Charlemagne of the harvest-field. He was as tall as a sapling and as strong as a tree. As a professor in the great field school of agriculture, he has never been surpassed. He could outtalk, outwork, and generally outwit the men who were sent against him. He was a whole exhibition in himself. "I've seen Bill Whiteley racin' his horses through the grain and leanin' over with his long arms to pick the mice's nests from just in front of the knife," said an old Ohio settler.

The feat that first made Whiteley famous was performed at Jamestown, Ohio, in 1867. His competitor was doing as good work as he was; whereupon he sprang from his seat, unhitched one horse, and finished his course with a single, surprised steed pulling the heavy machine. His competitor followed suit, and succeeded fully as well. This enraged Whiteley, who at that time was as powerful a young Hercules as could well be found in Ohio.

"I can pull my reaper myself," he shouted, turning his second horse loose, and yoking his big shoulders into its harness. Such a thing had never been done before, and has never been done since; but it is true that, in the passion of the moment, Whiteley was filled with such strength that he ran the reaper from one side of the field to the other, cutting a full swath—a deed that, had he done it in Greece, would have placed him among the immortals. It was witnessed by five hundred farmers, and fully reported in the press. One of the reporters, as it happened, representing the *Cincinnati Commercial*, was a young Ohioan named Whitelaw Reid, now the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James.

That ten minutes in a horse collar made $2,000,000 for Whiteley. His antagonist, Benjamin H. Warder, was filled with admiration for Whiteley's prowess, and at once proposed that they should quit fighting and work in harmony.

"Give me the right to make your reaper and I'll pay you $5 apiece for all I can sell," said Warder. "It's a bargain," responded Whiteley. And so there arose the first consolidation in the harvester business.

Whiteley and Warder did not merge their companies; but they divided the United States into three parts—one for Whiteley, one for his brother Amos, who also made reapers in Springfield, and one for Warder. They united in building a malleable iron foundry and a knife works, so that they could use better materials at a lower cost. They made the first handsome and shapely machines.

For twelve years this triple alliance led the way, and all others, even the mighty McCormick and the sagacious Deering, had to follow. The "Champion" reaper became the leading machine of the United States, and the little town of Springfield, Ohio, was known as the "Reaper City." As many as 160,000 reapers and mowers were sent out as a year's work. In all, 2,000,000 of Whiteley's "Champion" harvesters have been made in Springfield, and have sold at a gain of $18,000,000.

As the millions came pouring in so fast, Whiteley's head was turned and he began to run amuck. He cut loose from Warder and from his own partners, Fassler and Kelly, opened war on the Knights of Labor, built the biggest reaper factory in the world, became a railroad president, helped to corner the Chicago wheat market, backed the "Strasbourg Clock"—an absurd self-binder that was as big as a pipe-organ—and came crashing down in a failure that jarred the farming world from end to end.

Whiteley lost millions in this crash—and with comparative indifference. It was never the profits that he fought for. At heart he was a sportsman rather than a money-maker. He craved the excitement of the race itself more than the prizes. To win—that was the ambition of his life. And he did not shrink

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from spectacular methods to accomplish his ambition.

For instance, nothing less would satisfy him, when he exhibited at the Philadelphia Centennial, than a quarter-sized reaper, made daintily of rosewood and gold. This brought him so sudden a rush of orders from the East that in one day of the following year he sent seventy loaded cars to Baltimore. With flags flying and brass bands playing, these cars rolled off, with orders to travel only by daylight. When they arrived in Harrisburg, running in three sections, they caught the eye of a railroad superintendent named McCrea—who is now, by the way, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. McCrea saw a chance to advertise his railway as well as Whiteley's reapers, so he linked the seventy cars together into one three-quarter-mile train, put his biggest engine at the front, and sent the gaudy caravan on its way.

Whiteley never knew how to be commonplace, even in the smallest matters. Wherever he went, his trail was marked by stories of his exploits and his oddities. How he organized the famous "White Plug Hat Brigade" in the Blaine campaign—how he made a twelve-hour speech to help "Mother" Stewart close up the saloons of Springfield—how he found a Springfield farmer using a McCormick reaper, gave him a Whiteley reaper in its place, and flung the rival machine upon the junk-pile, as a sign that he was the monarch of Ohio—how he gathered up a peck of pies after a field test dinner, put them in a sack, and ate nothing but pies for half a week—such is the sort of anecdotes that his life has added to the folklore of the Western farmers.

Many a time his vaudeville tactics disgusted and enraged his fellow manufacturers; but he was too big a factor to be ignored. Once, when a number of reaper kings had met together to see if they could rescue their business from its riot of rivalry, the chairman opened the discussion with the question—"What ought we to do to improve the conditions of our trade?" For a moment there was silence, and then John P. Adriance—as mild-natured a man as ever lived—said blandly, "Kill Whiteley."

With daring originality Whiteley combined a tremendous physical vitality and a brain that fairly effervesced with inventiveness. He probably holds the record among the reaper-men for inventions, with 125 patents in his name. And he would work twenty-four hours at a stretch, without a yawn. One evening he asked a young machinist to remain in the factory and help him fix a refractory reaper. After working till midnight Whiteley said: "Well, Jim, I suppose you think you are tired. Go home and have a good night's sleep, and come back here in three hours."

He dashed with fanatical energy into any undertaking that appealed to his imagination. Once, when he had too much money, he bought control of a new railway that ran from Springfield, Ohio, to Jackson, Illinois—160 miles. He wanted to know its real value, so, instead of asking the directors a few questions, as other men would have done, Whiteley traveled over the entire length of the railroad, *on foot*.

When I saw Whiteley, last June, he was time-worn and whitened. Since the great failure, he has been in the harvester business only intermittently. He has long outlived his Golden Age, but he is as busy as ever, with a new scheme and a new factory. And he still wears the Scotch cap and long boots that have been familiar at field tests for more than half a century.

Of the other Springfield men, Warder was unquestionably the ablest. "He was the main wheel," said Whiteley. As a young man of twenty-seven he was running a sawmill in Springfield when he first heard of the reaper. He was so impressed with its possibilities that he offered the inventor $30,000 for a share in it.

"Young Warder is crazy," said Springfield people, for at that time $30,000 was a fortune and a reaper was a fad. But thirty-five years later, when Warder had removed to Washington and become noted among its social entertainers, his investment had multiplied itself very nearly two hundredfold.

Warder had associated with him two partners, Asa S. Bushnell and J. J. Glessner. Bushnell began earning his living in boyhood as a clerk at $5 a month, and stumbled into a business career as a druggist. Then he became Warder's understudy, and piled up twice as many millions as he could count on his fingers. As a climax he rose higher in public life than any other reaper king, by serving twice as the Governor of Ohio. As for J. J. Glessner, he is still active, and one of the dozen strong pillars upon which the International Harvester Company is built.

Such were the strong men whom William Deering faced when he came, without a shred

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WILLIAM DEERING, WHO DID MORE THAN ANY OTHER MAN TO DEVELOP AND ORGANIZE THE HARVESTER BUSINESS.

of experience, into the harvester world. He had no ancient patent-rights, like McCormick. He could not outrace thirty competitors in a wheat-field, like Whiteley and Jones and Adriance and Osborne. One way was left open to him.

"I'll beat them," he said, "by making a better machine."

He set out upon such a search for improvements that, during the rest of his life, inventors fluttered around him like moths around a candle. Until 1879, the best harvester was a self-binder that tied the sheaves with wire. It was the invention of Sylvanus D. Locke, and worked well; but the farmers disliked it.

"The wire will mix with the straw," they said, "and our horses and cattle will be killed."

So, when Deering met John F. Appleby, a stocky mechanic who claimed to have invented a twine self-binder, he at once set him to work upon fifty of the new machines.

When Deering saw his first Appleby binder at work in a field of wheat, he was enthralled. Here, at last, was the perfect harvester. Its magical steel arms could flash a cord around a bundle of grain, tie a knot, cut the cord, and fling off the sheaf, too quickly for the eye to follow. It seemed magical.

"What am I to do?" asked the farmer who bought the first of these machines, as he climbed upon the seat and prepared to cut his grain.

"Do!" exclaimed John Webster, the Deering mechanic. "Do nothing! DRIVE THE HORSES."

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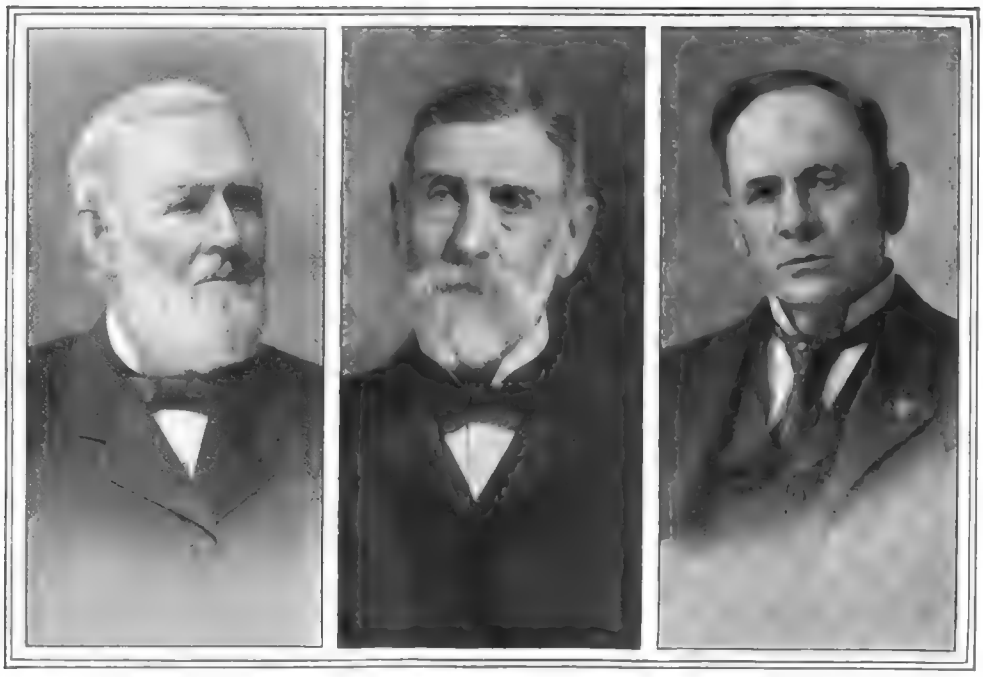

REV. E. H. GAMMON,
The preacher who became a reaper king and the partner of William Deering.

C. W. MARSH,
Inventor of the Marsh harvester, the forerunner of the self-binder.

JOHN F. APPLEBY,
Inventor of the modern harvester, which automatically cuts and binds the grain.

The amazed farmer started the horses, drove around the field, and came back swinging his hat and shouting like a lunatic—as well he might. For in the trail of his harvester the sheaves lay bound, as though there were some kindly genie hidden among its wheels.

Deering owned, at that time, not much more than a million dollars—the gleanings of thirty-five industrious years. But he resolved to stake it all upon this amazing machine. If he lost—he would be a poor man at fifty-three. If he won—he would be the harvester king of the world.

"I'll move the factory to Chicago and make 3,000 of these Appleby twine-binders at once," he said.

His partner, E. H. Gammon, held back, so the inflexible Deering bought him out, and from that day he, like his greatest competitor, McCormick, ran a one-man business.

"Did you hear the news about Deering?" gossiped his fellow manufacturers. "Clean crazy on a twine-binder!"

And, far more discouraging, the magical self-binder itself suddenly became ill-humored and refused to form its sheaves properly. It was no easy exploit, as any one may see, to make the first 3,000 of such complex machines. No other artificial mechanism need so combine strength and delicacy. No piano nor Hoe press, for instance, is expected to operate while it is being jerked over a rough field or along the steep slant of a hill.

One day in the early spring of 1880, Deering and his chief lieutenants—Steward and Dixon—were in a field of rye near Alton, trying to coax the new harvester to do its work. All day long it was obstinate and perverse, and the men were at their wits' end.

"Well, boys," said Deering, "if we can't do better than this, I'll lose $1,000,000."

"Try one more day," said Steward. They went to their hotel, and as it happened to be crowded, the three were placed in a large double room.

"Steward and Dixon were mad at me the next morning," said Deering, when he told me of that critical occasion. "They had nothing at stake, yet they had lain awake all night; while I was apparently about to lose my only million, and had slept like a log."

That day a slight change was made, and the harvester became good-natured and obedient. The whole 3,000 machines were sold, and created as much excitement as 3,000 mir-

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acles. They swept away competitors like chaff. Of a hundred manufacturers seventy-eight were winnowed out. Instead of losing his fortune, Deering cleared at once about four hundred thousand dollars, for profits were large in those experimental days. Better still, he became the acknowledged international leader of his class. He had taken the right line of development, as McCormick had in 1831, and all others who could, choked down their rage and followed—quick march!

The man who had found the right path was John F. Appleby. He was the scout—the Kit Carson of the harvester business. It was he—the inspired farm laborer of Wisconsin—who had hurled another great impossibility out of the way of the world's farmers.

He did not, of course, originate the whole self-binder, any more than McCormick originated the whole reaper. But, like McCormick, Appleby put the parts together in the right way and pushed ahead to success through a wilderness of failure. There was a notable group of inventors in Rockford who did much to put him on the right track. One of these, Jacob Behel, invented a knotter, whittling it out of a branch of a cherry-tree, and if he had not been weighted by fourteen children, he might have run a neck-and-neck race with Appleby.

Appleby has been, and is yet, a knight errant of industry. He takes his pay in adventure. He dislikes to travel with the crowd. When I saw him first, in his Chicago workshop, his thoughts were far from twine-binders. He was engaged on the task of perfecting a cotton-picker, which he hopes will do as much for the South as his self-binder did for the West. And it was with some difficulty that I could persuade him to disentangle the story of the twine-binder from the various other romances of his life.

In 1855 Appleby was a rugged youngster, doing chores on a farm for one dollar a week. Even this rate of pay was too high to the mind of the farmer who employed him; for he was always whittling and making toy machinery, instead of minding his work.

One day, when Appleby was seventeen, he was binding grain after a reaper. "How do you like the work, Jack?" asked the farmer.

"I don't like it," said Jack, "and what's more, I believe I can invent a machine to tie these bundles."

"Ho! ho!" laughed the farmer. "You little fool, you can't invent anything."

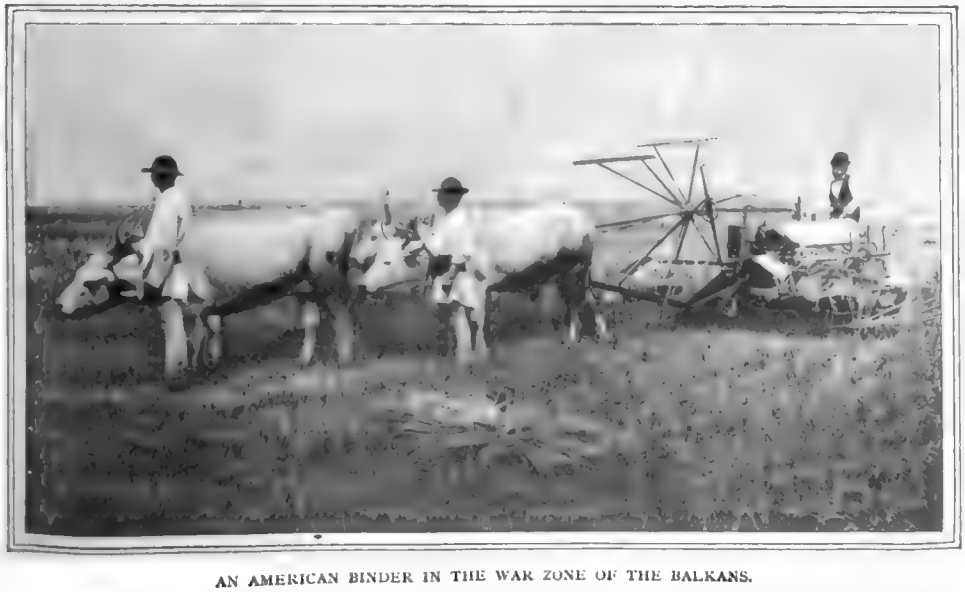
Twenty-five years later, when Appleby had made half a million by his invention, and was manager of a factory at Minneapolis, he noticed an old man pushing a wheelbarrow in the factory yard.

"Haven't I seen you before?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied the old man. "I was the farmer who gave you your first job."

"Well," said Appleby, "you see I wasn't a little fool after all."

Appleby actually had set to work to invent



AN AMERICAN BINDER IN THE WAR ZONE OF THE BALKANS.

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a knotting-machine when he was a farm-boy of seventeen, and had made his first model at that age—in 1858. A young school-teacher named Chester W. Houghton was the first man who put money back of the boy's invention. He stood behind it to the extent of fifty dollars, and then became alarmed at such a reckless speculation, and quit. Had he been just a little more adventurous, and a little more patient, every dollar of his investment would have fruited into a thousand.

When the school-teacher deserted him, and wanted the fifty dollars back, Appleby was discouraged. The models that had been made at a gun shop in Palmyra, Wisconsin, drifted about. They were sold at auction on one occasion for seventeen cents; and the buyer thought they were not worth even that, for he made a present of them to Appleby. Then came the crash of the Civil War. Appleby enlisted, and for four years forgot knotters and thought only of guns.

Yet while he lay in the trenches at Vicksburg, he whittled out a new device for rifles. After the war, a capitalist saw this device, gave him $500 for it, and then, before Appleby's eyes, sold a half interest in it for $7,000. This awakened Appleby to the value of inventions and made him an inventor for life.

Once more he set to work on his long-neglected grain-binder, and in 1867 he drove his first completed machine into a field near Mazomanie, Wisconsin. The horses were fractious, and after being jerked along for several rods, the machine broke down, to the great delight of the spectators, most of whom knew Appleby and regarded him as a crank. But the machine had bound a couple of sheaves before it broke. Appleby displayed these, and one man—Dr. E. D. Bishop—pulled a roll of money from his pocket and handed it to the inventor.

"Take this," he said, "and make me a partner. Your invention will be a world's wonder some day."

All told, Dr. Bishop staked $1,500 on Appleby's genius, for which, twelve years later, he drew out $80,000. This was the first of the many incidental fortunes scattered right and left in the path of the self-binder, which began in 1880, to sweep forward as gloriously as the triumphal car of a Roman emperor.

As for William Deering—the modest manufacturer from Maine, who in 1879 joined forces with Appleby,—no sooner had he sold the 3,000 self-binders than he found himself floundering neck deep in an unexpected sea of troubles. There was not a flaw in the binders. They were cutting and tying the grain with the skill of 60,000 men. But the twine-bill! Three thousand farmers swore that it was too high.

Twine was an item that they had never in their lives bought in large quantities. To pay fifty dollars—the price of a horse—for mere string that was used once and then flung away, seemed outrageous. It was like buying daily papers by the thousand, or shoe-laces by the ton. And so it came about that though Deering had reduced the cost of wheat ten per cent., he got little thanks for his superb machines—nothing but a loud and angry roar for better and cheaper twine.

Deering moved against this new array of difficulties with quiet and inexorable persistence. There were only three binder-twine makers in the United States, and all warned him that he was pursuing a will-o'-the-wisp. But Deering pushed on until he met Edwin H. Fitler, afterward a mayor of Philadelphia. From the unassuming way in which Deering stated his needs, Fitler concluded that the order would be a small one.

"What you want," he said, "is a single strand twine, which cannot be made without a new line of machinery. I regret to say that I cannot afford to do this for one customer."

"Well," said Deering, "I think I may need a good deal in the long run, though I wish to begin with not more than ten car-loads."

Ten car-loads! For a moment Fitler was dazed, but only for a moment. It was his chance and he knew it. Years afterward, he was fond of telling how he "made a million-dollar deal with William Deering in two minutes."

Thus, whatever Deering touched, he improved. He became the servant of the harvester. He lavished fortunes upon it as sporting millionaires spent fortunes on their horses. It was his one extravagance. In his later endeavors to make the twine cheaper, he spent $15,000 on grass twine, $35,000 on paper, $43,000 on straw, and failed. Then he spent $165,000 on flax and succeeded. He was for thirty years a sort of paymaster to a small mob of inventors who had new ideas or who thought they had. There was one very able inventor—John Stone—who actually drew his salary and expenses every week for twenty years, until he had perfected a corn-picking machine. From first to last, Deering spent "perhaps more than two millions of

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dollars" on improvements, according to one of his closest friends.

The fact is that the Appleby binder had transformed Deering from a man in business simply to make money, into an enthusiast.

CUTTING GRAIN ON THE AMERICAN PLAN IN THE ANCIENT FIELDS OF ALGIERS.

While he remained as careful of the business as ever, he began to enjoy the work itself more than the profit. He would still fuss if he saw half a dozen nails in the sweepings, or any other waste of pennies. But he poured the golden flood of profits back into his factory with a recklessness that amazed his friends. He pampered his beloved machines with roller bearings and bodies of steel. He sent them to Europe and showed them to kings. Then, as his enthusiasm grew, he looked ahead to the time when even the farm-horse shall be set free from drudgery; and he began to build automobile mowers and gasoline engines. In fact, he ripened, as he worked, into a seer who saw far past the gain or loss of the present into the splendor of the future.

Sagacity—that is, perhaps, the one word that best explains William Deering's success. He had an almost supernatural instinct, so his competitors believed, which kept him in the right line of progress. There seemed to be a business compass in his brain.

He was never a master of men, like McCormick, nor a good mixer among men, like Whiteley; but as an organizer of men he was easily superior to them both. He knew how to pit his managers one against another, as Carnegie did; and how to develop a factory into a swift and automatic machine. He was a statesman of commercialism. He piled up a forty-million-dollar fortune, and earned it.

It was his misfortune not to have been schooled on a farm, as were most of the great reaper kings. McCormick, Whiteley, Lewis Miller, Morgan, Johnson, Osborne, Sieberling, Jones, Esterley, Appleby, and the Marshes were all farm-bred. But Deering was shrewd enough to gather around him a corps of men who had the experience that he lacked. At the head of this bodyguard stood a farmer's son—John F. Steward. Such were the versatility and the loyalty of Steward that he became Deering's Grand Vizier. He was inventive, combative, literary, mechanical, litigious. It is now forty-two years since

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Steward began to build harvesters; and he has ten dozen patents to his credit.

So, what with the mature business experience of Deering himself, and the skill and faithfulness of his captains, the little factory that he had begun to manage in 1872 expanded in thirty years into one of the two greatest harvester plants in the world, rolling out in every workday minute two complete machines and thirty miles of twine.

Largely because of his enterprise the specters of Famine are now beaten back in fifty countries, yet there is not a word of self-praise in his conversation.

"A man told me once that I was nothing more than a promoter," he said; "and perhaps he was right. I wasn't an inventor, that's true. All I did was to get the right men and tell them what I wanted them to do; so I suppose I was just a promoter."

The few anecdotes that are told of him relate chiefly to his overmodesty. Once, when he was traveling through Kansas with John Webster, one of his trusty men, a big Westerner loomed up in front of him and said:

"Are you the Deering that makes the self-binders?"

"Yes," replied Deering, blushing as red as one of his own mowers.

"Well," said the Westerner, shaking him by the hand, "I want to say that you're a mighty smart man."

Deering looked thoroughly uncomfortable, and when the stranger had gone, he leaned over to Webster and said:

"Think of him saying that I made the binders when I pay you fellows for making them. I never felt so foolish in my life."

He is now eighty-one—older than our oldest railroad. In his lifetime he has seen his country grow even times in population and twenty-four times in wealth. It is undeniable that Deering and his fellows have doubled the food supply of the world. More—they said, "Presto, change!" and the drudges of the harvest-fields stood up and became men. They have made life easier and nobler for untold myriads of people, and have led the way to the brightest era of peace and plenty that the hunger-bitten human race has ever known.

Yet less than thirty of the reaper kings became millionaires. Not one can stand beside the great financiers of steel and real estate and railroads. And not one, in his whole lifetime, piled up as much profit as a Carnegie or a Rockefeller has made in a single year.

WM. N. WHITELEY,
Of Springfield, O., the most picturesque propagandist of the reaper.

The get-rich-quick brigands of Wall Street meddled with the harvester business once—and never again. That was twenty-one years ago, when the famous "Binder-Twine Trust" set out with the black flag flying. It was a skyrocket enterprise. James R. Keene bulled the stock up to 136. This was the first and only "easy money" that was ever made in the harvester world. Then the farmers and the reaper kings rose up together, and smote the Trust in twenty legislatures. Its stock became waste paper; and in the financial hurricane of 1893, it was the first victim.

No other business shows so tragic a death roll. For fifty years its trail was marked by wreckage and disaster. Most of the few who succeeded at first, failed later. Out of every ten who plunged into the scrimmage, nine crawled out whipped or terrified.

And so the Romance of the Reaper was for fifty years a tragedy of competition. *Out of more than two hundred harvester companies, only ten survive to-day; and six of these, as we shall see next month, had to huddle together in a big merger, in order to save their lives.*

In the February number Mr. Casson will discuss ***The International Harvester Company.***

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The Guest of Quesnay

by Booth Tarkington

Author of The Gentleman from Indiana, The Two Van Revels, Monsieur Beaucaire, etc.

Illustration by Mary Greene Blumenschein

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS.—Three threads, later to be twisted together in the mystery of "The Guest of Quesnay," are spun in the first instalment. First, the American artist who tells the story, and his friend, George Ward, witness the wreck, near Paris, of an automobile in which are a Parisian dancer and Larrabee Harman, an American who is notorious for a career of dissipation. Harman, whose divorced wife is Ward's cousin, is seriously injured. Here this thread of the story is dropped. Two years later the artist establishes himself at an inn in Normandy, where he learns that the neighboring Château de Quesnay, which had been leased by the sister of George Ward, is for the time in charge of her guest, a certain very charming Madame d'Armand. The third element is furnished by the arrival at the inn of Professor Keredec, a distinguished scientist, accompanied by a younger man who is invested with an air of great singularity and deep mystery. The artist does not meet his fellow innsmen until one day in the woods when Madame d'Armand has just passed through the glade in which he is painting. A few moments later, the younger of the two strangers bursts from the forest, intent on following the lady, whom he does not know and has seen but once before. While the painter, who detains him, is marveling at his simplicity and unconventionality, Professor Keredec appears, and, with apologies, takes the young man away. Some days afterward, when the painter is confined to the inn by a sprained ankle, Keredec seeks him out and partially explains to him the strange mental state of Oliver Saffren, his young charge.

CHAPTER VIII

LIKE most painters, I have supposed the tools of my craft harder to manipulate than those of others. The use of words, particularly, seemed readier, handier for the contrivance of effects than pigments. I thought the language of words less elusive than that of color, leaving smaller margin for unintended effects; and, believing in complacent good faith that words conveyed exact meanings exactly, it was my innocent conception that almost anything might be so described in words that all who read must inevitably perceive that thing precisely. If this were true, there would be little work for the lawyers, who produce such tortured pages in the struggle to be definite, who swing riches from one family to another, save men from violent death or send them to it, and earn fortunes for themselves through the dangerous inadequacies of words. I have learned how great was my mistake, and now I am wishing I could shift paper for canvas, that I might paint the young man who came to interest me so deeply. I wish I might present him here in color instead of trusting to this unstable business of words, so wily and undependable, with their shimmering values, that you cannot turn your back upon them for two minutes but they will be shouting a hundred things which they were not meant to tell.

To make the best of necessity: what I have written of him—my first impressions—must be taken as the picture, although it be but a gossamer sketch in the air, instead of definite work with well-ground pigments to show forth a portrait, something to make you see flesh and blood. It must take the place of something contrived with my own tools to reveal what the following days revealed him to me, and what it was about him (evasive of description) which made me so soon, as Keredec wished, his friend.

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SHE HELD THAT STARTLED ATTITUDE A MOMENT LONGER.

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Life among our kin and kind is made pleasanter by our daily platitudes. Who is more tedious than the man incessantly struggling to avoid the banal? Nature rules that such a one is a man of words; he will produce nothing better than epigram and paradox, saying old, old things in a new way, or merely shifting object for subject,—and his wife's face, when he shines for a circle, is worth a glance. With no farther apology, I declare that I am a person who has felt few positive likes or dislikes for people in this life, and I did deeply like my fellow-lodgers at *Les Trois Pigeons*. Liking for both men increased with acquaintance, and for the younger I came to feel, in addition, a kind of championship, doubtless in some measure due to what Keredec had told me of him, but more to that half-humorous sense of protectiveness that we always have for those young people whose untempered and innocent outlook makes us feel, as we say, "a thousand years old."

The afternoon following our first dining together, the two, on returning from their walk, came into the pavilion with cheerful greetings, instead of going to their rooms as usual, and Keredec, declaring that the open air had "dispersed" his rheumatism, asked if he might overhaul some of my little canvases and boards. I explained that they consisted mainly of "notes" for future use, but consented willingly; whereupon he arranged a number of them as for exhibition and delivered himself impromptu of the most vehemently instructive lecture on art I had ever heard. Beginning with the family, the tribe, and the totem-pole, he was able to demonstrate a theory that art was not only useful to society but its primary necessity; a curious thought, probably more attributable to the fact that he was a Frenchman than to that of his being a scientist.

"And here," he said in the course of his demonstration, pointing to a sketch which I had made one morning just after sunrise,—"here you can see real sunshine. One certain day there came those few certain moment' at the sunrise when the light was like this. Those few moment', where are they? They have disappeared, gone for eternally. They went"—he snapped his fingers—"like that. Yet here they are—ha!—forever!"

"But it doesn't look like sunshine," said Oliver Saffren hesitatingly, stating a disconcerting but incontrovertible truth; "it only seems to look like it because—isn't it because it's so much brighter than the rest of the picture? I doubt if paint *can* look like sunshine." He turned from the sketch, caught Keredec's gathering frown, and his face flushed painfully. "Ah!" he cried in a troubled voice, "I shouldn't have said it?"

I interposed to reassure him, exclaiming that it were a godsend indeed, did all our critics merely speak the plain truth as they see it for themselves. The professor would not have it so, and cut me off.

"No, no, no, my dear sir!" he shouted. "You speak with kindness, but you put some wrong ideas in his head!"

Saffren's look of trouble deepened. "I don't understand," he murmured. "I thought you said always to speak the truth just as I see it."

"I have telled you," Keredec declared vehemently, "nothing of the kind!"

"But only yesterday——"

"Never!"

"I understood——"

"Then you understood only one-half! I say, 'Speak the truth as you see it, when you speak.' I did not tell you to speak! How much time have you give' to study sunshine and paint? What do you know about them?"

"Nothing," answered the other humbly.

A profound rumbling was heard, and the frown disappeared from Professor Keredec's brow like the vanishing of the shadow of a little cloud from the dome of some great benevolent and scientific institute. He dropped a weighty hand on his young friend's shoulder, and, in high good-humor, thundered:

"Then you are a critic! Knowing nothing of sunshine except that it warms you, and never having touched paint, you are going to tell about them to a man who spends his life studying them! You look up in the night and the truth you see is that the moon and stars are crossing the ocean. You will tell that to the astronomer? Ha! The truth is what the masters see. When you know what they see, you may speak."

At dinner the night before, it had struck me that Saffren was a rather silent young man by habit, and now I thought I began to understand the reason. I hinted as much, saying, "That would make a quiet world of it."

"All the better, my dear sir!" The professor turned beamingly upon me and continued, dropping into a Whistlerian mannerism that he had sometimes: "You must not blame that great wind of a Keredec for preaching at other people to listen. It gives the poor man more room for himself to talk!"

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I found his talk worth hearing. And I would show you, if I could, our pleasant evenings of lingering, after coffee, behind the tremulous screen of honeysuckle, with the night very dark and quiet beyond the warm nimbus of our candle-light, the faces of my two companions clear-obscure in a mellow shadow like the middle tones of a Rembrandt, and the professor, good man, talking wonderfully of everything under the stars and over them,—while Oliver Saffren and I sat under the spell of the big, kind voice, the young man listening with the same eagerness which marked him when he spoke. Though youthful, it was an eagerness to understand, not to interrupt.

These were our evenings. In the afternoons the two went for their walk as usual, though now they did not plunge out of sight of the main road with the noticeable haste which Amédée had described. As time passed, I perceived the caution of Keredec visibly slackening. Whatever he had feared, the obscurity and continued quiet of *Les Trois Pigeons* reassured him; he felt more and more secure in this sheltered retreat, "far out of the world," and obviously thought no danger imminent. So the days went by, uneventful for my new friends,—days of warm idleness for me. Let them go unnarrated; we pass to the event.

My ankle had taken its wonted time to recover. I was on my feet again and into the woods—not traversing, on the way, a certain poppy-sprinkled field whence a fine Norman stallion snorted ridicule over a wall. But the fortune of Keredec was to sink as I rose. His summer rheumatism returned, came to grips with him, laid him low. We hobbled together for a day or so, then I threw away my stick and he exchanged his for an improvised crutch. By the time I was fit to run, he was able to do little better than to creep—might well have taken to his bed. But as he insisted that his pupil should not forego the daily long walks and the health of the forest, it came to pass that Saffren often made me the objective of his rambles. At dinner he usually asked in what portion of the forest I should be painting late the next afternoon, and I got in the habit of expecting him to join me toward sunset. We located each other through a code of yodeling that we arranged; his part of these vocal gymnastics being very pleasant to hear, for he had a flexible, rich voice. I shudder to recall how largely my own performances partook of the grotesque. But in the forest where were no musical persons (I supposed) to take hurt from whatever noise I made, I would let go with all the lungs I had; he followed the horrid sounds to their origin, and we would return to the inn together.

On these homeward walks I found him a good companion, and that is something not to be undervalued by a selfish man who lives for himself and his own little ways and his own little thoughts, and for very little else,—which is the kind of man (as I have already confessed) that I was—deserving the pity of all happily or unhappily married persons.

Responsive in kind to either a talkative mood or a silent one, always gentle in manner, and always unobtrusively melancholy, Saffren seldom took the initiative, though now and then he asked a question about some rather simple matter which might be puzzling him. Whatever the answer, he usually received it in silence, apparently turning the thing over and over and inside out in his mind. He was almost tremulously sensitive, yet not vain, for he was neither afraid nor ashamed to expose his ignorance, his amazing lack of experience. He had a greater trouble, one that I had not fathomed. Sometimes there came over his face a look of such importunate wistfulness and distressed perplexity that he seemed on the point of breaking out with something that he wished to tell me—or to ask me, for it might have been a question—but he always kept it back. Keredec's training seldom lost its hold upon him.

I had gone back to my glade again, and to the thin sunshine, which came a little earlier, now that we were deep in July; and one afternoon I sat in the mouth of the path, just where I had played the bounding harlequin for the benefit of the lovely visitor at Quesnay. It was warm in the woods and quiet, warm with the heat of July, still with a July stillness. The leaves had no motion; if there were birds or insects within hearing they must have been asleep; the quivering flight of a butterfly in that languid air seemed, by contrast, quite a commotion; a humming-bird would have made a riot.

I heard the light snapping of a twig and a swish of branches from the direction in which I faced; evidently some one was approaching the glade, though concealed from me for the moment by the winding of the path. Taking it for Saffren, as a matter of course (for we had arranged to meet at that time and

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place), I raised my voice in what I intended for a merry yodel of greeting.

I yodeled loud, I yodeled long. Knowing my own deficiencies in this art, I had adopted the cunning sinner's policy toward sin and made a joke of it: thus, since my best performance was not unsuggestive of calamity in the poultry yard, I made it worse. And then and there, when my mouth was at its widest in the production of these shocking ullahootings, the person approaching came round a turn in the path, and within full sight of me. To my ultimate, utmost horror, it was Madame d'Armand.

I grew so furiously red that it burned me. I had not the courage to run, though I could have prayed that she might take me for what I seemed—plainly a lunatic, whooping the lonely peace of the woods into pandemonium—and turn back. But she kept straight on, must inevitably reach the glade and cross it, and I calculated wretchedly that at the rate she was walking, unhurried but not lagging, it would be about thirty seconds before she passed me. Then suddenly, while I waited in sizzling shame, a clear voice rang out from a distance in an answering yodel to mine, and I thanked heaven for its mercies; at least she would see that my antics had some reason.

She stopped short, in a half-step, as if a little startled, one arm raised to push away a thin green branch that crossed the path at shoulder-height; and her attitude was so charming as she paused, detained to listen by this other voice with its musical youthfulness, that for a second I thought crossly of all the young men in the world.

There was another call, clear and loud as a bugle, and she turned to the direction whence it came, so that her back was toward me. Then Oliver Saffren came running lightly round the turn of the path, near her and facing her.

He stopped as short as she had.

Her hand dropped from the slender branch, and pressed against her side. He lifted his hat and spoke to her, and I thought she made some quick reply in a low voice, though I could not be sure.

She held that startled attitude a moment longer, then turned and crossed the glade so hurriedly that it was almost as if she ran away from him. I had moved aside with my easel and camp-stool, but she passed close to me as she entered the path again on my side of the glade. She did not seem to see me, her dark eyes stared widely straight ahead, her lips were parted, and she looked white and frightened.

She disappeared very quickly in the windings of the path.

CHAPTER IX

He came on more slowly, his eyes following her as she vanished, then turning to me with a rather pitiful apprehension—a look like that I remember to have seen (some hundreds of years ago) on the face of a freshman, glancing up from his book to find his doorway ominously filling with sophomores.

I stepped out to meet him, indignant upon several counts, most of all upon his own. I knew there was no offense in his heart, not the remotest rude intent, but the fact was before me that he had frightened a woman, had given this very lovely guest of my friends good cause to hold him a boor, if she did not, indeed, think him (as she probably thought me) an outright lunatic! I said:

"You spoke to that lady!" And my voice sounded unexpectedly harsh and sharp to my own ears, for I had meant to speak quietly.

"I know—I know. It—it was wrong," he stammered. "I knew I shouldn't—and I couldn't help it."

"You expect me to believe that?"

"It's the truth; I couldn't!"

I laughed skeptically; and he flinched, but repeated that what he had said was only the truth. "I don't understand; it was all beyond me," he added huskily.

"What was it you said to her?"

"I spoke her name—'Madame d'Armand.'"

"You said more than that!"

"I asked her if she would let me see her again."

"What else?"

"Nothing," he answered humbly. "And then she—then for a moment it seemed—for a moment she didn't seem to be able to speak——"

"I should think not!" I shouted with satirical laughter. He stood patiently enduring it, his lowered eyes following the aimless movements of his hands, which were twisting and untwisting his flexible straw hat; and it might have struck me as nearer akin to tragedy, rather than to a thing for laughter: this spectacle of a grown man so like a schoolboy before the master, shamefaced over a stammered confession.

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"But she did say something to you, didn't she?" I asked finally, with the gentleness of a cross-examining lawyer.

"Yes—after that moment."

"Well, what was it?"

"She said, 'Not now!' That was all."

"I suppose that was all she had breath for! It was just the inconsequent and meaningless thing a frightened woman *would* say!"

"Meaningless?" he repeated, and looked up wonderingly.

"Did you take it for an appointment?" I roared, quite out of patience, and losing my temper completely.

"No, no, no! She said only that, and then——"

"Then she turned and ran away from you!"

"Yes," he said, swallowing painfully.

"That *pleased* you," I stormed, "to frighten a woman in the woods—to make her feel that she can't walk here in safety! You *enjoy* doing things like that?"

He looked at me with disconcerting steadiness for a moment, and, without offering any other response, turned aside, resting his arm against the trunk of a tree and gazing into the quiet forest.

I set about packing my traps, grumbling various sarcasms, the last mutterings of a departed storm, for already I realized that I had taken out my own mortification upon him, and I was stricken with remorse. And yet, so contrarily are we made, I continued to be unkind while in my heart I was asking pardon of him. I tried to make my reproaches gentler, to lend my voice a hint of friendly humor, but in spite of me the one sounded gruffer and the other sourer with everything I said. This was the worse because of the continued silence of the victim: he did not once answer, nor by the slightest movement alter his attitude until I had finished—and more than finished.

"There—and that's all!" I said desperately, when the things were strapped and I had slung them to my shoulder. "Let's be off, in heaven's name!"

At that he turned quickly toward me; it did not lessen my remorse to see that he had grown very pale.

"I wouldn't have frightened her for the world," he said, and his voice and his whole body shook with a strange violence. "I wouldn't have frightened her to please the angels in heaven!"

A blunderer whose incantation had brought the spirit up to face me, I stared at him helplessly, nor could I find words to answer or control the passion that my imbecile scolding had evoked. Whatever the barriers Keredec's training had built for his protection, they were down now.

"You think I told a lie!" he cried. "You think I lied when I said I couldn't help speaking to her!"

"No, no," I said earnestly. "I didn't mean——"

"Words!" he swept the feeble protest away, drowned it in a whirling vehemence. "And what does it matter? You *can't* understand. When *you* want to know what to do, you look back into your life and it tells you; and I look back—*ah!*" He cried out, uttering a half-choked, incoherent syllable. "I look back and it's all—BLIND! All these things you *can* do and *can't* do—all these infinite little things! You know, and Keredec knows, and Glouglou knows, and every mortal soul on earth knows—but *I* don't know! Your life has taught you, and you know, but I don't know. I haven't *had* my life. It's gone! All I have is words that Keredec has said to me, and it's like a man with no eyes, out in the sunshine hunting for the light. Do you think words can teach you to resist such impulses as I had when I spoke to Madame d'Armand? Can life itself teach you to resist them? Perhaps you never had them?"

"I don't know," I answered honestly.

"I would burn my hand from my arm and my arm from my body," he went on, with the same wild intensity, "rather than trouble her or frighten her, but I couldn't help speaking to her any more than I can help wanting to see her again—the feeling that I *must*—whatever you say or do, whatever Keredec says or does, whatever the whole world may say or do. And I will! It isn't a thing to choose to do, or not to do. I can't help it any more than I can help being alive!"

He paused, wiping from his brow a heavy dew not of the heat, but like that on the forehead of a man in crucial pain. I made nervous haste to seize the opportunity, and said gently, almost timidly:

"But if it should distress the lady?"

"Yes—then I could keep away. But I must know that."

"I think you might know it by her running away—and by her look," I said mildly. "Didn't you?"

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"*No!*" And his eyes flashed an added emphasis.

"Well, well," I said, "let's be on our way, or the professor will be wondering if he is to dine alone."

Without looking to see if he followed, I struck into the path toward home. He did follow, obediently enough, not uttering another word so long as we were in the woods, though I could hear him breathing sharply as he strode behind me, and knew that he was struggling to regain control of himself. I set the pace, making it as fast as I could, and neither of us spoke again until we had come out of the forest and were upon the main road near the Baudry cottage. Then he said in a steadier voice:

"Why should it distress her?"

"Well, you see," I began, not slacking the pace, "there are formalities——"

"Ah, I know," he interrupted, with an impatient laugh. "Keredec once took me to a marionette show—all the little people strung on wires; they couldn't move any other way. And so you mustn't talk to a woman until somebody whose name has been spoken to you speaks yours to her! Do you call that a rule of nature?"

"My dear boy," I laughed in some desperation, "we must conform to it, ordinarily, no matter whose rule it is."

"Do you think Madame d'Armand cares for little forms like that?" he asked challengingly.

"She does," I assured him with perfect confidence. "And, for the hundredth time, you must have seen how you troubled her."

"No," he returned, with the same curious obstinacy, "I don't believe it. There was something, but it wasn't trouble. We looked straight at each other; I saw her eyes plainly, and it was—" he paused and sighed, a sudden, brilliant smile upon his lips—"it was very—it was very strange!"

There was something so glad and different in his look that—like any other dried-up old blunderer in my place—I felt an instant tendency to laugh. It was that heathenish possession, the old insanity of the risibles, which makes a man think it a humorous thing that his friend should be discovered in love.

But before I spoke, before I quite smiled outright, I was given the grace to see myself in the likeness of a leering stranger trespassing in some cherished inclosure: a garden where the gentlest guests must always be intruders, and only the owners should come. The best of us profane it readily, leaving the coarse prints of our heels upon its paths, mauling and manhandling the fairy blossoms with what pudgy fingers! Comes the poet, ruthlessly leaping the wall and trumpeting indecently his view-halloo of the chase, and, after him, the joker, snickering and hopeful of a kill among the rose-beds; for this has been their hunting-ground since the world began. These two have made us miserably ashamed of the divine infinitive, so that we are afraid to utter the very words "to love," lest some urchin overhear and pursue us with a sticky forefinger and stickier taunts. It is little to my credit that I checked the silly impulse to giggle at the eternal marvel, and went as gently as I could where I should not have gone at all.

"But if you were wrong," I said, "if it did distress her, and if it happened that she has already had too much that was distressing in her life——"

"You know something about her!" he exclaimed. "You know——"

"I do not," I interrupted in turn. "I have only a vague guess; I may be altogether mistaken."

"What is it that you guess?" he demanded abruptly. "Who made her suffer?"

"I think it was her husband," I said, with a lack of discretion for which I was instantly sorry, fearing with reason that I had added a final blunder to the long list of the afternoon. "That is," I added, "if my guess is right."

He stopped short in the road, detaining me by the arm, the question coming like a shot: sharp, loud, violent.

"Is he alive?"

"I don't know," I answered, beginning to move forward; "and this is foolish talk—especially on my part!"

"But I want to know," he persisted, again detaining me.

"And I *don't* know!" I returned emphatically. "Probably I am entirely mistaken in thinking that I know anything of her whatever. I ought not to have spoken, unless I knew what I was talking about, and I'd rather not say any more until I do know."

"Very well," he said quickly. "Will you tell me then?"

"Yes—if you will let it go at that."

"Thank you," he said, and with an impulse which was but too plainly one of gratitude, offered me his hand. I took it, and my soul was disquieted within me, for it was

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no purpose of mine to set inquiries on foot in regard to the affairs of "Madame d'Armand."

It was early dusk, that hour, a little silvered but still clear, when the edges of things are beginning to grow indefinite, and usually our sleepy countryside knew no tranquiller time of day; but to-night, as we approached the inn, there were strange shapes in the roadway and other tokens that events were stirring there.

From the courtyard came the sounds of laughter and chattering voices. Before the entrance stood a couple of open touring-cars; the chauffeurs were engaged in cooling the rear tires with buckets of water brought by a personage ordinarily known as Glouglou, whose look and manner, as he performed this office for the leathern dignitaries, so awed me that I wondered how I had ever dared address him with any presumption of intimacy. The cars were great and opulent, of impressive wheel-base, and fore-and-aft they were laden intricately with baggage: concave trunks fitting behind the tonneaus, thin trunks fastened upon the footboards, green, circular trunks adjusted to the spare tires, all deeply coated with dust. Here were fineries from Paris, doubtless on their way to flutter over the gay sands of Trouville, and now wandering but temporarily from the road; for such splendors were never designed to dazzle us of Madame Brossard's.

As we entered the archway, we almost ran into a tall man who was coming out, evidently intending to speak to one of the drivers. He stepped back with a word of apology, and I took note of him for a fellow-countryman, and a worldly buck of fashion indeed, almost as cap-a-pie the automobilist as my mysterious spiller of cider had been the pedestrian. But this was no game-chicken; on the contrary (so far as a glance in the dusk of the archway revealed him), much the picture for framing in a club window of a Sunday morning; a seasoned, hard-surfaced, knowing creature for whom many a head waiter must have swept previous claimants from desired tables. He looked forty years so cannily that I guessed him to be about fifty.

We were passing him when he uttered an ejaculation of surprise and stepped forward again, holding out his hand to my companion, and exclaiming:

"Where did *you* come from? I'd hardly have known you."

Oliver seemed unconscious of the proffered hand; he stiffened visibly and said:

"I think there must be some mistake."

"So there is," said the other promptly. "I see I was misled by a resemblance. I beg your pardon."

He lifted his cap slightly, going on, and we entered the courtyard to find a cheerful party of nine or ten men and women seated about a couple of tables. Like the person we had just encountered, they all exhibited a picturesque elaboration of the costume permitted by their mode of travel; making effective groupings in their ample draperies of buff and green and white, with glimpses of a flushed and pretty face or two among the loosened veilings. Upon the tables were pots of tea, plates of sandwiches, Madame Brossard's three best silver dishes heaped with fruit, and some bottles of dry champagne from the cellars of Rheims. The partakers were making very merry, having with them (as is inevitable in all such parties, it seems) a fat young man inclined to humor, who was now upon his feet for the proposal of some prankish toast. He interrupted himself long enough to glance our way as we crossed the garden; and it struck me that several pairs of brighter eyes followed my young companion with interest. He was well worth it, perhaps all the more because he was so genuinely unconscious of it; and he ran up the gallery steps and disappeared into his own rooms without sending even a glance from the corner of his eye in return.

I went almost as quickly to my pavilion, and, without lighting my lamp, set about my preparations for dinner.

The party outside, breaking up presently, could be heard moving toward the archway with increased noise and laughter, inspired by some exquisite antic on the part of the fat young man, when a girl's voice called, "Oh, Cressie, aren't you coming?" and a man's replied, from near my veranda: "Only stopping to light a cigar."

A flutter of skirts and a patter of feet betokened that the girl came running back to join the smoker. "Cressie," I heard her say in an eager, lowered tone, "who *was* he?"

"Who was who?"

"That *devastating* creature in white flannels!"

The man chuckled. "Matinée sort of devastator—what? Monte Cristo hair, noble profile——"

"You'd better tell me," she interrupted

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earnestly—"if you don't want me to ask the *waiter*."

"But I don't know him."

"I saw you speak to him."

"I thought it was a man I met three years ago out in San Francisco, but I was mistaken. There was a slight resemblance. This fellow might have been a rather decent younger brother of the man I knew. *He* was the——"

My strong impression was that if the speaker had not been interrupted at this point he would have said something very unfavorable to the character of the man he had met in San Francisco; but there came a series of blasts from the automobile horns and loud calls from others of the party, who were evidently waiting for these two.

"Coming!" shouted the man.

"Wait!" said his companion hurriedly. "Who was the other man, the older one with the painting things and *such* a coat?"

"Never saw him before in my life."

I caught a last word from the girl as the pair moved away.

"I'll come back here with a *band* to-morrow night, and serenade the beautiful one; perhaps he'd drop me his card out of the window!"

The horns sounded again; there was a final chorus of laughter, suddenly ceasing to be heard as the cars swept away, and *Les Trois Pigeons* was left to its accustomed quiet.

"Monsieur is served," said Amédée, looking in at my door, five minutes later.

"You have passed a great hour just now, Amédée."

"It was like the old days, truly!"

"They are off for Trouville, I suppose."

"No, monsieur, they are on their way to visit the château, and stopped here only because the run from Paris had made the tires too hot."

"To visit Quesnay, you mean?"

"Truly. But monsieur need give himself no uneasiness; I did not mention to any one that monsieur is here. His name was not spoken. Mademoiselle Ward returned to the château to-day," he added. "She has been in England."

"Quesnay will be gay," I said, coming out to the table. Oliver Saffren was helping the professor down the steps, and Keredec, bent with suffering, but indomitable, gave me a hearty greeting, and began a ruthless dissection of Plato with the soup. Oliver, usually very quiet, as I have said, seemed a little restless under the discourse to-night. However, he did not interrupt, sitting patiently until bedtime, though obviously not listening. When he bade me good night he gave me a look so clearly in reference to a secret understanding between us that, meaning to keep only the letter of my promise to him, I felt about as comfortable as if I had meanly tricked a child.

CHAPTER X

I HAD finished dressing, next morning, and was strapping my things together for the day's campaign, when I heard a shuffling step upon the porch, and the door opened gently, without any previous ceremony of knocking. To my angle of vision what at first appeared to have opened it was a tray of coffee, rolls, eggs, and a packet of sandwiches, but, after hesitating somewhat, this apparition advanced farther into the room, disclosing a pair of supporting hands, followed in due time by the whole person of a nervously smiling and visibly apprehensive Amédée. He closed the door behind him by the simple action of backing against it, took the cloth from his arm, and with a single gesture spread it neatly upon a small table, then, turning to me, laid the forefinger of his right hand warningly upon his lips and bowed me a deferential invitation to occupy the chair beside the table.

"Well," I said, glaring at him, "what ails you?"

"I thought monsieur might prefer his breakfast indoors, this morning," he returned in a low voice.

"Why should I?"

The miserable old man said something I did not understand—an incoherent syllable or two—suddenly covered his mouth with both hands, and turned away. I heard a catch in his throat; suffocated sounds issued from his bosom; however, it was nothing more than a momentary seizure, and, recovering command of himself by a powerful effort, he faced me with hypocritical servility.

"Why do you laugh?" I asked indignantly.

"But I did not laugh," he replied in a husky whisper. "Not at all."

"You did," I asserted, raising my voice. "It almost killed you!"

"Monsieur," he begged hoarsely, "*hush!*"

"What is the matter?" I demanded loudly. "What do you mean by these abominable croakings? Speak out!"

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"Monsieur—" he gesticulated in a panic, toward the courtyard. "Mademoiselle Ward is out there."

"*What!*" But I did not shout the word.

"There is always a little window in the rear wall," he breathed in my ear as I dropped into the chair by the table. "She would not see you if——"

I interrupted with all the French rough-and-ready expressions of dislike at my command, daring to hope that they might give him some shadowy, far-away idea of what I thought of both himself and his suggestions, and, notwithstanding the difficulty of expressing strong feeling in whispers, it seemed to me that, in a measure, I succeeded. "I am not in the habit of crawling out of ventilators," I added, subduing a tendency to vehemence. "And probably Mademoiselle Ward has only come to talk with Madame Brossard."

"I fear some of those people may have told her you were here," he ventured insinuatingly.

"What people?" I asked, drinking my coffee calmly, yet, it must be confessed, without quite as much deliberation as I could have wished.

"Those who stopped yesterday evening on the way to the château. They might have recognized——"

"Impossible. I knew none of them."

"But Mademoiselle Ward knows that you are here. Without doubt."

"Why do you say so?"

"Because she has inquired for you."

"So!" I rose at once and went toward the door. "Why didn't you tell me at once?"

"But surely," he remonstrated, ignoring my question, "monsieur will make some change of attire?"

"Change of attire?" I echoed.

"Eh, the poor old coat all hunched at the shoulders and spotted with paint!"

"Why shouldn't it be?" I hissed, thoroughly irritated. "Do you take me for a racing marquis?"

"But monsieur has a coat much more as a coat ought to be. And Jean Ferret says——"

"Ha, now we're getting at it!" said I. "What does Jean Ferret say?"

"Perhaps it would be better if I did not repeat——"

"Out with it! What does Jean Ferret say?"

"Well, then, Mademoiselle Ward's maid from Paris has told Jean Ferret that monsieur and Mademoiselle Ward have corresponded for years, and that—and that——"

"Go on," I bade him ominously.

"That monsieur has sent Mademoiselle Ward many expensive jewels, and——"

"Aha!" said I, at which he paused abruptly, and stood staring at me. The idea of explaining Miss Elizabeth's collection to him, of getting anything whatever through that complacent head of his, was so hopeless that I did not even consider it. There was only one thing to do, and perhaps I should have done it—I do not know, for he saw the menace coiling in my eye, and hurriedly retreated.

"*Monsieur!*" he gasped, backing away from me, and as his hand, fumbling behind him, found the latch of the door, he opened it, and scrambled out by a sort of spiral movement round the casing. When I followed, a moment later—with my traps on my shoulder and the packet of sandwiches in my pocket—he was out of sight.

Miss Elizabeth sat beneath the arbor at the other end of the courtyard, and beside her stood the trim and glossy bay saddle-horse that she had ridden from Quesnay, his head outstretched above his mistress to paddle at the vine leaves with a tremulous upper lip. She checked his desire with a slight movement of her hand upon the bridle-rein; and he arched his neck prettily, pawing the gravel with a neat forefoot. Miss Elizabeth is one of the few large women I have known to whom a riding-habit is entirely becoming, and this group of two—a handsome woman and her handsome horse—has had a charm for all men ever since horses were tamed and women began to be beautiful. I thought of my work, of the canvases I meant to cover, but I felt the charm—and I felt it stirringly. It was a fine, fresh morning and the sun just risen.

An expression in the lady's attitude, an air which I instinctively construed as histrionic, seemed intended to convey that she had been kept waiting, yet had waited without reproach; and although she must have heard me coming, she did not look toward me until I was quite near and spoke her name. At that she sprang up quickly enough, and stretched out her hand to me.

"Run to earth!" she cried, advancing a step to meet me.

"A pretty poor trophy of the chase," said I, "but proud that you are its killer."

To my surprise and mystification, her

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cheeks and brow flushed rosily; she was obviously conscious of it, and laughed.

"Don't be embarrassed," she said.

"I!"

"You! Standing there drenched in blushes," she returned, with splendid effrontery. "And no wonder, poor man! I suppose I couldn't have more thoroughly compromised you. Madame Brossard will never believe in your respectability again."

"Oh, yes, she will," said I.

"What? A lodger who has ladies calling upon him at five o'clock in the morning? But your bundle's on your shoulder," she rattled on, laughing, "though there's many could be bolder, and perhaps you'll let me walk a bit of the way with you, if you're for the road."

"Perhaps I will," said I. She caught up her riding-skirt, fastening it by a clasp at her side, and we passed out through the archway and went slowly along the road bordering the forest, her horse following obediently at half-rein's length.

"When did you hear that I was at Madame Brossard's?" I asked.

"Ten minutes after I returned to Quesnay, late yesterday afternoon."

"Who told you?"

"Louise."

I repeated the name questioningly. "You mean Mrs. Larrabee Harman?"

"Mrs. Louise Harman," she corrected. "Didn't you know she was staying at Quesnay?"

"I guessed it, though Amédée got the name confused."

"Yes, she's been kind enough to look after the place for us while we were away. George won't be back for another ten days, and I've been overseeing an exhibition for him in London. Afterward I did a round of visits —tiresome enough, but among people it's well to keep in touch with on George's account."

"I see," I said slowly, with a grimness which probably escaped her. "But how did Mrs. Harman know that I was at *Les Trois Pigeons*?"

"She met you once in the forest——"

"Twice," I interrupted.

"She mentioned only once. Of course she'd often heard both George and me speak of you."

"But how did she know it was I and where I was staying?"

"Oh, that?" Her smile changed to a laugh. "Your *maître d'hôtel* told Ferret, a gardener at Quesnay, that you were at the inn."

"He did!"

"Oh, but you mustn't be angry with him; he made it quite all right."

"How did he do that?" I asked, trying to speak calmly, though there was that in my mind which might have blanched the parchment cheek of a grand inquisitor.

"He told Ferret that you were very anxious not to have it known——"

"You call that making it all right?"

"For himself, I mean. He asked Ferret not to mention who it was that told him."

"The rascal!" I cried. "The treacherous, brazen——"

"You unfortunate man," said Miss Elizabeth, "don't you see how clear you're making it that you really meant to hide from us?"

There seemed to be something in that, and my tirade broke up in confusion. "Oh, no," I said lamely, "I hoped—I hoped——"

"Be careful!"

"No; I hoped to work down here," I blurted. "And I thought if I saw too much of you—I might not."

She looked at me with widening eyes. "And I can take my choice," she cried, "of all the different things you may mean by that! It's either the most outrageous speech I ever heard—or the most flattering."

"But I meant simply——"

"No." She lifted a hand and stopped me. "I'd rather believe that I have at least the choice—and let it go at that." And as I began to laugh, she turned to me with a gravity apparently so genuine that for the moment I was fatuous enough to believe that she had said it seriously. Ensued a pause of some duration, which, for my part, I found disturbing. She broke it with a change of subject.

"You think Louise very lovely to look at, don't you?"

"Exquisite," I answered.

"Every one does."

"I suppose she told you—" and now I felt myself growing red—"that I behaved like a drunken acrobat when she came upon me in the path."

"No. Did you?" cried Miss Elizabeth, with a ready credulity which I thought by no means complimentary; indeed, she seemed amused and, to my surprise (for she is not an unkind woman), rather heartlessly pleased. "Louise only said she knew it must be you, and that she wished she could have had a better look at what you were painting."

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"Heaven bless her!" I exclaimed. "Her reticence was angelic."

"Yes, she has reticence," said my companion, with enough of the same quality to make me look at her quickly. A thin line of trouble had been drawn across her forehead.

"You mean she's still reticent with George?" I ventured.

"Yes," she answered sadly. "Poor George always hopes, of course, in the silent way of his kind when they suffer from such unfortunate passions—and he waits."

"I suppose that former husband of hers recovered?"

"I believe he's still alive somewhere. Locked up, I hope!" she finished crisply.

"She retained his name," I observed.

"Harman? Yes, she retained it," said my companion rather shortly.

"At all events, she's rid of him, isn't she?"

"Oh, she's *rid* of him!" Her tone implied an enigmatic reservation of some kind.

"It's hard," I reflected aloud, "hard to understand her making that mistake, young as she was. Even in the glimpses of her I've had, it was easy to see something of what she's like: a fine, rare, high type——"

"But you didn't know *him*, did you?" Miss Elizabeth asked with some dryness.

"No," I answered. "I saw him twice; once at the time of his accident—that was only a nightmare, his face covered with—" I shivered. "But I had caught a glimpse of him on the boulevard, and of all the horrible——"

"Oh, but he wasn't always horrible," she interposed quickly. "He was a fascinating sort of person, quite charming and good-looking, when she ran away with him, though he was dreadfully dissipated even then. He always had been *that*. Of course she thought she'd be able to straighten him out—poor girl! She tried, for three years—three years it hurts one to think of! You see it must have been something very like a 'grand passion' to hold her through a pain three years long."

"Or tremendous pride," said I. "Women make an odd world of it for the rest of us. There was good old George, as true and straight a man as ever lived——"

"And she took the other! Yes." George's sister laughed sorrowfully.

"But George and she have both survived the mistake," I went on with confidence. "Her tragedy must have taught her some important differences. Haven't you a notion she'll be tremendously glad to see him when he comes back from America?"

"Ah, I do hope so!" she cried. "You see, I'm fearing that he hopes so too—to the degree of counting on it."

"You don't count on it yourself?"

She shook her head. "With any other woman I should."

"Why not with Mrs. Harman?"

"Cousin Louise has her ways," said Miss Elizabeth slowly, and, whether she could not farther explain her doubts, or whether she would not, that was all I got out of her on the subject at the time. I asked one or two more questions, but my companion merely shook her head again, alluding vaguely to her cousin's "ways." Then she brightened suddenly, and inquired when I would have my things sent up to the château from the inn.

At the risk of a misunderstanding which I felt I could ill afford, I resisted her kind hospitality, and the outcome of it was that there should be a kind of armistice, to begin with my dining at the château that evening. Thereupon she mounted to the saddle, a bit of gymnastics for which she declined my assistance, and looked down upon me from a great height.

"Did anybody ever tell you," was her surprising inquiry, "that you are the queerest man of modern times?"

"No," I answered. "Don't you think you're a queerer woman?"

"*Footle!*" she cried scornfully. "Be off to your woods and your woodscaping!"

The bay horse departed at a smart gait, not, I was glad to see, a parkish trot—Miss Elizabeth wisely set limits to her sacrifices to Mode—and she was far down the road before I had passed the outer fringe of trees.

My work was accomplished after a fashion more or less desultory that day; I had many absent moments, was restless, and walked more than I painted. Oliver Saffren did not join me in the late afternoon; nor did the echo of distant yodeling bespeak any effort on his part to find me. So I gave him up, and returned to the inn earlier than usual.

While dressing I sent word to Professor Keredec that I should not be able to join him at dinner that evening; and it is to be recorded that Glouglou carried the message for me. Amédée did not appear, from which it may be inferred that our *maître d'hôtel* was subject to lucid intervals. Certainly his conduct indicated an intelligence of no low order.

The next instalment of "*The Guest of Quesnay*" will appear in the February number.

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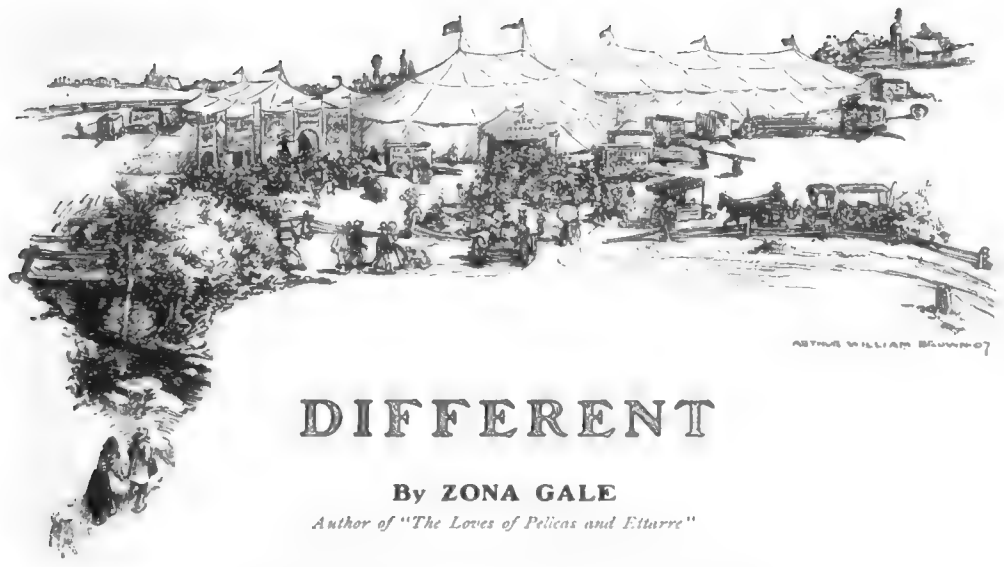

DIFFERENT

By ZONA GALE

Author of "The Loves of Pelicas and Etturre"

Illustrations by Arthur William Brown

THOSE who had expected the circus procession to arrive from across the canal were amazed to observe it filing silently across the tracks from the Plank Road. The Eight Big Shows Combined had arrived in the gray dawn; and word had not yet gone the rounds that, the Fair Ground being too wet, the performance would "show" in the Pump pasture, beyond the mill. There was to be no evening amusement. It was a wait between trains that conferred the circus on Friendship at all.

Half the countryside, having brought its lunch into town to make a day of it, trailed as a matter of course after the clown's cart at the end of the parade, and about noon arrived in the pasture with the pleasurable sense of entering familiar territory to find it transformed into unknown ground. Who in the vicinity of Friendship had not known the Pump pasture of old? Haunted of Jerseys and Guernseys and orioles, it had lain expressionless as the hills, for as long as memory. When in spring, "Where you goin'? Don't you go far in the hot sun!" from Friendship mothers was answered by, "We're just goin' up to the Pump pasture for vi'lets" from Friendship young, no more was to be said. The pasture was as dependable as a nurse, as a great, faithful Newfoundland dog; and about it was something of the safety of silence and warmth and night-in-a-trundle-bed. Even those so lately come to Friendship that the town was still an experience and not yet a habit, had learned to think of the great idle pasture as a kind of usage of the summer.

And lo, now it was suddenly as if the pasture were articulate. The great elliptical tent, the strange gold chariots casually disposed, the air of the hurrying men, so amazingly used to what they were doing—these gave to the place the aspect of having from the first been secretly familiar with more than one had suspected.

"Ain't it the divil?" demanded Timothy Toplady, Jr., ecstatically, as the glory of the scene burst upon him.

Liva Vesey, in rose-pink cambric, beside him in the buckboard, looked up at his brown Adam's apple—she hardly ever lifted her shy eyes as far as her sweetheart's face—and rejoined:

"Oh, Timmie! Ain't it just what you might say *great?*"

"You'd better believe," said Timothy solemnly, "that it is that."

He looked down in her face with a lifting of eyebrows and an honest fatuity of mouth. Liva Vesey knew the look—without ever hav-

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ing met it squarely she could tell when it was there, and she always promptly turned her head, displaying to Timothy's ardent eyes tight coils of beautiful blonde, crinkly hair, a little ear, and a line of white throat with a silver locket chain. At which Timothy now collapsed with the mien of a man who is unwillingly having second thoughts.

"My!" he said.

They drove into the meadow, and when the horse had been loosed and cared for, they found a great cottonwood tree, its leaves shimmering and moving like little banners, and there they spread their lunch. The sunny slope was dotted with other lunches. The look of it all was very gay, partly because the fruit trees were in bloom, and among them wind-mills were whirling like gaunt and acrobatic witches, and partly because it was the season when the women were brave in new hats, very pink and very perishable.

The others observed the two good-humoredly from afar, and once or twice a tittering group of girls, unescorted, passed the cottonwood tree, making elaborate detours to avoid it. At which Liva flushed, pretending not to notice; and Timothy looked wistfully in her face to see if she wished that she had not come with him. However, Timothy never dared look at her long enough to find out anything at all. For the moment that she seemed about to meet his look he always dropped his eyes precipitantly to her little round chin and so to the silver chain and locket. And then he was miserable.

It was strange that a plain, heart-shaped locket, having no initials, could make a man so utterly, extravagantly unhappy. Three months earlier, Liva, back from a visit in the city, had appeared with her locket. Up to that time the only personality in which Timothy had ever indulged was to mention to her that her eyes were the color of his sister's eyes, whose eyes were the color of their mother's eyes and their father's eyes, and of Timothy's own, and "Our eyes match, mine and yours," he had blurted out, crimson. And yet, even on these terms, he had taken the liberty of being wretched because of her. How much more now when he was so infinitely nearer to her? For with the long spring evenings upon them, when he had sat late at the Vesey farm, matters had so far advanced with Timothy that, with his own hand, he had picked a green measuring-worm from Liva's throat. Every time he looked at her throat he thought of that worm with rapture. But also every time he looked at her throat he saw the silver chain and locket. And on circus day, if the oracles seemed auspicious, he meant to find out whose picture was worn in that locket, even though the knowledge made him a banished man.

If only she would ever mention the locket! he thought disconsolately over lunch. If only she would "bring up the subject," then he could find courage. But she never did mention it. And the talk ran now:

"Would you ever, ever think this was the Pump pasture?" from Liva.

"No, you wouldn't, would you? It don't look the same, does it? You'd think you was in a city or somewheres, wouldn't you now? Ain't it differ'nt?"

"Did you count the elephants?"

"I bet I did. Didn't you? Ten, wa'n't it? Did you count the cages? Neither did I. An' they was too many of 'em shut up. I don't know whether it's much of a circus or not—" with gloomy superiority—"they not bein' any calliope, so."

"A good many cute fellows in the band," observed Liva. For Liva would have teased a bit if Timothy would have teased too. But Timothy replied in mere misery:

"You can't tell much about these circus men, Liva. They're apt to be the kind that carouse around. I guess they ain't much to 'em but their swell way."

"Oh, I don't know," said Liva.

Then a silence fell, resembling nothing so much as the breath of hesitation following a *faux pas*, save that this silence was longer, and was terminated by Liva's humming a little snatch of song to symbolize how wholly delightful everything was.

"My!" said Timothy finally. "You wouldn't think this was the Pump pasture at all, it looks so differ'nt."

"That's so," Liva said. "You wouldn't."

It was almost as if the two were inarticulate, as the pasture had been until the strange influences of the day had come to quicken it.

While Liva, with housewifely hands, put away the lunch things in their basket, Timothy nibbled away lengths of grass and hugged his knees and gloomed at the locket. Liva's rose-pink dress was cut distractingly without a collar, and the chain seemed to caress her little throat. Moreover, the locket had a way of hiding beneath a fold of ruffle, as if it were *her* locket and as if Timothy had no share in it.

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"Oh," cried Liva, "*Timmie!* That was the lion roared. Did you hear?"

Timothy nodded darkly, as if there were worse than lions.

"Wasn't it the lion?" she insisted.

Timothy nodded again; he thought it might have been the lion.

"What you so glum about, Timmie?" his sweetheart asked, glancing at him fleetingly.

Timothy flushed to the line of his hair.

"Gosh," he said, "this here pasture looks so differ'nt I can't get over it."

"Yes," said Liva, "it does look differ'nt, don't it?"

Before one o'clock they drifted with the rest toward the animal tent. They went incuriously past the snake show, the Eats-'em-alive show, and the Eastern vaudeville. But hard by the red wagon where tickets were sold Timothy halted spellbound. What he had heard was:

"Types. Types. Right this way AND in this direction for Types. No, Ladies, and no, Gents: Not Tin-types. But Photo-types. Photo*graphs* put up in Tintype style AT Tintype price. Three for a quarter. The fourth of a dozen for the fourth of a dollar. Elegant pictures, elegant finish, refined, up-to-date. Of yourself, Gents, of yourself. Or of any one you see around you. And WHILE you wait."

Timothy said it before he had any idea that he meant to say it:

"Liva," he begged, "come on. You."

When she understood and when Timothy saw the momentary abashment in her eyes, it is certain that he had never loved her more. But the very next moment she was far more adorable.

"Not unless you will, Timmie," she said, "an' trade."

He followed her into the hot little tent as if the waiting chair were a throne of empire. And perhaps it was. For presently Timothy had in his pocket a tiny blurry bit of paper at which he had hardly dared so much as glance, and he had given another blurry bit into her keeping. But that was not all. When she thanked him she had met his eyes. And he thought—oh, no matter what he thought. But it was as if there were established a throne of empire with Timothy lord of his world.

Then they stepped along the green way of the Pump pasture and they entered the animal tent, and Strange Things closed about them. There underfoot lay the green of the meadow, verdant grass and not infrequent moss, plantain and sorrel and clover, all as yet hardly trampled and still sweet with the breath of kine and sheep. And three feet above, foregathered from the Antipodes, crouched and snarled the striped and spotted things of the wild, with teeth and claws quick to kill, and with generations of the jungle in their shifting eyes. The bright wings of unknown birds, the scream of some harsh throat of an alien wood, the monkeys chattering, the soft stamp and padding of the elephants chained in a stately central line along the clover—it was

"GOSH," HE SAID, "THIS HERE PASTURE LOOKS SO DIFFER'NT I CAN'T GET OVER IT."

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certain, one would have said, that these must change the humor of the pasture as the companionship of the grotesque and the vast alters the humor of the mind. That the pasture, indeed, would never be the same, and that its influence would be breathed on all who entered there. Already Liva and Timothy, each with the other's picture in a pocket, moved down that tent of the field in another world. Or had that world begun at the door of the stuffy little phototype tent?

It was the cage of bright-winged birds that held the two. Timothy stood grasping his elbows and looking at that flitting flame and orange. Dare he ask her if she would wear his phototype in her locket—dare he—dare he——

He turned to look at her. Oh, and the rose-pink cambric was so near his elbow! Her face, upturned to the birds, was flushed, her lips were parted, her eyes that matched Timothy's were alight—but there was always in Timothy's eyes a look, a softness, a kind of speech that Liva's could not match. He longed inexpressibly to say to her what was in his heart concerning the locket—the phototype—themselves. And Liva herself was longing to say something about the sheer glory of the hour. So she looked up at his brown Adam's apple, and——

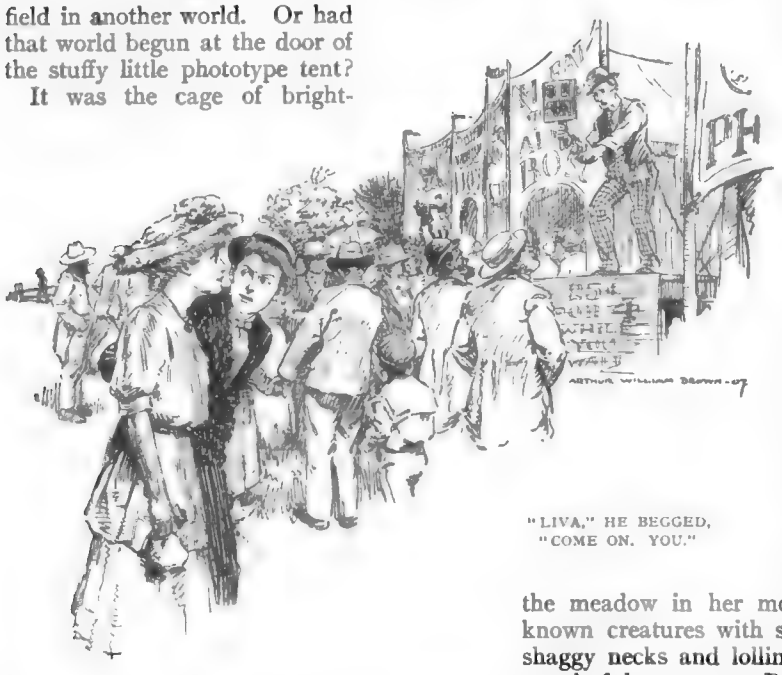
"Think, Timmie," she said, "they're all in the Pump pasture where nothin' but cows an' robins an' orioles ever was before!"

"I know it—I know it!" breathed Timothy fervently. "Don't seem like it could be the same place, does it?"

Liva barely lifted her eyes.

"It makes us seem differ'nt, too," she said, and flushed a little, and turned to hurry on.

"I was thinkin' that too!" he cried ecstatically, overtaking her. But all that Timothy could see was tight coils of blonde, crinkly hair, and a little ear and a line of white throat, with a silver locket chain.



"LIVA," HE BEGGED, "COME ON, YOU."

Down the majestic line of the elephants, towering in the apotheosis of mere bulk to preach ineffectually that spirit is apocryphal and mass alone is potent; past the panthers that sniffed as if they guessed the nearness of the grazing herd in the next pasture; past the cage in which the lioness lay snarling and baring her teeth above her cubs, so pathetically akin to the meadow in her motherhood; past unknown creatures with surprising horns and shaggy necks and lolling tongues—it was a wonderful progress. But it was as if Liva had found something more wonderful than these when, before the tigers' cage, she stepped forward, stooped a little beneath the rope, and stood erect with shining eyes.

"Look!" she said. "Look, Timmie."

She was holding a blue violet.

"In front of the tigers; it was *growing!*"

"Why don't you give it to me?" was Timothy's only answer.

She laid it in his hand, laughing a little at her daring.

"It won't ever be the same," she said. "Tigers have walked over it. My, ain't everything in the pasture differ'nt?"

"Just as differ'nt as differ'nt can be," Timothy admitted.

"Here we are back to the birds again," Liva said, sighing.

Timothy had put the violet into his coat pocket and he stood staring at the orange and flame in the cage. Her phototype and a violet—her phototype and a violet.

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But all he said, not daring to look at her at all, was:

"I can't make it seem like the Pump pasture to save me."

There is something, as they have said of a bugle, "winged and warlike" about a circus—the confusions, the tramplings, the shapes, the keen flavor of the Impending, and above all the sense of the Untoward—which is eternal and which survives glamour as his grave survives a man. Liva and Timothy sat on the top row of seats and felt it all, and believed it to be merely honest mirth. Occasionally Liva turned and peered out through the crack in the canvas where the side met the roof, for the pure joy of feeling herself alien to the long green fields with their grazing herds and their orioles, and at one with the color and music and life within. And she was glad—glad of it all, glad to be there with Timothy. But all she said was:

"Oh, Timmie, I hope it ain't half over yet. Do you s'pose it is? When I look outside it makes me feel as if it was over."

And Timothy, his heart beating, a great hope living in his breast, answered only:

"No, I guess it'll be quite some time yet. It's a nice show. Nice performance for the money, right through. Ain't it?"

When at length it really was over and they left the tent, the wagons from town and countryside and the "depot 'busses" had made such a place of dust and confusion that he took her back to the cottonwood on the slope to wait until he brought the buckboard round. He left her leaning against the tree, the sun burnishing her hair and shining dazzlingly on the smooth silver locket. And when he drove back, and reached down a hand to draw her up to the seat beside him, and saw her for a moment, as she mounted, with all the panorama of the field behind her, he perceived instantly that the locket was gone. Oh, and at that his heart leaped up! What more natural than to dream that she had taken it off to slip his phototype inside and that he had come back too soon? What more natural than to divine the reality of dreams?

"LOOK, TIMMIE! IN FRONT OF THE TIGERS! IT WAS *GROWING!*"

His trembling hope held him silent until they reached the highway. Then he looked at the field—elliptical tent, fluttering pennons, streaming crowds—and he observed as well as he could for the thumping of his heart:

"I kind o' hate to go off an' leave it. Tomorrow when I go to town with the pie-plant, it'll look just like nothin' but a pasture again."

Liva glanced up at him and dropped her eyes.

"I ain't sure," she said.

"What do you mean?" he asked her, wondering.

But Liva shook her head.

"I ain't sure," she said evasively, "but I don't think somehow the Pump pasture'll *ever* be the same again."

Timothy mulled that for a moment. Oh—could she *possibly* mean because——

Yet what he said was:

"Well, the old pasture looks differ'nt enough now all right."

"Yes," assented Liva, "don't it?"

Timothy took supper at the Vesey farm. It was eight o'clock and the elder Veseys had been gone to camp-meeting for an hour when Liva discovered that she had lost her locket.

"Lost your locket!" Timothy repeated. It was the first time, for all his striving, that he had been able to mention the locket in her presence. He had tried, all the way home that afternoon, to call her attention innocently to its absence, but the thing that he hoped held fast his intention. "Why," he cried now, in the crash of that hope, "you had it on when I left you under the cottonwood."

"You sure?" Liva demanded.

"Sure," Timothy said earnestly; "didn't—didn't you have it off while I was gone?" he asked wistfully.

"No," Liva replied blankly; she had not taken it off.

When they had looked in the buckboard

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and had found nothing, Timothy spoke tentatively.

"Tell you what," he said. "We'll light a lantern an' hitch up an' drive back to the Pump pasture an' look."

"Could we?" Liva hesitated.

It was gloriously starlight when the buckboard rattled out on the Plank Road. Timothy, wretched as he was at her concern over the locket, was yet recklessly, magnificently happy in being alone by her side in the warm dusk, and on her ministry. She was silent, and, for almost the first time since he had known her, Timothy was silent too—as if he were giving his inarticulateness honest expression instead of forcing it continually to antics of speech.

From the top of the hill they looked down on the Pump pasture. It lay there, silent and dark, but no longer expressionless; for instantly their imagination quickened it with all the music and color and life of the afternoon. Just as Timothy's silence was now of the pattern of dreams.

He tied the horse, and together they entered the field by the great open place where the fence had not yet been replaced. The turf was still soft and yielding, in spite of all the treading feet. The pasture was girdled by trees—locusts and box-alders outlined dimly upon the sky, nest-places for orioles; and here and there a great oak or a cottonwood made a mysterious figure on the stars. One would have said that underfoot would certainly be violets. A far light pricked out an answer to their lantern, and a nearer firefly joined the signaling.

"I keep thinkin' the way it looked here this afternoon," said Liva once.

"That's funny. So do I," he cried.

"IT'S A NICE SHOW, NICE PERFORMANCE FOR THE MONEY, RIGHT THROUGH, AIN'T IT?"

Under the cottonwood on the slope, its leaves stirring like little banners, Timothy flashed his light first on tufted grass, then on red-tasseled sorrel, then—lying there as simply as if it belonged there—on Liva's silver locket. She caught it from him with a little cry.

"Oh," she said, "I'm so glad. Oh, thank you ever so much, Timmie."

He faced her for a moment.

"Why are you so almighty glad?" he burst out.

"Why, it's the first locket I ever had!" she cried in surprise. "So of course I'm glad. Oh, Timmie—thank you!"

"You're welcome, I'm sure," he returned stiffly.

She gave a little skipping step beside him.

"Timmie," she said, "let's circle round a little ways an' come by where the big tent was. I want to see how it'll seem."

His ill-humor was gone in a moment.

"That's what we *will* do!" he cried joyously.

He walked beside her, his lantern swinging a little rug of brightness about their feet. So they passed the site of the big red ticket wagon, of the Eastern vaudeville, of the phototype tent; so they traversed the length where had stretched the great elliptical tent that had prisoned for them color and music and life, as in a cup. And so at last they stepped along that green way of the pasture where underfoot lay the grass and the not infrequent moss and clover, not yet wholly trampled to dust. And this was where there had been assembled bright-winged birds of orange and flame and creatures of the wild from the Antipodes, and where Strange Things had closed them round.

Surely the influence of what the pasture

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had seen must have been breathed on all who entered there that night. Something of the immemorial freedom of bright birds in alien woods, of the ancestral kinship of the wild. For that tranquil meadow, long haunted of Jerseys and Guernseys and orioles, expressionless as the hills, dependable as a nurse, had that day known strange breath, strange tramplings, cries and trumpetings, music and color and life and the beating of wild hearts—and was it not certain that these must change the humor of the place as the coming of the grotesque and the vast alters the humor of the mind? The field bore the semblance of a place exquisitely of the country and, here in the dark, it was inarticulate once more. But something was stirring there, something that swept away what had always been as a wind sweeps, something that caught up the heart of the boy as ancestral voices stir in the blood.

Timothy cast down his lantern and gathered Liva Vesey in his arms. Her cheek lay against his shoulder and he lifted her face and kissed her, three times or four, with all the love that he bore her.

"Liva," he said, "all the time—every day—I've meant this. Did you mean it, too?"

She struggled a little from him, but when he would have let her go she stood still in his arms. And then he would have her words and "Did you?" he begged again. He could not hear what she said without bending close—close, and it was the sweeter for that.

"Oh, Timmie," she answered, "I don't know. I don't know if I *did*. But I do—now."

Timothy's courage came upon him like a mantle.

"An' be my wife?" he asked.

"An' be . . ." Liva assented, and the words faltered away. But they were not greatly missed.

Timothy looked away over the pasture and over the world. And lo, it was suddenly as if, with these, he were become articulate, and they were all three saying something together.

When they turned, there was the lantern glimmering alight on the trodden turf. And in its little circle of brightness they saw something colored and soft. It was a gay feather, and Timothy took it curiously in his hand.

"See, it's from one of the circus birds," he said.

"No!" Liva cried. "It's an oriole feather. One of the pasture orioles, Timmie!"

"So it is," he assented, and without knowing why, he was glad that it was so. He folded it away with the violet Liva had gathered that afternoon. After all the strangeness, what he treasured most had belonged to the pasture all the time.

"Liva!" he begged. "Will you wear the picture—my picture—in that locket?"

"Oh," she said, "Timmie, I'm so sorry. The locket's one I bought cheap in the city, an' it don't open."

She wondered why that seemed to make him love her more. She wondered a little, too, when on the edge of the pasture Timothy stood still, looking back.

"Liva!" he said, "don't the Pump pasture seem differ'nt? Don't it seem like another place?"

"Yes," Liva said, "it don't seem the same."

"Liva!" Timothy said again, "it ain't the pasture that's so differ'nt. It's *us*."

She laughed a little—softly, and very near his coat sleeve.

"I 'most knew that this afternoon," she answered.

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The Autobiography of a Climber

A Record of One Woman's Sordid Fight for Social Recognition

IF you but care enough for any one thing to make your whole life subservient to that thing, you are bound to succeed.

My own ambition, the one to which I have made all else subservient, was social prominence. Whether it was an ambition worth the indefatigable labor, constant self-control, and bitter hours of mortification it has entailed, this paper is not intended to discuss. My object is merely to state as briefly and as truthfully as possible (since there is no danger of my identity being made known) how from being the daughter of a Western storekeeper I have become what is known as a "social leader" in New York and Newport.

It has taken me very nearly twelve years, from the day I first realized that there was a social ladder, to the day when my foot ascended the top rung.

I was brought up in a manufacturing city of the West. My father, from whom I inherited my energy and determination, had always lamented his own lack of education. I remember almost word for word a conversation we had at the time he sent me East to a "finishing" school.

"The work of my life," he said to me, "has been to amass a fortune. When I was your age I was selling collar-buttons and shoestrings. Of schooling I've had mighty little. My study was to find out the need of the great American public; what it wants and how much it is willing to pay for it, and then to be the first Johnny-on-the-spot to deliver the goods. Now you, my girl, don't need money—I can supply that—but I want to see you cultured; I want to see you carry my success one generation further!"

My mother was a humble-minded woman; a good housekeeper—houseworker she would have been by preference—but father wanted her to be a lady. Wearing a silk dress on week-days, and not doing any housework oneself, in their eyes constituted a lady. My poor parents!

Reading in the New York papers that the daughters of a prominent Eastern man, whom my father knew by reputation, were to be sent to a certain well-known school in that city, my father succeeded, through the influence of a railroad president, whom he knew personally, in securing my admittance there also. Father himself ordered the clothes I was to take with me. Those clothes, in which both he and I took such pride!—they come before me even now like the phantasms of a fever. It seems scarcely possible that I and that hideously overdressed young person who arrived at Miss ——'s school twelve years ago can be the same person.

At first I understood nothing of the veiled derision that my schoolmates displayed toward me. I had heard of the stiff manners of the East, and thought that every stranger must have the same experience. But my father's acuteness was not given me for nothing, and I soon realized that there must be some reason why all of the girls I should have liked drew away from me, quite callous to my hurt feelings. There were other girls who seemed willing to be friends with me, but my instinct told me that these were not desirable ones.

I gradually realized that out of the entire school there were three girls whom I most wanted to know. This was the first step: to learn how to choose the right people. The next was to analyze these people with two objects in view: first, to find the cause of their success; second, to sum up my own assets.

These three girls were necessary to me, for they each had one all-powerful factor that I lacked—birth. They would inherit social position exactly as I would inherit a bank-account, but what was theirs by right could be mine by nothing more than sheer persistence of imitation. I tried to see in what ways I differed from them, and, where it was possible, to overcome that difference. I noticed every detail not only of their clothes, but of

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their manner and personality: the way they walked, the way they stood up and sat down. And then, having locked myself in my room, I would study myself in the glass to see wherein my appearance differed from theirs. I metamorphosed my wardrobe, put away most of my jewelry, did my hair differently. I read aloud, laboriously copying their pronunciation and, above all, the inflection of their voices. Singing lessons, which I took for this reason alone, helped me very much.

In the mean time, as I would not go with any other than this particular "set," I spent most of the year alone, but by the Easter term a strategy won for me the friendship of two of my trio.

The first was very pretty, but, strange to say, most vain about her intelligence, which was nil. By asking, and apparently taking, her opinion upon all sorts of obvious questions, I made her my friend. The vulnerable point of the second was benevolence (although precious little she showed me during the first six months of that year). However, to her I told the pathetic story of my life; making her feel that she, who had several hundred years of forefathers behind her, had it in her power to be the fairy godmother of her less fortunate sister.

The third, and most desirable one, was gracious, sweet-tempered, and polite; in fact she had been so, as far as outward appearances went, from the beginning. But in this very seeming lack of resistance, in the fact that there was apparently no obstacle for me to overcome, lay her invincibility. Although I was with her constantly and there was nothing in her manner that I could take exception to, I was conscious that I had never been able to penetrate a reserve whose very illusiveness made it unassailable. I don't think she disliked me—if she had I should have had a better chance—she was perfectly, amiably indifferent.

At the close of school my reward came in the form of two invitations—one to visit the philanthropic girl at her home on the Hudson, and the other to stop with the pretty girl, in Lenox. During the first visit I met no one outside the immediate family of my friend, which consisted of father, mother, and a lot of younger children. I thought quizzically of all the patronage I was submitting to; but I swallowed my chagrin and wrote enthusiastic letters to my father—the name of the estate on the top of the note paper being a certain grim consolation. From this house I went directly to Lenox. Here, again, I did not meet many people; but enough to implant still more firmly in me my one absorbing ambition. And here one thing happened which so elated me that I saw my future as a perfectly straight path. I was not the only guest. My friend had a cousin, a girl who had been "out" for a year or two, and whose very name, as I heard it the night of my arrival, filled me with rapture. It may have been the awe with which I looked upon her, or it may have been that I attracted her; at all events we got on beautifully. At the end of a few days she was calling me by my first name, and at the close of my visit she asked me to spend the first ten days of August with her in Newport! I was so overcome with delight that I could hardly keep my features straight or my voice moderate as I accepted the invitation.

When I left these two Eastern houses, the only ones of their type I had ever been in, I went back West. The crudeness of my own home struck me with chilling repulsion. Instead of gladness, the sensation I had was akin to disgust. My mother and sister noticed no change in me. But my father looked at me with keen scrutiny.

"It seems like the East had tamed you a bit," he said. "They didn't 'down you,' did they?"

"It was the kind of taming," I answered, "that took more grit on my part than the taming of broncos—but no, I don't think they 'downed me,' father."

He looked pleased but still quizzical.

"My idea is that women, like store windows, need an A1 dresser; you go to-morrow and get yourself an outfit—never mind the cost, get the best in the market!"

"Poor father," I laughed, "wait until you get the bill for these! From the top of my head to the soles of my feet I have on the best that the leading houses of Paris can make." He looked woeful, but his confidence was greater than his disappointment. Our ideas were perhaps not the same, but we understood each other, he and I.

I suggested going to Narragansett, and he instantly approved. To father Narragansett stood for all that was fashionable. I knew better, but I thought that this was about as near Newport as it was safe to begin. My mother and sister would pass unnoticed there, and my father was a clever American man; and a clever American man can hold his own anywhere. By the time my family was

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installed in the best hotel at Narragansett, the long-awaited hour for my visit had come and I crossed the bay to Newport!

When I arrived I was met by Mrs. T., the grandmother of my friend (whom I shall call Mary). The first words I heard were a shock: Mary had gone off on a yachting party, and I was to spend the day and evening with the grandmother, alone. To spend my time tête-à-tête with a deaf old lady of seventy was a pretty doleful beginning, although I did find no small degree of satisfaction in driving up Bellevue Avenue in her victoria, and seeing every person of note bow to Mrs. T., many of them turning to look at me sitting beside her. In my mind I pictured myself on the box seat of a coach such an one that went gaily past us; I saw myself nodding to these women and they to me. The drive that day held enchanting possibilities that warmed my heart even through the chill of my disappointment.

About half past nine Mary returned. She greeted me genially but without a sign of apology; talked for half an hour about the amusing time she had had. I listened eagerly, however, as all she was telling me seemed a prologue to the gaiety I was to share with her.

The next morning I had my breakfast; walked on the cliffs; returned to the library and read for an hour while Mary still slept. At last I was sent for to go to her room. She was dressing as rapidly as possible, for, as she explained, she was already due at another house from which she was to start on a motor trip. I was slowly grasping the fact that she was going off for another day's excursion, and without any idea of *taking me!* when she brought my position as her guest into focus with a snap, by saying: "It is awfully nice to have you here, and you must feel that you are perfectly independent, and can do exactly as you please. I have asked for an invitation for you to Mrs. Blank's tea, and I can take you to the ball my aunt, Mrs. G., is to give. But I don't know Mrs. Smith well enough to ask for an invitation to her dance." She then rattled off a string of names and engagements, and added that if I knew any of these people well to tell her, and she would let them know that I was with her. Then she gathered up her gloves and veil, and rushed off.

At the time it was inexplicable to me. In the West, if I had a friend stopping with me, every invitation would have included her. Not so in Newport—if you are a stranger! To visit people at Newport is much like stopping in a hotel. If the guest is well known she makes her own engagements and goes everywhere—with her hostess (when both are invited) or alone if her hostess is not asked. But if she is a stranger—unless she is a great beauty, a titled foreigner, or some one who is in some way a person sought after—she stays in the house by herself.

Nothing could exceed the hurt, the bitter, humiliating disappointment of this visit. The greater part of it I spent alone, marooned in the center of gaiety. In the mornings I sometimes went down to the beach. Two or three men were introduced to me by Mary, but in each case I was also told, in a commiserating *sotto voce*, that the man presented was a "bore." Those who were "attractive" disappeared at once with Mary and the girls who were known as "dears." The few times I went with Mary were all alike. We arrived in the carriage together, and then she would say, "I must speak to Mrs. Somebody a moment," or some one would call her to come to them. In either case she left me alone for the greater part of the time. She swam wonderfully well, and if she went in bathing invariably had a "date" with some man to swim out far with him, while I, who had never been to the seashore and therefore could not swim, was left standing in the surf. There was no use in my waiting for her after the bath, as she went off with other people who were to lunch at the same house as she. When they were not going to a lunch at some villa, they were getting into a yacht's launch, and going for a sail, often with music on board and an informal dance. Or they were going off on a picnic, where servants had been sent ahead to set a table at some place in the woods or along the shore. But always there was that air of hurry and excitement; chattering and laughing I saw them disperse, until there was no one left but the man who kept the bath-houses, a stray cat who lived in the place, and I. I felt like trying to laugh and chatter to the cat, but even a sense of humor was not sufficient to allay the hurt.

In the afternoons Mary sometimes came home at three or after, but invariably she brought some man with her, and they would disappear together. Once in a great while Mary drove with me, but then her attention was more occupied with those we passed than with me.

Their calling out, reminding each other

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of engagements they had together, kept up a continual irritation in my heart, much as though I were constantly flicked with a whip. Mary took me to an afternoon tea. It was one such as you might see anywhere save for the setting. The house in which it was given surpassed in magnificence anything that I had ever seen. My hostess shook hands with me with a charming manner, but the next arriving guest took her attention, and when she again observed me, it was with the impersonal regard of a complete stranger. Mary introduced several people to me, but every one had that same preoccupied look, and after a few remarks, they gradually moved away. In the dining-room, the lady who was pouring tea asked me if I would take some, and how I liked it. After this had been dispensed to me, our relations came to a decided stop.

The ball at Mrs. G.'s was my one glimpse of society life from the inside. Mrs. G. was Mary's aunt and I was therefore sent an invitation. The thick white oblong envelope with the engraved card on the inside filled me with an awe no less great than a nameless dread. The night of the ball found me in a state of nervousness — almost the greatest that I have ever felt. But as I dressed at half past ten o'clock, my costume gave me new courage. At least, I thought, I should be the best dressed girl there. My gown had cost $500, and my father had given $30,000 for the single string of pearls I had around my throat. We reached Mrs. G.'s house and went up in an electric elevator, made like a basket of French gilt, to the dressing-rooms on the second floor. And there to my astonishment I saw dresses like mine on every side, although not on the girls; I was the only very elaborately dressed unmarried woman in the room. But my pearls were nowhere! I saw string after string as fine as my own even on other young girls, and many of the married women had pearls of such splendor that a single one of theirs was equal in value to my entire string. After leaving our wraps we walked down a great marble staircase to the ballroom on the floor below. Mrs. G. and her daughter stood within the entrance. Mrs. G. shook hands with us, and repeated my name as a sort of minor echo of the footman's announcement.

The persons entering after me followed like succeeding waves breaking on a beach, and I found myself standing awkwardly in a most wonderful ballroom, with lights, flowers, music, smiling and beautiful faces on all sides; and I—I stood rooted to the spot, horribly self-conscious, my heart thumping in my throat. Near me was a solid mass of young men, staring, not with interest, nor even speculation, but stolidly, as though I were part of the decoration of the room at least, or an object of derision at most. It was an attitude in accord with the treatment I had received from the girls at school when I first arrived.

I was still standing as though rooted to the spot, when to my relief Mary joined me. She introduced the man she was with, and walked with me over to a seat along the side of the wall. We sat down, Mary in the middle, and she tried evidently to make the man include me in their conversation, but he was entirely occupied with Mary, and after a few minutes she danced with him. I sat alone against the wall. No one spoke to me. After what seemed an age Mary returned. She was really very sweet to me that evening and introduced many of the men who came up to speak to her, but not one took any notice of me. Mary came back to me from time to time—but not a single man out of the number she introduced asked me to dance. Most mortifying of all, I overheard one of these youths say to her, "—sorry, but I am no exploiter of the awkward squad!" He laughed brutally, and I could see Mary try to make him hush. I knew he meant me.

When the march sounded, which meant "supper," Mary presented a sallow-looking individual with a blond Vandyke beard—a beard that you felt to be a youthful achievement and success in hiding a receding chin. He was the first person who had looked at me —the first and only person who I felt had *asked* to be introduced to me. When he asked me to go to supper with him, I tried not to show—my gratitude. Nearly every one sat in selected groups—one couple went first and held a table, and then the people who were asked to sit with them joined them. My partner and I had to try four or five tables before we found one at which no party had been made up. Ours was a nondescript collection of ill-assorted couples—but I had a partner, there was a man talking to me, I was at least not an outcast for the entire evening, and my spirits revived.

I was not particularly impressed with the man, as a man, but he was very evidently a member of Newport society, and from his conversation I was led to believe that he was of

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great social prominence. At last luck seemed coming my way. I could feel even then that he was really interested in me, and so I talked to him in a way to make him tell me as much about himself as possible. His name was one that I had often heard—that is, his family name. I asked if his mother and sister were at the ball. He answered that his sister was not yet "out" and that his mother very seldom went to balls. He talked a great deal about people, evidently knew all about every one—although he seemed to have very little use for the ones whose names seemed to me the most important. He was so taken up with me that he scarcely spoke to any one else.

As we left the supper-room we came face to face with a well-known society beauty; she bowed to my companion, but the frigidity of her salutation was almost the same as a cut. But as soon as we had passed her, he allayed my alarm by saying—"I used to be very devoted to her—she is jealous of you!" (I don't know what I was thinking of, but the caddishness of that remark did not strike me at the time.)

Gradually, as my companion talked to me, there dawned a new possibility—here was a man who evidently belonged to this world. If the newspapers (even though they may often be unreliable) ever spoke the truth at all, this man's family was a prominent one. For months I had read about their lunches of "thirty covers," their "musicals," and his mother's "reception days," and in my imagination I also saw the son of the house at my feet. It was a possibility. Why not? All I needed was a bridge upon which I might cross the gulf that divided my unknown self from those celebrities dwelling in the center of this world of fashion, and here perhaps——! When he asked me if he might come to see me, I said that I was leaving the next day for Narragansett. Whereupon he told me that Narragansett should henceforth be the objective point for his daily excursions.

On the drive home Mary and I said very little; there was a curious barrier between us. Her very attempts to be kind to me made the constraint worse. She knew, as no one else could know, what an absolute failure I had been. Even during that ride I realized that our relations in future would always be strained. I felt that she had looked deep into my heart, and in spite of my assumed indifference, had discovered my one absorbing ambition. On her side she could not but have regretted the impulse that had resulted in her being drawn into the vortex of my failure. When she had first met me in her aunt's house in Lenox, I had seemed in her own environment; but when she found me marooned in the center of her world in Newport, she realized I was not of that world, and I was a source of mortification.

I was certainly upset over this Newport visit, and it took some time for me to feel less acutely hurt. Narragansett was an infinitely more comfortable place for me, and without this overwhelming social ambition of mine I might have had a really enjoyable summer. The people at Narragansett were cordial, and the men of the place flocked around me. My costumes were the talk of the day, and at the dances at the Casino I had no lack of partners. But the people I wanted to dance with were dancing with Mary across the bay.

My Vandyke blond, however, was true to his promise and came over from Newport constantly. From the first he fell in love with me, and although I can't say that I was in love with him, still his being from Newport, and his well-exploited name, gave me a great sense of satisfaction—more than that, a chance for avenging my hurt pride. As the wife of such a man I would simply take the position which was mine then by right—and Newport, which had been so cruel to the unknown Western girl, would be at the feet of the rich wife of one of her own gilded youths!

In addition to the fact of his position, he had the merit of being distinctly amiable—the sort of man whose wife could have complete control of him, a man of "gentle breed" in every way. In short, after a brief courtship—I married him.

We sailed at once for Europe. My honeymoon has nothing to do with this narrative, further than one bitter awakening. From all that he told me I was forced to put two and two together, and the result was the unpleasant realization that the marriage which I had counted on as a secure stairway leading to the very summit of the upper ten, was instead a broken-down, overstrained structure leading merely to the general outlying districts, and that any position in the center of that coveted territory would have to be made by myself. Even I, outsider though I might be, could see that my husband lacked all appreciation of his actual position. The fact that his mother had a visiting list of three thousand filled him with the same degree of satisfaction that it filled me with dismay.

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When we returned from Europe I discovered my fears to be only too well founded. Notwithstanding my bitter disappointment, however, I was determined to look pleased and happy. Upon no account, in the first place, would I let people suspect the chagrin I felt, and in the second place, a happy expression is a good asset. But the situation was disheartening. I had deliberately married for position and found myself with less than before. As a very rich girl I should have made a brilliant match, but through my own bad judgment I had become the obscure wife of an unmitigated bore, and there was nothing to do but to face it cheerfully. I searched through my mother-in-law's circle of friends for any that might be of possible use. Among them were a few whose positions were fairly good. That is, they were asked to the general functions (not the small affairs) at the exclusive houses. I followed the same method with them that I had with the three girls at school. I was sympathetic on the subjects of their particular interests, and through them I gradually met those of their friends whom I wanted to meet. They in turn introduced me to others.

This method is not as easy as it sounds. It takes no little skill and an infinite patience. New York is so large that even those people on whom I knew I had made a good impression drifted out of my sight until time had wiped my personality entirely out of their memories. To go and see them and to send them invitations would have been a fatal thing to do. Anything that can be called "pushing," anything that looks like an effort to "get in," is so fatal that a woman who gets such a reputation might as well pack up her French clothes and go back West: she is beyond the pale—and *forever*.

Of course I made mistakes; it is impossible not to do so. A Mr. and Mrs. Z., who live at Tuxedo and whom I thought very desirable acquaintances, asked us out for over Sunday. The fact of their being members of the club and having a very handsome place, seemed sufficient guaranty of their desirability. I had met two Tuxedo women, Mrs. O. and Mrs. B., whose names were well known, and I thought that going out to stop with one of the colony would help cement the favorable impression that I knew I had made on Mrs. O., and would improve my slight acquaintance with Mrs. B.

On the piazza of the club-house, where we were to meet our hostess, I saw Mrs. B. She came forward most cordially, asking, in that tone which puts one at once on the same level as the person speaking: "Have you come out to stay with Jane?" (Jane was the name of a total stranger to me—but I knew whom she meant.) I said "No," with some misgiving, but I quickly added the name of my hostess, with an eager hopefulness that as quickly turned to chagrin. If a mask had suddenly appeared over her face, the woman could not have changed more completely. "Ah, indeed?" Her voice had that icy sweetness of tone that makes the person against whom it is used feel as though she were suddenly floating off to the outermost edge of the earth. With a perfunctory motion of the lips intended to represent a smile, she turned her back on me abruptly and greeted some one else, a woman of our party bowed gushingly to her, and she returned it with a frigid sweetness whose inattention was little short of an insult.

The next day at the tennis-court I sat directly beside Mrs. O., whom I had hoped to see. But Mrs. B.'s aloofness at the mention of my hostess had prepared me, so that I was not surprised to have Mrs. O. bow to me in a way which showed only too plainly that she chose to forget our previous meeting. An experience like that hurts, even though one have a fairly thick skin, and that is the sort of thing that every climber constantly meets. Some perhaps grow callous to it. I never did.

Of course this visit showed me that Mr. and Mrs. Z. had no social position; therefore I could not afford to know them. One of their friends had been particularly cordial to us. We had dined with her and had also gone out on her coach. As this was the same woman who had been snubbed by Mrs. B., I knew she was one to "forget." I saw her at Sherry's a few nights later, and as she came toward me with outstretched hand, I deliberately turned around and walked the other way. When I saw her again, she allowed me to cut her, without approaching me. I must say that this sort of thing always gives me a brutal feeling that I have never grown used to. To get rid of Mrs. Z., whom we had visited, was not so easy. I could not pretend to forget her. Anybody might hear that we had been stopping with her, and then if they should see me snub her, it would stamp "climber" all over *me*. The only way to put an end to that acquaintance was a tedious process of icy smiles and monosyllabic replies. I never asked her to my house and never, never did I enter hers again. To-day we do not even bow.

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For six years I went along slowly, inch by inch. I never lost the opportunity of meeting some one nor of accepting an invitation that might be of advantage to me, and (it may be contemptible, but as this is to be the truth, I have to admit it) I never hesitated to drop decisively any one whose acquaintance threatened to be a disadvantage to me.

We went abroad always once, sometimes twice, a year, but I met few people on the steamers. During a voyage fashionable people are as shy of making acquaintances as the proverbial bird is of being sprinkled with salt. But on one occasion a fellow member on a charitable board became sufficiently well disposed to join us on a motor trip through France—although she "forgot" to ask us to a dinner of 200 covers the following winter.

However, yachts, motors, a swimming-pool and racquet court, a box at the opera, and the best chef procurable, with every detail of the establishment perfectly carried out, filled our house with some of the smartest men, and gradually a few women. Each year, as a gardener weeds his garden, I threw out the less desirable groups as their places were taken by those of a higher grade. Four babies born during these six years gave me an excellent excuse for not being seen at various balls, and gave an effect of charming domesticity that added very materially to the rôle of serene contentment that I had assumed from the beginning.

A season of deep mourning for my father —perhaps the only real suffering I have ever known outside of chagrin—made the dividing line, as it were, between the period of striving and the period of success. At the end of my mourning I decided that the time had come when I might safely take the citadel by storm. The report that a gigantic fortune had been left me gave an excuse for my sudden change of tactics. Yet even nine years of ceaseless effort had not placed me in a position where I could send out invitations for a function with any feeling of security about the list of acceptances. I had gained my position half-way up the ladder with too much care and mortification to slip down a single rung. So the rush to the top was carefully planned. I decided to find a "decoy"; to use a person of unquestioned position as a means of securing mine.

And now my story goes back to the three girls with whom I went to school. The one who never liked me very much had become the most exclusive hostess in Newport. She was perfectly cordial whenever I met her, but she had never asked me to her house and she had never accepted an invitation to mine. I knew she would be glad to some day! And then, you think, I would shut the door in her face? If I followed my inclination I probably should—but if I followed my inclination I should have done very few of the things I have done, and I should not be writing the story of my success to-day. No! one of the distinct goals I had set myself was to be on an intimate footing with this very girl; and nine years later I could not but admire my own judgment and foresight as I realized that this intimacy would mean neither more nor less than my own complete victory.

The second girl, the philanthropic one, had thrown society to the winds; had married a college professor, and had not put her foot outside of the college town for nine years. The third one, whose name was Kate, I chose for my decoy. She too had married, and her social position was beyond question. But she had, I imagine, more bills than income. At first when I asked her to spend the summer with us at Newport, she demurred, but after half an hour's talk she was quite as keen to come as I was to have her.

The summer campaign was carried out as I had planned. I had the best chef in Newport, and I kept "open house." We got up a fair for the hospital, and I turned my house and grounds into the most bewitching playground imaginable. Kate was apparently chief mover in the project; in other words, she was supposed to have suggested the fair to me, and I to have complied out of sheer amiability. She got the people interested in it; she asked the girls who sold in the booths, she got one or two of the men who were original and popular to take part. By her presence she *assured* my success in all the things I gave that summer. By this time I had myself gained sufficient headway to have made a partial success had I been alone, but those who might have demurred at taking part in my fair, or coming to my parties, were influenced by her participation in them.

Kate, who knew nearly every one, was an inveterate chatterbox. I had only to tell her as a "profound secret" exactly what I wanted the world to think, and she spread it broadcast. Through her, every one learned that I

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was a simple, unambitious woman who, if I had merely my own inclination to consult, would never venture outside the nursery door. In the mean time my cotillon favors were the handsomest ever given, my dinners were the best, my concerts were given by stars of the first magnitude; but most important of all, I had no one but ultra smart people. My rooms might have been empty (at times their emptiness chilled me to the point of torpor), but there was no danger that those who came to my house would see any one there who even bordered on the outer edge of their own visiting-list. It would have been infinitely harder for a person whose standing was questionable to get into my drawing-room than it would have been for them to penetrate the drawing-room of many for whose sake I barred them out.

Kate used my house exactly as though it were her own; asked as many people as she chose, to do anything she pleased, with one stipulation: that I was to be in every case included. By the end of the summer people came to see me quite as much as to see her. And such is the fleeting memory of Newport's fashionables that they forgot that it had ever been Kate whom in the beginning they had come to see. All of her intimate friends I could also call mine, and the general world treated me, if anything, with more consideration than it did her. Every one in Newport came to my house, not only to the fair, which was half public, but to my dinners —every one, that is, except the two women I most wanted.

The following winter I held my place, but there were still a few New York houses to which I was not asked. Twice I left town; once ostensibly on a "business trip West," once South, "for my child's health"—but the true reason was to avoid the mortification —more than that, the "setback"—that my absence from two balls would have caused. Being away from town, no one could tell whether I had been asked or not, and my next invitations need not suffer any refusals on that account. The following summer (at other people's houses) I lost heavily and continuously at "bridge" to one of these two women, which broke down the barrier of her threshold for me. The other was my old schoolmate, who was the very last to accept me. This she did not merely because my parties were the nicest and most amusing given, but from her honest conviction that I was at heart a domestic woman, whose only reason for wanting to go about was for the sake of my children. This, my final triumph, was achieved two years ago, and last week I was godmother to her youngest child. From this time on, the social question is merely that of staying where I am. The day of having to avoid an acquaintance is past, because I have none left that it is necessary for me to avoid.

Did I take my sister with me, does some one ask? Certainly not. It was all I could do to take my husband and myself. My mother and sister live in the West and have changed very little from the women I left twelve years ago. Once in a while they spend a few days with me, but it would be impossible to ask my friends to meet them. In the eyes of the world my family consists merely of my husband and children.

Often, as I dance cotillons and my aims are hung with baubles, I think of that dance at Newport twelve long years ago. Sometimes I would like to make some of those same people, who were cruel to me and who have been cruel for years, suffer as they made me. But there is something stronger than my hurt pride, and that is my present satisfaction at being considered one of them.

And when I think of that evening, I think (with very mixed feelings) of my husband. How mistaken I was, when I thought that through him I should be given what I have with difficulty earned. In another way though, I was right. He has adored me, thwarted me in nothing, and done everything that I have wanted of him—within the limits of his ability. Not a very great amount, that, but no matter! He has his uses. He stands for eminent respectability, and helps out the picture of domesticity.

To sum it up: The word "climber" is not attractive, and the work of climbing is, I assure you, less so. It was a long and desperately dreary pull, calling on all my powers of patience, self-control, and brain, and all of this without one single person in whom I could confide—except my father. To-day among the women I know best there is not one who, even reading this story of my life, would recognize me in it.

There may be other and better ways of climbing the social ladder; I can tell only of my own. Having gained the summit, my reward is merely that of having my name whispered as I pass; of knowing that, to the climbers along the lower rungs of that same ladder, I seem to wear a crown.

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ALLA NAZIMOVA IN "THE MASTER BUILDER."

THE PLAYERS

SLOWLY it is dawning upon us that David Warfield is not only our most successful actor but also our greatest actor; that his success has its cause and basis not so much in his power to inspire a sentiment amounting almost to personal affection even in those who see him only once, as in the considered recognition of him as a master player and a master artist.

On the stage especially is that word artist sadly twisted and perverted out of its real meaning; it is made to cover more sins than charity. But David Warfield is an artist in the fine and true sense of the term. For he possesses a sixth sense, a rare perceptive faculty that gives him insight into the heart of things; a vivid and sympathetic imagination that enables him to understand them and to give them living reality; and an ability to translate what he sees and feels into the language that you and I can understand, realizing to us the beauty and the strength that our lesser vision, unaided, sees not at all. And the combination of these qualities, it seems to me, constitutes the hall-mark of the artist.

Even such a triumph as that which Warfield gained in "The Music Master" is small compared with the acclaim given him as "*Wes*" *Bigelow* in "A Grand Army Man." And truly it seems impossible to exaggerate his praise, for he is so much finer than anything that can be said about him. In the old days, when he was a Hebrew dialect comedian with Weber and Fields, there used to be much conversation about "from the heart oudt." I always think of that phrase when Warfield is on the stage: he is so frank, so honest, so spontaneous. It sounds sentimental, doesn't it? There is no escape from it. He grips you, no matter how hard you may try to resist him. He makes you laugh with him; and he makes you do his crying for him.

The great reputation and popularity of Warfield rest upon three characters that have dominated plays of pretty poor quality, measured by any intellectual standard. I don't believe that any other actor could have made them succeed; by the sheer power of his genius Warfield has given them the semblance of greatness. But this must be said of them: he had in each a character that gave him opportunity to vitalize the play with sentiment—homely, honest, sincere sentiment, "from the heart oudt."

And he had, to aid his art, David Belasco's bewildering ingenuity, his sure knowledge of the tricks that will produce the effects he wants, his daring exaggerations of the

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non-essential commonplace, his expert juggling with sentiment and sentimentality. If his magic is no more genuine than that of the sleight-of-hand performer, it is far abler; for people are so deeply impressed by the result that they never stop to speculate as to how it has been accomplished.

"A Grand Army Man" was written by Pauline Phelps and Marion Short. It was "tried on the dog" and failed. Belasco and Warfield saw its possibilities, and Belasco made it over, staging it with that wealth of detail, that delicately adjusted movement, that contrast of light and shade which make his productions so different from others. And Warfield does the rest.

Photograph by White, New York.

E. H. SOTHERN AS *RODEON RASKOLIKNOFF* IN "THE FOOL HATH SAID IN HIS HEART, 'THERE IS NO GOD.'"

In plot "A Grand Army Man" is a simple story of homely people in a little Indiana town, eighteen or twenty years after the close of the Civil War—a community in which the Grand Army of the Republic post is the dominant social and political factor. *Wesley Bigelow*, village stage-driver and post-commander, has adopted the son of his old sweetheart, who had died shortly after the death of her husband in the war. The lad, whom *Bigelow* idolizes, speculates with $1,000 that belongs to the G. A. R. post and that has been entrusted to him to place in a bank. The theft is discovered, and the boy is sent to prison by a judge whose daughter is the sweetheart of the young criminal.

The "big scene" is that in which *"Wes" Bigelow* discovers that *Robert* has speculated with the money belonging to the Grand Army post. Humiliation, outraged love, bitter disappointment reach a climax in furious anger. The old man picks up a horsewhip, but he strikes only one blow; then his affection reasserts itself. Confident that *Robert* did not mean to steal, he declares his intention to stand by the lad. The dry sobs in Warfield's voice, the intense feeling that he seems to suppress, make this a scene of poignancy and power. It seems absolutely real. Warfield's restraint is perhaps the most remarkable thing about it. He has lines with which another actor would make the gallery rise in applause. But Warfield speaks them, not as an orator would, but just as a man in *"Wes" Bigelow's* situation would speak them.

With the ordinary production and with the average company, I am inclined to think that Broadway would laugh at "A Grand Army Man," for it is chock-full of pathos. But, besides Warfield, there are other remarkably fine players in the cast. Next to him, William Elliott, as *Robert*, the adopted son, stands out because he handles with really remarkable skill a rôle that presents extraordinary difficulties. And there are also such players as Reuben Fax and Marie Bates, together with actors who were plainly chosen because they met certain physical requirements. Belasco is very strong on local color.

How far Warfield will go depends upon himself. Despite his gray hair, he is only forty-one. His first connection with the theatre was as an usher; presently he drifted on to

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Photograph by Byron, New York.

BERTHA KALICH AND HENRY KOLKER IN THE TITLE RÔLES OF "SAPPHO AND PHAON."

the stage, playing a comic Hebrew character—the real Hebrew, not the common stage burlesque. Indeed, he has almost driven the burlesque from the boards; nowadays the actors who essay Hebrew character rôles copy Warfield. For years—in the Casino shows, with Weber and Fields—he was permitted to play nothing else. And when David Belasco announced that he was going to star Warfield, most people laughed. This shrewd manager, who emphasizes the fact that he works only for art's sake, and who makes this policy pay better than the baldest commercialism of the money-seekers, put Warfield forth in "The Auctioneer," in which he continued to play a Hebrew character. Then came "The Music Master," which Warfield could have played to the end of his days, as Joseph Jefferson played "Rip Van Winkle." In "A Grand Army Man" he departs from dialect, unless the vernacular of an Indiana town can be called dialect. He speaks it as if he had been familiar with it from infancy, and he seems as truly a product of the Indiana soil as his *Herr von Barwig* seemed a product of Germany. Warfield presents the finest illustration of pure realism in acting that I have ever seen; not the realism that gains its effects merely through keen observation and spectacular exaggeration, but the realism that is based on artistic perception.

ANNA LAUGHLIN IN "THE TOP O' THE WORLD."

A Greek tragedy in blank verse written by a modern American and played by an actress who won her first fame as a Yiddish star is rather a startling combination. But nowadays there are so many objectively wonderful things—four-day steamships, commercial buildings that make the Tower of Babylon seem like a village church spire, Vice-President Fairbanks declaring that he is not a candidate—oh! ever so many astonishing

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Photograph by C. M. Brooks, New York.

CLEO SWENINGER IN "THE RED MILL."

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things!—that such an intellectual marvel as the association of Harrison Grey Fiske with "Sappho and Phaon" and Bertha Kalich excites little wonder, and was regarded on its merits as an evening's entertainment. Of course, however, it is not an absolute novelty to present the work of a modern who writes in the classic poetic form. Stephen Phillips paved the way with "Ulysses" and "Paola and Francesca," while Percy Mackaye, the author of "Sappho and Phaon," had his "Joan of Arc" produced by Sothern and Marlowe last season.

Photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

OLIVE WYNDHAM IN "THE MAN FROM HOME."

One is told that "Sappho and Phaon" sustains itself in the library, that it is a fine poem, with noble dignity, illumined with beautiful imagery expressed in splendid English—that it is, in fact, a real contribution to literature. But on the stage it was tiresome, to speak frankly. Only the second act is really dramatic, and the difficulty in understanding any of the players except Fred Eric, a young legitimate actor trained in Miss Marlowe's company, who was really at home in poetic drama, destroyed any chance of interesting the audience. Strangely enough, Madame Kalich was far less intelligible than she was as *Monna Vanna*, although she has succeeded in conquering her accent; and her performance of the Greek character did not compare with that of the Italian. Both she and Henry Kolker, who played *Phaon*, ranted in the most astonishing fashion. But the production was so fine that, if the play and the acting had equaled it, "Sappho and Phaon" must have scored instead of disappearing from Broadway after a single week.

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Photograph by Hall, New York.

KYRLE BELLEW AS *RICHARD VOYSIN* AND MARGARET ILLINGTON AS *MARIE-LOUISE* IN "THE THIEF."

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Charles Klein, elevated to the pinnacle of success by "The Lion and the Mouse" and "The Music Master," came a painful cropper with "The Stepsister," one of the most dismal failures of the season. The fact that it had a like fate with "The Daughters of Men," which went by the board last season, has induced unkind persons to say that Belasco and Warfield made "The Music Master" and that "The Lion and the Mouse" was an accident, which doesn't seem quite fair.

The dialogue of "The Stepsister" is extremely clever. Also the play was admirably staged and splendidly acted. Its chief drawback was that the characters are only old-time stage puppets placed in a modern environment. There isn't a human being among them. The unconscionably meek, goody-goody sister and the very wicked one have been used in scores of old-time plays and stories, all of them harking back to Cinderella. The part of the villain, played by Ralph Delmore, reminded one in turn of black-hearted *Dennis McShane*, who drives his helpless tenantry to unsheltered starvation, and of *Simon Legree*. There was, besides, the familiar figure of a humble old man, of a type that no one has ever seen anywhere except on the stage, and, with a singularly fatuous lack of humor, this impossible character was supposed to be

Photograph by White, New York.

HENRIETTA CROSMAN AS *CHRISTIAN* AND TYRONE POWER AS *APOLLYON* IN "THE CHRISTIAN PILGRIM."

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of Wall Street! Not only was the play lacking in characterization, but it had no situations of any particular interest, and such players as Bruce McRae, Frederick De Belleville, C. Leslie Allen, the father of Viola Allen—who made the humble old father seem almost real—Crystal Herne, Grace Filkins, and Mathilde Cottrelly—these all together could not save it.

"The Silver Girl" is another illustration of conventional stage types in a modern environment. In this the majority of the characters are Westerners, the most exaggerated, impossible Westerners, who are placed in New York for three acts and then transported back home. We are becoming a trifle sophisticated about the Westerners. We may not be sure what the real people are like, but we are certain that these stage presentments are pretty poor imitations, and they are growing tiresome.

Edward Peple evidently sought to introduce into this play the delicate sentiment that made his earlier drama, "The Prince Chap," so charming and so successful. But he did not accomplish his purpose. The play doesn't hold one's interest, chiefly because one doesn't care much for the characters. Especially are the women tiresome and dull, save for one character, the governess; and I suspect it was because Lillian Albertson played the part so well that *Agnes Hunter* appeared much more genuine than anybody else in the cast. "The Silver Girl"—it is the name of a mine and not of a person—has one situation at the end of the third act that would go far toward saving the play if it had any backbone. The villain not only gets possession of *Jefferson Hunter's* mine, but is in the act of running off with his wife when *Jefferson* intercepts the elopers. He forces the villain to a duel, giving him a revolver and saying that they are to fire when the clock strikes the half-hour. Now that is tense drama, and it grips. When the clock strikes, the villain fires, while *Hunter*, with his revolver still at his side, exclaims with infinite reproach: "Man, why didn't you shoot straight!"

George Nash, and George Fawcett, fresh from the great performance of the ward leader in "The Man of the Hour," played that big scene with moving skill. But beyond that, neither of them, with all their finished acting ability, could do anything with the rôles.

It has been a sad season thus far for those who have earned the right to be called successful dramatists. Never before have there been so many failures in quick succession. It is a long list: Augustus Thomas's "The Ranger," Henry Arthur Jones's "The Evangelist," Edwin Milton Royle's "The Struggle Everlasting," Martha Morton's "The Movers," Grace Livingston Furniss's "The Man on the Case," Edward Peple's "The Silver Girl," and Charles Klein's "The Stepsister." And it can be said of each one of these failures that it did not deserve success.

Never has a stage offering in this country been so acclaimed in advance as "The Merry Widow," the Viennese comic opera which has been epidemic in Europe for two years and whose vogue is sweeping rapidly around the world. The astonishing thing is that it is worthy of the extravagant praise bestowed upon it. Curiously enough, most of the talk has been about the music and especially about the waltz number of the second act. Here is real comic opera, with music that commands the approval of those with educated taste and at the same time delights those who merely have an ear for melody. There are only two numbers that linger in one's memory, but the better of these, the famed waltz, is one of the most alluring, sensuously beautiful, and altogether delightful numbers ever written.

Certain wise musical high-brows have asserted that, though the music of "The Merry Widow" is beautiful, and marks the revival of the almost lost art of comic opera, other comic operas of the old days had music quite as good. This is no doubt true, but I am certain that, since the beginning of musical plays, there has never been one with such a book as "The Merry Widow." It would make a brilliant comedy if there were no music, for it is a marvel of construction and reveals a story that is absorbingly interesting, a story that has climax after climax, each growing stronger. Altogether, it is the best musical play that I have ever seen.

Manager Savage gave the opera a beautiful production, with a cast composed of people who of late have been chiefly identified with failures. Ethel Jackson, who has tried many prima-donna rôles with small success, made a really big hit in the title part. Donald Brian, whom one recalled with some difficulty as the juvenile in "Little Johnny Jones," swept into instant popularity as *Prince Danilo*. He sings acceptably, dances with exquisite grace, and acts admirably. He has a very charming personality and a deal of humor. These, with R. E. Graham and

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William C. Weedon, Mr. Savage's reliable wooden tenor, are the only people in the cast that I remember ever having seen before. I doubt if a company with so small a salary list ever appeared in so important a production on Broadway. And they all scored. Perhaps they were not wholly to blame for failure in former musical plays. They may exemplify the old saw that is paraphrased in "The Merry Widow" thus: "Perhaps she is more kissed against than kissing." There is no end of brilliant lines in this opera, and the lyrics, which, like the dialogue, were rewritten in London, are exquisite.

After two seasons' struggle to mold a vehicle into a form that would appeal to the public, Lew Fields has produced a musical comedy that has made the "Great White Way" sit up and take a great deal of notice. Originally manufactured in London, it was made over for New York by Edgar Smith, and the result is a lively, merry evening of nonsense, in which Lew Fields has the best opportunity ever afforded him. And he makes the most of it. The success of "The Girl Behind the Counter" cannot be attributed to the music—for there isn't a real song-hit in the show—but rather to its capacity for making people laugh. It is one of those highly sophisticated and satirical entertainments that appeal particularly to those who depend wholly upon objective amusement, the class whose leisure is passed in theatres, restaurants, and automobiles. It is chock-full of witty lines and amusing situations. Indeed, it shows more skill than any show of its kind that has been seen in years. There is a shrieking bit of absurdity, which also has the merit of point, where Fields presides over a soda-water fountain, and after vainly endeavoring, by means of matching colors, to identify the flavors demanded, insists that the customers take what he thinks they should have. And the unction with which he delivers certain lines is delightful. As, for instance, when there is a remark about the whereabouts of his wife's first husband, and the comedian remarks:

"Wherever he is, he has the laugh on me."

Again, in an excruciatingly funny restaurant scene, in which his companion demands everything on the bill of fare, while across the aisle another young woman protests against the prodigality of her escort's order, saying that a sandwich is all she wants, Fields replies to a query as to where this other couple came from:

"I don't know where *he* came from, but *she* is from heaven."

"The Great White Way" simply doubles up with laughter over these lines. And there is a scene in which Fields is called upon to act as head-waiter in his own house during a fête, that is overwhelmingly absurd.

For pure tomfoolery, abandoned absurdity, and joyous silliness, there has been nothing in a long time to equal "The Top o' the World." It is a sort of combination of "The Wizard of Oz" and "Babes in Toyland," and though it is not so good as either, nevertheless it has distinct merits. The chief comedians, Fred Bailey, *Jack in the Box*, and Ralph Austin, *The Candy Kid*, came out of vaudeville to make a hit second only to that scored by Montgomery and Stone, while Arthur Hill, who was *The Cowardly Lion* in "The Wizard of Oz," makes *The Friendly Bear* a particularly clever absurdity. Anna Laughlin, also famous in "The Wizard of Oz," plays *Kokomo*, an Eskimo belle, charmingly, while George W. Monroe makes the hit of his life as *Aurora Borealis* in songs, especially "My Seagoing Hack," and in a monologue. Kathleen Clifford, who acts with naive naturalness, and dances charmingly, was a revelation. For in "The Social Whirl" she was rather inadequate, which probably indicates only that she lacked the proper opportunity.

The success of "The Top o' the World" shows how judgment of theatricals may err, and how little dependent upon costumes and scenery is anything really good. In "The Top o' the World" both of these accessories are so shabby, so far below the Broadway standard, that they are a joke. J. M. Allison, formerly a Cincinnati newspaper man, who represents the Cox interests in the Shubert theatres, had the show put together. Mark Swan wrote the book, James O'Dea the lyrics, Manuel Klein and Anna Caldwell the music, while another man made the production and two others arranged the dances. Second-hand scenery and abandoned costumes from the New York Hippodrome were provided. When Lee Shubert saw the dress rehearsal, he was so ashamed of the show that he refused to permit the Shubert name to appear in connection with it. In fact, he was so disgusted that he sold a half of his two-thirds interest to Allison for a song, and counted it a good stroke of business. The day after the opening in New York, "The Top o' the World" was worth a considerable fortune.

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A P O S T L E

By PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

Author of "Bruvver Jim's Baby," "The Ultimate Passion," etc.

Illustrations by Denman Fink

THEY stood upon the slope of a mountain on the far, unpeopled border of Nevada, where man had come to break the wilderness and hew away the forest for his needs. At their feet a stream of water gushed and eddied through a fissure in the granite. Behind them towered adamantine walls on which the ages of the world had graven their mighty annals. The noon sun blazed straight down upon them, on him in his rude, rough manhood, on her in her strong young womanhood. He was dressed in the red shirt, coarse trousers, and cowhide boots of a lumberman; the girl, who had been bathing at the stream, wore a skirt that reached only half-way down to her ankles and a blouse that had no sleeves, showing her splendid, firm young arms. Carew had halted a yard or more from where she stood, and love as naked as the very rocks was blazing in his eyes.

Millie was blushing redly. She was beautiful, in a wild, brown way, singularly befitting this environment. She was at once sturdy and supple; firm of flesh, but with a skin as smooth as velvet. Resolution and softness played together in her eyes; her mouth was tender yet determined. At this moment both pleasure and alarm stirred her pulses. She was flattered by the bold admiration she had steadily excited in this powerful man; she was frightened by the passion so openly confessed in Carew's rude courting. Her heart had never leaped so wildly, her blood had never coursed so madly, as with this mingled ecstasy and fear. Her nature was responding to the love that she could positively feel, while her judgment made her shrink in hesitation.

While they still remained there motionless, a child came running toward them from up the creek—one of Millie's small motherless sisters. She halted abruptly at sight of Carew, evidently frightened.

The man had been startled by her unexpected coming. That and his impatience with any interruption at such a moment prompted him to roughness.

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"Git out of here!" he said with the truculent manner that was characteristic of him.

The child gave one scream of terror and ran. The man laughed and was laughing still, in a sort of brutish good-nature, when he turned and seized Millie by the wrist.

But all the girl's mothering instinct, all her woman's anger at brutality had risen to resist the man's power now exercised upon her. She was panting, and the gleam in her eyes held some hint of a tigress nature roused.

"Let go," she said, after a long minute, in which their eyes had warred silently. "Let go, John Carew—you've got to go to work."

His tongue was thick when he spoke. "You've got to marry me, savvy? You've got to be my wife."

"I won't!" she answered, snatching her wrist from his grasp. "I said I wouldn't once before, and now I never will!"

He stood looking at her in baffled helplessness despite his rude strength and his passion. She was repulsing him with some subtle psychological force, where mere physical strength would have been of no avail.

"What's the matter with me, then?" he demanded hoarsely. "Ain't I good enough for you?"

"I'd just as soon marry a grizzly," replied the girl. "You scare the children. That's all I've got to say."

"YOU'VE GOT TO MARRY ME, SAVVY?"

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HE FOUGHT HIS FELLOW WORKMEN IN THE HATRED THAT HE HAD FOR ALL HIS KIND.

He looked at her in anger for a moment, his rough features hardening. Some extraordinary revulsion of feeling had suddenly attacked him.

"Oh, go to hell!" he said abruptly; and splashing across the stream that was formed by the spring, he crashed his way through the alders, climbed the rough hillside that rose beyond, and came at length to the forest and the scene of his toil. It was neither the heart of the wild nor yet the edge of civilization where Carew was at work; it was the ragged frontier of man's exploration and commercialism. A few miles away were thinly scattered farms, but near at hand a timid deer might still have found sanctuary, or a panther have made its haunt, even while the trees were disappearing.

Carew was alone. He swung his ax in a sullen mood of savagery and felled his tree, then moved to his next task, unimpressed by the majesty of the forest he invaded. The sun was setting as he delivered the finishing stroke upon the quivering base of his final tree. Some movement in a heap of rock at the foot of which the toppling pine would fall caught his indifferent attention. He looked more sharply and beheld a dog, a female collie, exceptionally fine and strong, half crouching by the rock. She looked upward in quick comprehension at the broken tree, then leaped toward a cave in the ledge of shattered granite and disappeared from sight.

The pine-tree, meantime, was moving majestically on its downward course. It inclined for a second in stately deliberation; then abruptly gained in speed. The crackling of fibers unsevered by the cut broke sharply on the silence of the forest. The pine's great branches, like giant arms vainly catching in panic at anything and everything, were flung upon the near-by trees, only to break in crash and wrack; then with a mighty rush of air, and with sounds of rending and cataclysm, the tree plunged full length upon the slope and stabbed its broken limb-ends in the earth.

It had all occurred in the briefest time. Carew heard the dog give one sharp bark. He saw her dragging something from the granite cave—a puppy, that must have been lying asleep in the shelter of the rocks. She had caught it up by the scruff of the neck, and, just as the tree crashed downward on the place, she flung her youngling from her, down the slope, and was instantly killed where she stood.

The forest silence succeeded immediately and again became profound. The tree had

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shivered and was still. Carew remained staring where tragedy had stalked across his vision. He presently shouldered his ax, and walking along the prostrate tree-trunk toward the ledge of rock, discovered and recognized the mother-creature, dead beneath the pine. The collie had been known for miles around as Frank Mathew's "Queen," the finest sheep-dog in the range, and the mother of a half-coyote whelp with which she had suddenly disappeared on the death of her master.

Still in sullen mood, Carew was more than half indifferent to the fate of either the mother-dog or the youngling she had saved. He glanced down the hill to where the pup had struck and rolled in safety, and saw that the half-wild little animal was up and watching him alertly.

Young as he was, the pup bore the double insignia of his parentage. His wolfish extraction was advertised upon him unmistakably, in the sharpened ears, the delicate nose, and the grayness of much of his coat. Nevertheless it was his mother that had bequeathed him the snow-white collar at his throat, the soft eyes, his breadth of skull, and the silken tan that would one day beautify his body and feather the muscles of his legs.

For a second the woodchopper entertained a thought of taking the pup as a present to Millie Ross at Ross's ranch. He spoke in a momentary forgetfulness of his anger at her.

"Come here!" he said gruffly; "come here!"

The pup made no movement to obey. Carew had recalled his impulse almost as he spoke. He turned away, as he had from Millie, and repeated the same objurgation.

"Go to hell!" he said.

He stepped off the tree-trunk and strode along the hillside till he came to a trail, into which he turned and descended. He was unaware that the pup, after hesitating for a moment, had climbed the slope, taken one terrified sniff at what he found beneath the fallen tree, then retreated and followed him away. When they arrived at the lumbermen's camp, where Carew lived with ten more workers of his kind, the man went at once inside the shack to eat his dinner, and the pup remained outside in the cover of a growth of willows to await the developments of fate.

Carew's arrival among the men occasioned no comment. All his fellow laborers were engrossed in eating and talking. Carew attacked the food with the same half animal gust that the others were displaying; but a loathing for them all, and even for the mountain, the work, and everything faintly suggestive of his dreams of Millie Ross, possessed his angered mind.

When at length he arose he was done with the place forever. He spoke to no one, but went at once to the bunk-house, rolled his belongings in his blankets, closed the door behind him and struck off on the trail that wound its way down the mountain and so out to the world beyond. And the pup, from his retreat in the willows, saw the man going, and followed where he went.

They came to the Ross ranch and passed it in the beauty of the dusk. Carew vouchsafed not so much as a glance toward the house. On the porch stood Millie. She saw the man; she recognized that strong, straight figure. An instinct told her he was going far. A cry arose from her heart—a cry to summon him back to her side; but she made no sound, and he disappeared down the road that scored the mountain.

A mile below he halted at a stream to drink, and the pup came fearlessly out of the shadows and leaped upon his leg in friendliness, giving himself wholly to his chosen master.

Carew had started at the pup's unexpected appearance. He struck the dog a harmless blow that swept him from his feet.

"Go home!" he said. "Git out of here!"

The pup retreated to the underbrush, rebuffed but undiscouraged. The man went on. Once more the little half-coyote dog fell behind and clung upon his master's trail. There was something in Carew that he liked.

It was not until morning dawned that the man saw the pup again. They had walked all night, Carew with a fierce desire to be alone, the homeless dog intent upon companionship. When Carew discovered the persistent young creature at his heels once more, he and the pup stood a little way apart in the road, and eyed each other comprehensively, each according to his kind.

"Followed, did you?" growled the man at last. "Well, you won't git nothing out of me!"

The pup growled some answer equally blunt. He ran between the man's great boots unexpectedly, and nearly tripped him in the dust. The man cursed and threw a stone, which the pup adroitly dodged. Then, as before, the whelp took up his place behind Carew and trotted in his tracks.

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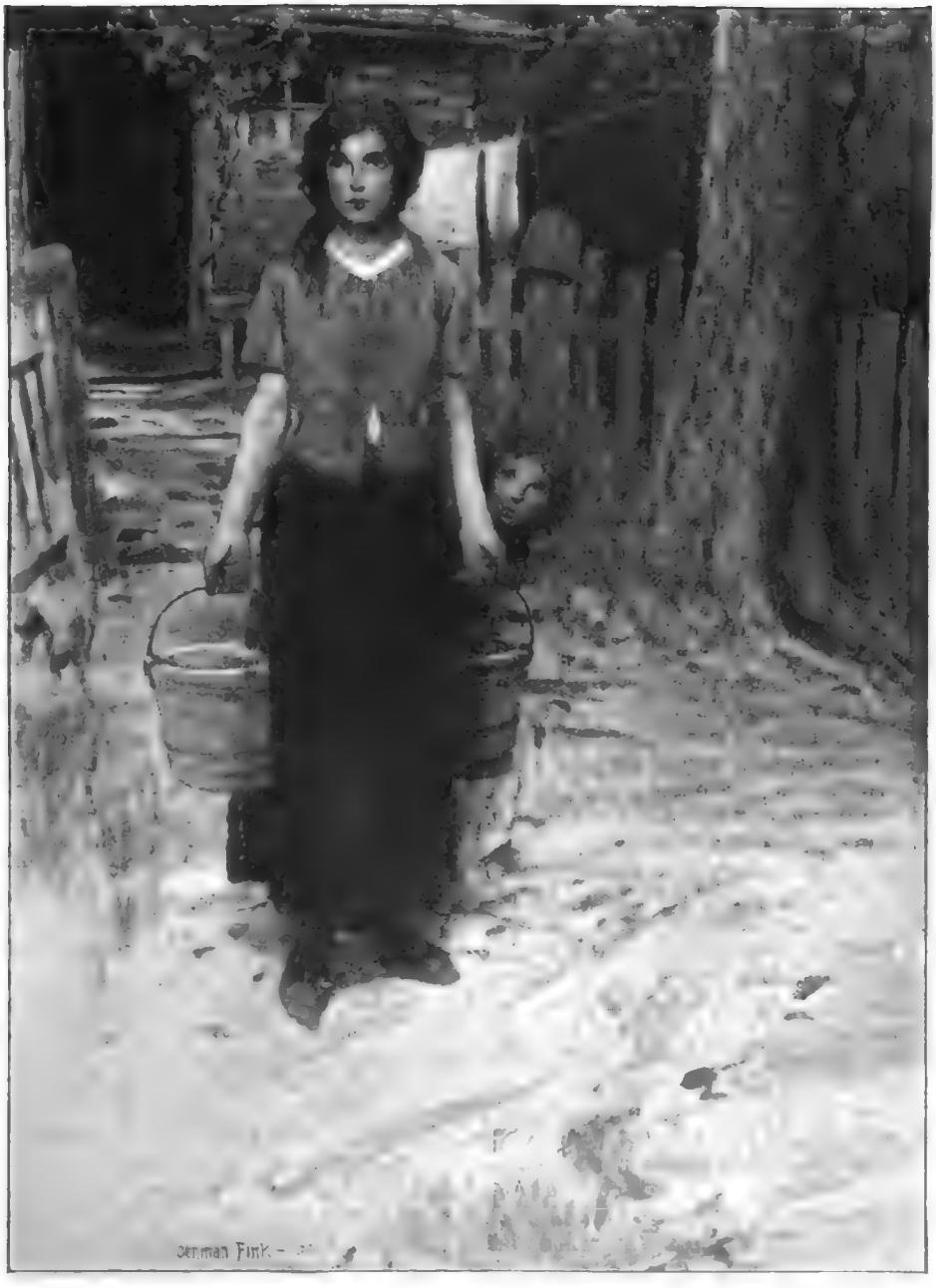

MILLIE STILL REMAINED MOTIONLESS, HOLDING HER PAILS.

At last the two came to the isolated river-side town of Millville, where the logs from the mountains were reduced to lumber. The man drank a pint of volcanic whisky at one of the many saloons, proceeded to the office of the company, demanded a job in the yard, and was promptly set to work at piling timbers. He and his dog began that day to be the terrors of the place.

II

Love that may tame a savage brute has equal power to brutalize the tamest nature.

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Carew had never been gentle, and his one experience with the mighty passion had filled his veins with rancor and with poison.

At Millville his moroseness increased. He drank; he gambled; he fought his fellow workmen in the hatred that he had for all his kind. He bore no affection for the growing pup that continued to make him his companion, but nevertheless took a certain fierce delight in teaching the half-wild animal the ways of brutish sport. He taught him to fight as a wolf would fight, cunningly, viciously, terribly. He taught him tricks of clever torment to best the wild horses and the cattle that were frequently brought to the town. He taught him silence, since he hated dogs that barked. He taught him to rove in the sage-brush to seek wild creatures for his food.

The dog had no name; Carew called him anything that sprang to his tongue. But he wakened sagacities that few tame dogs possess; and the pup, exceptionally gifted through his parentage, loved the man thoroughly, in a way half wild, half doggishly tender and yearning.

The summer and autumn went by, and the dog had grown to splendid size and beauty. His wolfish extraction was marked upon him no less strongly than before, but the collie strain had given him qualities of courage that no wild coyote or wolf in the world could ever attain.

Meantime his master had thrashed every fightable fellow being in the place, and despised them all because they could not give him a beating. He was discharged by the company; he could get no work; so with his dog he struck off alone to a mining claim in the mountains.

In the spring they returned to Millville by the river. The awakening season had stirred the wine in Carew's big, throbbing veins, and he longed for companionship. But the Millville men proved hateful to him, for none was glad to see him come, and work was denied him in the place. So, in fresh disgust, Carew and his dog again turned their faces toward the mountains and left the town behind.

The two came presently to a ranch. In a small corral the rancher, his wife, a noisy dog, and a lout of a boy were being utterly defeated by a vicious horse that kicked and bit and tried to stamp upon them with the fury of a demon. Carew approached the fence and paused to watch their vain attempts to drive the diabolical bronco through the open door of a shed. While he stood there the horse suddenly whirled about and kicked the dog a blow that broke its leg. The boy caught it up, as it yelped in pain, and carried it away.

"Look at that!" cried the farmer wrathfully. "He'll kill us all before he'll move! I've a notion to shoot him on the spot!"

"I'll put him inside of your shed in less than ten minutes," said Carew.

The rancher gave him a sharp, quick scrutiny. "Let's see you do it," was his answer.

Carew spoke to his dog. "Git in there and drive him in his hole."

The big eager fellow at his heels had been quietly whining for the chance. He ran to the gate, leaped over it with ease, and trotted toward the fiendish horse. There was no barking. The dog paused, and the bronco, with a snort of defiance, came edging toward him with a sidling, backward maneuver, treacherous and cunning.

The dog was calm but tremendously alert. He presently made a quick lunge forward and nipped the horse's right hind hock with his sharp teeth. Instantly the bronco let out the hoof like a catapult. The dog adroitly dodged and nipped the second foot, even harder than he had the first. Like a flash the bronco kicked with this outraged member, and again the dog avoided the blow and sprang upon the quivering right hoof, just for the second that it touched the ground, nipped it and dodged, to dive and nip the left, till the horse was in a frenzy of rage and kicked madly with both his hind feet together, only to have one nipped as before the moment it landed on the earth. Biting, dodging, nipping again, pouncing swiftly and surely, first upon one leg, then on the other, the dog worked like the shuttle of a loom, while the helpless bronco, baffled and tortured beyond endurance, kicked out in rage, and then in pain, and finally in panic that made him sweat and quiver. At intervals he tried, unsuccessfully, to bite his tormenter, or to whirl and stamp upon him, but presently he was moving forward, step by step, to escape those horribly persistent nips that came so certainly, so quickly, and so sharply on his heels. For nearly ten minutes the half-coyote animal continued his relentless tactics, never making a sound. Then, wrenched by the violence of kicking with all his might in the empty air, the bronco at last neighed in surrender and ran inside the shed.

The dog went quietly to a trough full of

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water, lapped up a drink, then leaped the gate and walked to the side of his master. The rancher had closed the door of the shed. He addressed Carew shortly.

"Your dog's got savvy," he said. "Will you take the job of herding my sheep?"

Carew had no money and no employment. He hated the thought of living with his fellow men; he hated everything.

"Yes," he said, "I'll tackle the job. But the dog may kill 'em all."

The rancher gave him another of those incisive scrutinies. He said: "I'll take the chances."

That afternoon Carew and his dog relieved a youth with three young collies, and took in charge a band of sheep three thousand in number, with countless wobbly lambs.

The work was new to the half-coyote animal, that was thoroughly puzzled by the change. At his first investigative charge among the sheep, he had seen that they neither feared nor fought him, but accepted his presence in a stupid sort of trust and calm that left him ashamed and bewildered. They were too utterly helpless for his slaying, and his master had not bade him harass them. All that long afternoon he and the man merely followed where the feeding creatures led.

That evening Carew selected a site for his camp, across the range.

"Drive the gang of fool critters over yonder," he said in his rough way. "You needn't hurt the senseless lumps, but bite 'em on the heels."

The dog obeyed, at first with savage enjoyment, then with evident wondering at these strange creatures, that could not be moved from place to place by a fighting attack, and that yet accepted his guidance so meekly. Apparently their dependency shamed his big, fair nature, and he began to use gentler methods in piloting the drove. And when he saw by John Carew's face that his methods were approved, his deep, soft eyes showed his pleasure.

And as he worked, in some manner inscrutable a miracle was wrought upon the dog, that heretofore had matched his master, deed for deed, in ways of heedless savagery. Suddenly, out of the thousands of years of usefulness, faithfulness, and affection lived by his canine ancestors, came his heritage upon him. The wolf in his nature subsided; in its place welled up the tenderness, the patience and the sense of guardianship bequeathed him by his collie mother. He had ceased to be an irresponsible, fighting whelp; he had attained the doghood of his kind.

It was a swift and wonderful transformation from the half-wolf brute to the perfect shepherd. All the tricks he had learned now served new purposes. To drive the sheep he gently nipped them on the heels—and they moved with alacrity, precisely where he wished them to go. He could smell out a natural enemy from afar; and he knew the way to perform a sortie and to frighten a prowler out of every thought of slaughter.

Meantime John Carew had begun to hate the stupid sheep. The man would have laughed to see his dog destroy a dozen helpless lambs. When he noted the change that had taken place in the dog's demeanor, he jeered at his comrade contemptuously. At this the dog was half ashamed of his softening nature, and a struggle waged within him. Moreover, there were wild temptations that his keen mind comprehended. Coyotes, his father's wolfish brethren and next of kin, howled blood-tales in the night—fierce tales of the hunt and the joy of killing and feasting on the sheep. Memories of night-hunts and rabbit-kills thronged upon him. His kinship with the wild, even through the veins of his mother herself, laid hold upon his nature. But his hesitation was short-lived. The temptations had come too late, for something far more potent was upon him; the fates had played, and now he was become a shepherd.

Afterward came another long, bitter struggle; and this time the issue was between his love for his master and his love for the duty that the man had laid upon him. It culminated on the night when a lynx killed a ewe and crippled a lamb before the dog could come to the rescue. Carew missed his dog in the morning. He found him at last by the crippled lamb, near which he had detained the flock of sheep. The man promptly ordered a march, and drew his revolver to put the lamb out of its misery where it lay. The dog instantly sprang upon his hand, and, nipping the big fist warningly, growled in the passion of his guardianship.

Carew struck him heavily and leveled his pistol again, only to have the dog repeat the performance, with increasing rage. The man understood. Though he swore, he felt an involuntary emotion of admiration for the dog. He replaced the gun in his pocket. The dog bounded upon him in gladness.

"Well—come on then and leave the critter here to die!" said the master.

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Instead, the dog leaped back and forth from the man to the stricken lamb.

"No, sir, I won't pack no dirty sheep, not for you nor nobody else!" declared Carew. "You come on, right now, and leave the lamb, or I'll go away and leave you here—and you needn't never come to me again!"

The dog understood perfectly. He lay down by his helpless charge. He looked at the man whom, for some reason deep in canine mystery, he loved, and his eyes were luminous with affection and sorrow.

"Huh!" said Carew. "Take your choice, if that's what it's come to!" He started off at once, walking along the side of the hill, over the ridge of which he soon lost sight of the dog. He thought he should presently hear a muffled, eager whine, and see the dog bounding by his side. But he found himself striding on alone—more alone than he had ever been in all his lonely life. At his camp he made ready to move, for he had suddenly determined to abandon the sheep—and their shepherd. He stopped to wonder where he could go—where he would care to go—whom he would care to see. A sickening sense of isolation swept over him. Stubbornly he started for the mountains in the west. He walked for half an hour; then he halted.

"God Almighty, let up on me," he said aloud. "I'm a lonely man."

Turning about, utterly defeated, he went all the way back to where his dog still remained to guard the wounded lamb.

"Damn you, I'll pack the critter if you want me to," he said. And, to the dog's boundless joy, he took the helpless little bundle of wool in his unaccustomed arms.

In the long summer month that followed, a deeper understanding grew between the shepherds of the flock. Day by day the tenderness, and the patience, that the dog had developed for the sheep were communicated subtly to the man. Carew was ashamed to be less human than the half-wolf animal.

They came one evening to a tiny farm in a poor little half watered valley completely surrounded by the mountains. It was twenty miles from the nearest town and ten from the nearest neighbor, on a road along which no one passed for weeks at a time. Carew felt something that was ecstasy and pain together, at coming thus upon a human habitation. He and his dog left the sheep on one of the sage-brush slopes and approached the place together.

There was no one about when they came to the gate, until presently a thin-faced, poorly clad child—a little girl—appeared from around a corner of the house and stood there looking at them shyly.

"Kids!" said Carew. "No kids for me!"

He was turning about to leave when from down by a spring behind him came a sound. He wheeled and found himself confronting a pale and weary-looking young woman who was carrying two large pails filled with water. It was Millie Ross.

For a moment they stared at each other in the silence of surprise. Then the half-frightened child came running out of the gate and clutched the young woman's dress as if for protection. Millie continued to look at the visitor in girlish candor. He seemed very big and strong and capable.

"How are you, Mr. Carew?" she said at last. "Did you come to see— Did you know the other children are sick? They've got the fever."

She still held her heavy pails of water and gazed upon the man smilelessly. As he looked at her, Carew quenched the tentative gentleness that had risen in him.

"No, I didn't know you was here," he said. "I see the kid's still afraid of me."

"She's been sick," said Millie.

She did not add that her three little sisters, motherless before, had been made fatherless also by the cloudburst in the spring, after the family had moved to this isolated spot; and Carew asked no questions.

"We ain't agoin' to bother you, don't fear," he said in his gruff, blunt way; and he started toward the hillside and his sheep.

Millie still remained motionless, holding her pails. Her eyes alone moved. They followed the man appealingly. When he did not so much as turn to cast a single backward glance, she looked at his dog, that had lingered in the road.

He had lingered because the lonely little girl at Millie's side was coming toward him. He approached a step to meet the child, then laid himself down in the dust at her feet, his great soft eyes uplifted to her pale little face. She was not afraid, but knelt and threw her arms about his neck. Such a caress had never been bestowed upon the animal before, and his great eyes shone with tenderness.

Carew, who had missed his dog, now finally wheeled.

"Here, boy," he called, "come on!"

The dog arose slowly and obeyed. But he had learned to love more than helpless lambs.

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When Carew awoke in the morning he found no companion by his side. The memory of that dawn when his dog had deserted him to remain beside a crippled lamb was fresh in his thoughts, and he guessed that the heart-hungry animal was down at the farmhouse where lived a woman with three helpless children.

Hardly an hour later, as he sat beneath a cliff near the sheep, the dog came running toward him from the direction of the farm. As the man looked up, the dog gave a sharp, quick bark. He barked so rarely that Carew was certain some vital business was on foot.

"The sheep?" he demanded. "Well—what? There's nothing wrong?"

Instead of running toward the feeding sheep, by way of answer the dog trotted briskly down the slope toward Millie's farm. He went thus a little way only, then returned, wagging his tail in the doggish eloquence of urging. Carew regarded him shrewdly as the dog at length paused before him, softly whining.

"So," said the man with his bear-like gruffness, "you've been down there, have you, alone? Left the sheep—and me?"

The dog bounded about him and renewed his tactics of running back and forth. His master understood him thoroughly.

"Huh!" he said. "Want me to hoof it down there and pack her wood and water,

THE SUNSHINE OF PROMISE AND VICTORY STOLE INTO THE HOUSE.

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do you? Well, I ain't agoin'! Do you hear? You've broke me in on crippled lambs—and you'd better leave it go at that!"

The dog came toward him, lay down at his feet, looked up at him appealingly, and whined. His great eyes blazed with tender lights. He wagged his tail with every possible expression of doggish devotion and loyalty. He loved this man. He knew that the man loved him. That love he wished to foster and deserve. But still he pleaded, and Carew comprehended his pleading.

"Let up, there, boy!" he commanded, still gruffly. "I ain't agoin' to stand it! Let up! You know I couldn't beat you for this—but look out! You don't know what you're tryin' to make me do, this time. Don't run this game too far!"

The half-coyote shepherd arose and sat strangely erect on his haunches, with his sharp nose thrust straight upward in the air. The hair along his back was bristling. He gave a long, weird howl, such as wolves may utter, and showed his teeth and howled again till John Carew felt his flesh and nerves begin to creep. Three times that long, penetrating wail was sounded. After the last the dog fell again at his master's feet and whined in the desperation of pleading without the power of speech. The light that dwelt in his wonderful eyes was infinitely tender. Carew regarded him in awe.

"Maybe you do know what you're doing, boy—maybe you do," he murmured. "I guess I'd better go."

They went down the hillside together, the dog in a frenzy of joy. Together they came to the house where Millie Ross was battling alone for the lives of two helpless sisters. One of the children was apparently dying. Carew made no excuses; he offered no explanations; he merely worked all day, nursing the stricken children as if they had been but helpless lambs.

At sundown he went to slaughter a sheep for sustaining food. With that and other provisions from his camp, he returned to renew the fight for the little lives. When nightfall had settled on the valley, one of the children had turned for the better; the other seemed beyond all earthly hope. But still they fought, Millie Ross and Carew, all the night until at last the sunshine of promise and victory stole softly into the house and the child lay sleeping quietly.

Millie, with two of the pale little convalescents in her arms, was seated by the table in the sitting-room. Near her sat John Carew, a look of doubt and a light of hope playing alternately across his rugged face. Beside him, on the floor, lay his dog, happy, alert, and watchful, with the head of the third child softly pillowed on his body.

Millie was looking at the beautiful, half wild animal, whose almost human eyes went constantly from herself to John Carew. The man was silent. He was vaguely questioning the fates. After a time he spoke.

"So you haven't got married all this time?" he said—"not to no one?"

Millie answered simply: "No."

The child who was lying on the floor had stirred from her place against the big fond dog when Carew disturbed the silence. Slowly she rose upon her tiny feet and shyly, but with all a baby's honest, straightforward desire, she came to where Carew was seated, and laid her hands upon his knee.

He looked down and his own big hand, trembling as it moved, went about the baby figure. His head came down, and she lifted her sweet face for his kiss. But he had no strength to take the token of her trust. His other arm was suddenly flung along the table, his face was bowed upon it, and his mighty form was shaken with emotion.

"She ain't afraid! She ain't afraid!" he sobbed brokenly. "The baby ain't afraid of me now!"

And after a long time, when the man could again speak calmly to Millie, whose hand had linked and lingered with his own on the head of the half-wolf dog that had come to be a shepherd of the lambs, their glances met in happiness, then fell again to the big, wise animal beside them.

Millie said: "I love him, John, but I don't believe I even know his name."

Carew was silent for a moment. He presently knelt on the floor and put a mighty arm around the dog's shaggy neck—the first such caress that he had ever bestowed upon his comrade.

"I was a brute—a downright brute," he said, "and he worked till he made me a man." He flushed to the very roots of his hair, but he raised his eyes courageously to Millie's face. "His name," he added, "is Apostle."

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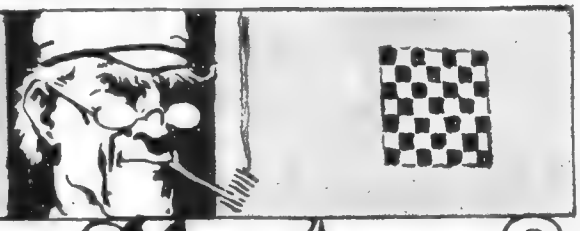

Mr. McCann

by Julian Street

Illustration on Cover by Louis Fancher

HE'S Santa Claus' uncle, is Mr. McCann,
The marvelous, modest mechanical man.
He isn't stuck up, just because he's related,
Nor jealous 'cause Santa is more celebrated.
He's always at work, up in Santa Claus' attic
(It's warmer up there, and McCann is rheumatic),
A-singing, and making the deuce of a noise
With pounding, and shouting, and painting the toys
That Santa will take (when it's Christmas again)
To all of the world's little women and men.
He's not out for glory or cash, is McCann,
He's merely a modest mechanical man.

Of all of the labors of Mr. McCann,
The marvelous, modest mechanical man,
The painting of toys is nearest his heart,
—McCann fairly revels and wallows in art.
He uses bright red for the china dolls' lips
And the automobiles and the bottoms of ships,
But he seems to like green for dolls' houses, and beds,
And yellow or blue for the animals' heads.
No wonder he grins in that satisfied way
With tons of bright paint he can mess in, all day!
If you've favorite colors, it's not a bad plan
To write, before Christmas, to Mr. McCann.

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Where Did You Get It, Gentlemen?

By CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

Author of "Soldiers of the Common Good."

EDITOR'S NOTE.—If it interests you to know one more of the reasons why sane investors and honestly conducted banks are afraid to trust their money to Wall Street, read Mr. Russell's article. You will learn how the public came to pay for private palaces when it thought it was buying steel rails, modern equipment, and new road-beds. This is the story of how millions were looted from the Metropolitan Street Railway. It is an extraordinary revelation of financial depravity. It will make you think. It may make you understand why certain interests employ clever press agents to distract attention from themselves by blaming the President.

CHAPTER XIII

ONE thing that Thomas F. Ryan must quickly have learned about the golden city of his dreams has impressed itself upon all other men that have tried to master the money mart.

In the golden city is boundless wealth, but the vast mass of it is not to be touched, handled, come by, nor spun upon the table of the Wall Street game.

At that game the playing is done with counters. All are counters—credits, stocks, bonds, notes, accounts, buildings, railroads. Of tangible gold to redeem the counters there is very little. True, the banks are enjoined by law to the keeping of certain reserves in cash, and, true, so long as these reserves endure one may at the banks get cash for his counters; but the law has requirements (stern though sometimes violated) about borrowing upon counters, the operation is not easy, and the proportion of cash to counters is infinitesimal. Yet sometimes for the greatest and most profitable plays at the table great quantities of ready cash are absolutely necessary.

Amid the desert sands of counters, counters, always counters, flows one stream of actual cash, pouring steadily into New York. Day upon day, week by week, month after month, it comes in a solid, incessant stream, to fall into fewer than a dozen coffers. To the great insurance companies, that is where it all goes, millions upon millions of cash, not counters, paid daily by the policy-holders all about the world. The three great insurance companies have total assets of approximately a billion dollars, and this is the only free, large, and unrestricted source of ready money in the country.

Hence the madness of the struggle to gain control of these golden streams, for which men have risked the penitentiary and their souls. Year after year, as the business of the insurance companies grew and the golden stream rolled, the utility of the assets increased until hardly any new industrial enterprise could be floated without recourse to the policy-holder's money. Naturally, the money kings got possession of the stream and turned it whither they would.

The control of the policy-holder's money was in each case vested in the finance committee of the insurance company. In each case, also, the finance committee of the insurance company was composed of the money king and his friends. Hence the policy-holder's money could be used at any time to further, finance, or float the private schemes and ventures of the money king to the money king's profit and the policy-holder's peril.

This was one use of the golden stream. Incidentally, there grew up another game with these millions, played at a side table and with great gains to the players. It consisted

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of what is known as "side syndicates." The substance of the "side syndicate" is a kind of sneaking dishonesty not the more reputable because it happened to be developed since the framing of the criminal code. The men that controlled the insurance companies were also interested secretly in certain firms or companies whose business was to deal in securities. As these men directed absolutely the operations of the finance committees, their practise was to have their firms buy securities at a low rate and immediately sell them at a very high rate through the finance committees to the insurance companies. In this easy manner it was possible to make two or three millions in a morning without the least effort or risk.

This is the game, as to a certain degree it was revealed by the insurance investigation of 1905, *which we have all happily forgotten. It went on for years, it is going on now, it will always go on until we come to our senses in regard to the conduct of our insurance business.*

The Standard Oil Company's able financiers had long been interested in the insurance business as thus carried on in New York. So had been Mr. Morgan. Mr. Ryan closely followed Mr. Morgan's course and frequently came in to share the proceeds of the Morgan operations. Mr. Rogers controlled the Mutual, Mr. Morgan controlled the New York Life, and other colossal interests manipulated the Equitable, all to the same purpose of catching the golden stream and sending it where it would do the most good—for the personal fortunes of the manipulators.

RYAN AND HIS LIFE-INSURANCE COMPANY

No man had more schemes that needed financing than Mr. Ryan; his vast and complicated enterprises in traction, tobacco, railroads, mines, and the Congo insistently demanded capital. There were the insurance assets as the great available source of ready capital, and Mr. Morgan and Mr. Rogers were in chief control of the supplies. But the three big insurance companies were not the only insurance companies in New York; there were others, not so conspicuous, but with some share in the golden stream. In January, 1905, Wall Street was deeply interested to learn that in the preceding November Mr. Ryan had quietly secured control of the Washington Life-Insurance Company and was then engaged in reorganizing it on a plan of his own. It was in a way a small concern, with a capital stock of only $125,000, which Mr. Ryan (quite consistently) increased to $500,000; but it had assets of $17,000,000 and there was presently reason to believe that these were not without their uses.

Mr. Ryan brought over Mr. John Tatlock to be president of his reorganized company. Mr. Tatlock had been for many years an actuary of the Mutual Life, and secured leave of absence to take his new position—a fact that shows the ramifications of the ties that firmly bind together the interests of the dominating forces in our affairs. Mr. Ryan's influence in the Mutual was secured through the Morton Trust Company, which he owns, and which is and long has been one of the side operators for the great insurance company.

DIVERTING THE GOLDEN STREAM

Mr. Tatlock was a witness before the Armstrong investigating committee in December, 1905, and, examined by Mr. Hughes, he gave some extremely interesting testimony. It appears that when Mr. Ryan took control of the company in November, 1904, it had $453,000 of its assets invested in securities and $6,300,000 in real estate. From January 1, 1905, to the time when the witness was testifying, $4,000,000 of the assets had been invested in securities, and the real-estate investments had been reduced by $2,000,000, some of the loans on real estate being called —presumably to effect the investments in securities. Mr. Tatlock said that among the securities the company had bought were:

American Tobacco bonds.
Seaboard Air Line bonds.
Atlantic Coast Line bonds.
Second Avenue Railroad bonds.
Westchester Lighting Company bonds.
Brooklyn City Railroad bonds.
American Tobacco stock.

All these are enterprises of the Whitney-Ryan syndicate and its allies.

These securities were purchased through the firm of Ryan & Kelly, of which Mr. Ryan's son was the senior member.

Mr. Hughes also brought out the fact that the auditing committee of the insurance company had taken alarm at some of these purchases of the finance committee and had said that the State Superintendent of Insurance would not approve of them. It advised that no more securities of the kind be pur-

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chased, and thereupon some of the securities had been sold—also through Ryan & Kelly.

The finance committee of the company, which directed the handling of the assets, was composed of Mr. Ryan, Mr. Tatlock, and Mr. Levi P. Morton.

Mr. Tatlock also admitted that, since the reorganization of the company, it had become a depositor at the National Bank of Commerce of New York and at the Girard Trust Company of Philadelphia, which are Ryan concerns, and that its account with Mr. Ryan's Morton Trust Company had been doubled. Which will sufficiently indicate the channels that the assets were taking.

WHEN WALL STREET LAUGHED

Further, Mr. Tatlock admitted that, since the company's reorganization, it had participated in six of these "side syndicate" deals, although the company had never before been engaged in such enterprises. It appeared further that these syndicates were in the kind of industrial securities that the auditing committee had condemned. When Mr. Hughes called Mr. Tatlock's attention to this singular fact, Mr. Tatlock merely said:

"I had my instructions."

So the situation seems to be reasonably clear so far as the Washington Life is concerned.

But in the mean time Mr. Ryan had startled the entire world by another move of far greater magnitude. On June 15, 1905, it was announced that the months of scandal and bickering in the great Equitable Company had come to an end because Mr. Ryan had bought of Mr. James Hazen Hyde the controlling interest (502 shares) in the Equitable stock that Mr. Hyde had inherited from his father. It had been supposed that the elder Hyde had so tied up this stock that its sale was impossible. Repeatedly the younger Hyde had refused on any terms to part with it. Only a few days before he had rejected an offer for it, from Mr. E. H. Harriman, of $5,000,000. And now he had sold it to Mr. Ryan for $2,500,000. So ran the report; Mr. Hyde would not deny it. The Street was amazed. What had induced Mr. Hyde to change his mind in this extraordinary fashion? There were a thousand surmises. Mr. Ryan was supposed to have hypnotized the young man or to have obtained over him some sinister control, but the silent Ryan heard all and gave no sign.

Only one thing seemed perfectly certain: the Equitable and its vast assets, its steady stream of gold, its huge power upon business, the drag of its millions and their bewildering possibilities of profit-making lay in Mr. Ryan's hands. In the other companies the policy-holders may some day weary of furnishing money for the Wall Street game and may kick over the table at which the Standard Oil gang and Mr. Morgan now sit at ease. In the Equitable (since it is a stock-company) there can never be a revolt. Mr. Ryan controls it, he has it in his vest-pocket, he can do with it as he may please, the "side syndicates" may produce untold millions, the assets may be used in any dirty, disreputable way—the policy-holders cannot revolt.

When he was a witness before the Armstrong Committee Mr. Ryan was asked what were the motives that induced him to buy the Equitable. Mr. Hughes put the question.

Mr. Ryan replied that his motives were purely philanthropic.

"I thought," he said, "I was doing a great public service and preventing what I feared would be the most tremendous panic this country has ever seen if the Equitable Life-Assurance Society had gone into the hands of a receiver."

The Equitable Life-Assurance Society was then carrying $6,500,000 of Mr. Ryan's Metropolitan Street-Railway stock. At the recollection of this fact Wall Street laughed.

THE SAME OLD GAME IN INSURANCE

And yet, when Mr. Ryan said that he had bought Mr. Hyde's interest in the Equitable, he must have used the word in a sense not recognized by lexicographers, because, according to expert authority, he had not bought it at all. How easily we are all fooled! The mystery of Mr. Hyde's sale for $2,500,000 of stock worth $7,500,000 was really no mystery. Mr. Ryan knew well enough the potentialities of the Equitable assets; Mr. Hyde probably perceived that there would be bickering so long as he remained ostensibly in control. Hence Mr. Ryan easily induced him to lease the stock, and that is the arrangement now in force. Mr. Hyde remains the owner.

But for the purposes of the game a lease of the stock is as good as a purchase, and it is pleasing to know that with Mr. Ryan in control of the Equitable, the Standard Oil

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gang of the Mutual, and Mr. Morgan of the New York Life, the good old game does prosper and go merrily, and no mistake. Every day you can hear in Wall Street the clink of the policy-holder's dollars as they roll over the table, making profits for the deserving "System" and for others in authority over us, just as if the names of Armstrong and Hughes had never been heard in this world. Wonderful are the achievements of a legislative investigation! The net results of our virtuous indignation about the insurance scandals are a few men worried to death, two or three in exile, two obscure persons sentenced to prison, and the game exactly as before.

Great thing, this spasmodic indignation of ours.

Mr. Ryan chose for president of his share in the game Secretary of the Navy Paul Morton, who once, for rebating, narrowly (and most unjustly) escaped the penitentiary. There is no reason to suppose that Mr. Morton and Mr. Elihu Root ever compare notes as to their respective careers, but such a comparison, now that both are working for Mr. Ryan, might prove mighty interesting.

CHAPTER XIV

On October 8, 1907, a quiet little man was sitting in the witness chair before the New York Public Service Commission, telling in a quiet little way some of the historic secrets of the Ryan-Whitney-Root syndicate.

He admitted an instance of his own knowledge in which the syndicate had possessed itself of more than half a million dollars of the Metropolitan's money. How? Well, there was a so-called company with a so-called franchise to operate a so-called railroad between Wall Street Ferry and Cortlandt Street Ferry. Mr. Anthony N. Brady, the quiet little witness, owned this precious device. He said it cost him $200,000. Under the coercion of the syndicate, he sold it to the Metropolitan Securities Company, acting for the Metropolitan Street-Railway Company of New York, then the name of the street-railroads amalgamated by the syndicate. He received a check for $965,607.19. Of this he retained $250,000. Then by agreement he gave of the remainder $111,652.27 to Thomas Fortune Ryan, $111,652.78 to William C. Whitney, $111,652.78 to P. A. B. Widener, $111,652.78 to Thomas F. Dolan, $111,652.78 to W. L. Elkins.

So here was a plain revelation of where some of the gentlemen had gotten IT.

Every person that heard this cool recital, nearly every person that the next day read of it, was astounded. The whole country seemed to receive a kind of electric shock. Yet the really amazing thing was that there should have been any amazement. Any one that cared to know, any public prosecutor, for instance, or any state officer or newspaper editor, could have found out long ago, and with the greatest ease, not only the whole story of the Wall and Cortlandt streets railroad deal, but other matters compared with which the Wall and Cortlandt streets railroad deal was mere child's play in the way of loot.

As the evisceration of the Metropolitan Company was the crowning triumph of the syndicate's achievements and typical of all, and as it, moreover, presents the best possible illustration of exactly what these achievements mean for the public, I purpose here to relate it at length and without comment as the most instructive chapter in the history of modern finance.

On October 8, 1907, Judge Lacombe, in the United States Circuit Court, acting on a petition of certain stockholders, appointed a receiver for the New York City Railway Company, which meant the Interurban Street-Railway Company, which meant the Metropolitan Street-Railway Company, which meant the vast system of surface railroads amalgamated, unified, and controlled by the Ryan-Whitney syndicate.

WHERE ARE THE THREE CENTS?

Ordinarily the appointment of a receiver for a property has only one meaning. It means that the property is depleted, impaired, unable to earn its interest charges, and on the verge of bankruptcy. But this great traction system of New York, this wonderful money-earner, this inexhaustible hopper into which so many thousands of people daily pour their nickels, this concern once regarded as the Gibraltar of traction companies, whose stock was once quoted at 255, how did it fall into a depleted and bankrupt condition? Its business has not declined but increased; its expenses have not multiplied but relatively diminished. It transports passengers for a five-cent fare each, and the

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average cost of transporting each passenger is two cents or less. What has become of the other three cents?

This is the question on which the whole subject revolves. Here is the answer to it:

When the syndicate first came into the New York field with the purchase of the old Broadway line, about twenty separate companies possessed the street-railroad business of the city. Eight main trunk lines ran north and south, or lengthwise of Manhattan Island; twelve or thirteen smaller lines crossed the city east and west. These, one after another, and year after year, the syndicate absorbed. Its impelling reason was then announced to be a desire to unify and improve the system. There is ground now to believe that the real motive was very different. Every absorption was accompanied by a new issue of securities in the manipulation and disposal of which lay enormous profits. Sometimes the acquisition was by lease, and in such cases the stockholders of the added line were induced to favor the lease because of the great dividends to be guaranteed on their stock, seven, eight, even ten per cent. Sometimes the absorption was by purchase (so called), the operation being merely the application of Mr. Yerkes's original formula, or, as it has since been called, the endless chain. That is to say, having possession of one road, the syndicate issued more securities upon it and with these securities purchased another road, with which it repeated the simple operation.

METROPOLITAN WATERLOGGED

But here some things are to be noted particularly. First, in certain instances the syndicate did not merely buy the road in the name of the Metropolitan and directly from the company that owned the property. The syndicate, acting for itself, purchased the road at a low price and then sold it at a very high price from itself as the syndicate to the Metropolitan Company, thus securing very great profits for itself but loading the Metropolitan with a further weight of securities. Thus, the syndicate bought the old Thirty-fourth Street Railroad—about one-half mile in length, value about $100,000—issued upon it $2,000,000 of stocks and bonds, and compelled the Metropolitan to purchase the securities at par. In the same way it secured the Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Street lines—value about $250,000—issued upon them $3,000,000 of securities, and then compelled the Metropolitan to purchase these securities also at par. On these two transactions the syndicate cleared, without investment and without effort, $4,650,000 and increased the capitalization $5,000,000.

Second, it is to be noted that all the roads acquired, whether by lease or by this system of purchase through the syndicate, were already heavily overcapitalized, and their acquisition was made the occasion for still further stock issues, so that what was bad anyway was made much worse, and the whole Metropolitan system began to be loaded with securities far beyond the support of its earning power. In some instances, the roads thus added at so great an expense were not profitable enterprises. Thus the Fulton Street road, which cost the Metropolitan $2,000,000, loses $25,000 a year, the Twenty-eighth and Twenty-ninth Street lines have never paid their operating expenses, and others are of a like nature.

WHO GOT THE SIX MILLIONS?

The question that at once arises is why anyone should desire to injure one's own property.

The answer lies in the fact that in all of these operations the real profit has been not in the operating of the property but in the manipulating of the securities. Dividends were always a trifling thing compared with these profits. In the case of the Metropolitan and the syndicate there was also another still more stupendous source of gain, now to be explained.

In a foregoing paper I mentioned the fact that from one operation in the securities of one subsidiary line, the Houston, West Street & Pavonia Ferry, the syndicate cleared $6,000,000. This was the manner of that transaction:

The Houston, West Street & Pavonia Ferry Company (so called) operated some cross-town and important East-Side lines. On October 1, 1890, it issued $6,000,000 of second-mortgage bonds. On June 17, 1893, the same company applied to the State Railroad Commissioners for permission to issue $6,000,000 of additional stock, for which the $6,000,000 of bonds issued in 1890 were to be exchanged. In the application the statement was made under oath that the bonds "had been issued and disposed of for sums of money necessary for completing, furnish-

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ing, or operating the railroads of your petitioner."

Please note:

1. None of the company's railroads had been "completed" or "furnished" in that time, and the paying of operating expenses from the proceeds would have been illegal and would also have shown in the company's annual report, which reveals no such matter. There were no extensive repairs nor alterations upon any of the company's lines.

2. As a matter of fact, the $6,000,000 of bonds had not been used for any such purpose as was alleged, but had been exchanged for Metropolitan stock, an illegal transaction.

3. The bonds were issued October 1, 1890. The law required that they should be recorded in the company's annual report. The company's annual reports for 1890, 1891, 1892, 1893, do not mention them. These reports must be sworn to as correct. They were not correct because the item of $6,000,000 of bonds was omitted. Hence the officers that swore to the reports were guilty of perjury and, in a state where the laws are enforced, would have been sent to jail.

But here was $6,000,000 of stock issued to take up the bonds. Where were the bonds? Exchanged for Metropolitan stock. So that the $6,000,000 of stock was merely a cover for $6,000,000 of bonds that had disappeared. "Who got the money?" asked a Wall Street journal, commenting dazedly upon this wondrous performance. It might well ask. Not the stockholders at large, certainly, not the public, nor the road. To the doors of the syndicate it was traced. Beyond that golden portal it vanished.

Who got the money?

CHAPTER XV

But the cream of all these operations of thrift grew out of the work of "changing the motive power" of the roads from horse to electric. This change, involving enormous expenses for the laying of new track, the building of electric conduits between the rails, the building and equipping of new power-houses, the furnishing of cars with electric apparatus, the Metropolitan had decided to carry into effect.

Among the important north and south roads acquired by the syndicate was the Second Avenue, with tracks from Fulton Ferry to Harlem River, and some branches.* In 1898 this company issued $7,000,000 of bonds, whereof $1,960,000 were declared to be needed to meet certain obligations, and the remainder, $5,040,000, to pay for "changing the motive power" of the entire road.

Up to the present hour the motive power has been changed on one-half of the road. The rest continues to be operated with horses.

"CHANGING THE MOTIVE POWER"

According to the company's reports, the amount of money expended in changing the motive power and installing electrical equipment (on twelve and three-quarters miles in a total of twenty-seven and three-quarters) was $1,933,171.47. All of this work was done and all of this money was expended in 1898. Since that date nothing has been done to change the motive power on any of the company's lines.

Yet in its report for 1900 the company declares that it expended in that year for changing the motive power $4,329,390.02, whereas no such sum was expended and no work of changing the motive power was done.

Of the bonds issued for these improvements $4,450,000 worth was sold. Of the money thus obtained $1,933,171.47 was expended for the purpose designated when the bonds were issued. The difference between the real expenditure and the pretended expenditure was $2,396,218.55. This sum has disappeared.

Who got the money?

The report for 1902 of the Thirty-fourth Street Railroad (part of the Metropolitan system) shows an expenditure of $245,435.63 for laying new rails in Thirty-fourth Street between Lexington Avenue and Broadway.

The reports of the same company for 1903 and 1904 show an expenditure of $51,347.64 for the same purpose, making a total expenditure on this account of $296,783.27.

The exact length of track thus relaid was .48 of a mile. The rails used weighed 113 pounds to the yard and cost $36 a ton. To lay .48 of a mile with such rails would cost $6,138 for the rails. Hence the company's reports would have us believe that the remainder of the item, $290,645.27, was spent for labor.

* For these illustrations I am indebted to the painstaking investigation of the Metropolitan made by Mr. William N Amory and subsequently verified. I commend to those interested a careful study of Mr. Amory's pamphlet, "The Truth about Metropolitan," which deals with all these matters far more extensively than I can in this space.

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But the labor required consisted of tearing up the old rails and laying the new, and the true cost of this work was not $290,645.27, but less than $15,000.

How is this known? Very simply and surely.

In its report for 1902 the Central Cross-town Railroad gave the cost of taking up four tracks in Fourteenth Street and relaying them with heavier rails as $10,881.29 for the labor. The distance in Fourteenth Street from University Place to Seventh Avenue is twenty-three feet shorter than the distance in Thirty-fourth Street from Broadway to Lexington Avenue. The rails used in Fourteenth Street weighed 110 pounds to the yard; those used in Thirty-fourth Street weighed 113 pounds to the yard. Hence it is clear that the cost of the labor in these two instances was about the same. There was charged on the books of the Thirty-fourth Street company an expenditure of $290,645.27 for labor; there was actually expended for labor perhaps $12,000. A balance of $278,000 seems to have disappeared.

Who got the money?

GRAFT IN THE THIRTY-FOURTH STREET LINE

In 1902 the syndicate determined to "change the motive power" on the Thirty-fourth Street line. On March 11th the chief engineer made a sworn statement in which he declared the cost of this change on this line to be $150,000, including power-house, equipment, and all other expenditures involved.

On June 30, 1902, three months and nineteen days later, the Thirty-fourth Street Railroad reported the expenditures made up to that date for changing the motive power to have been $831,224.04.

The next year it changed more motive power at a cost of $7,789.25 and the next year still more at a cost of $228,970.91, making a grand total of $1,067,984.20 for changes in the motive power that the chief engineer swore could be effected for $150,000. Suppose his figures to have been too small by half, there would still remain more than $700,000 that disappeared under this item.

Who got the money?

On the Twenty-third Street cross-town line (North River to East River) the motive power has been changed four times in four years, if we are to believe the books and the reports. Thus there appear the following items:

1899—For changing motive power..	$1,100,932.52
1900—For changing motive power..	362,424.38
1901—For changing motive power..	373,401.64
1902—For changing motive power..	225,470.74
Total.....	$2,062,229.28

Distance, less than two miles; grade, level; work, easy.

This surpasses all the records of railroad construction in this or any other country. According to the reports, the work proceeded at the rate of half a mile a year and required four years to complete. The cost of the work was at the rate of $1,000,000 a mile, which is about the cost of boring a mountain tunnel.

A MILLION DOLLARS FOR A MILE OF ROAD

The average cost of surface railroad construction and equipment in this country is about $22,000 a mile. In Twenty-third Street the work seems to have cost $1,000,000 a mile. When the Second Avenue line was rebuilt and the motive power was changed, the cost was at the rate of $330,000 a mile of double track, including power-houses and equipment. At that rate the actual cost of changing the motive power in Twenty-third Street was about $600,000. There was charged for it $2,062,229.28. Over $1,400,000 seems to have disappeared under this item.

Who got the money?

Sometimes the sum that disappeared was small and sometimes it was large, but large or small it seemed to vanish and to leave no trace.

On August 10, 1898, the Metropolitan Company applied for permission to increase its capital stock by $15,000,000. The sworn statement of President Vreeland, accompanying the application, declared that the money was to be used for these purposes:

To redeem $6,000,000 of debenture bonds.....	$6,000,000
To pay for power-house construction and cars.....	4,000,000
To be held in the treasury and used when needed to complete the change of motive power on the various railroads owned and operated by the company.....	5,000,000
Total.....	$15,000,000

The chief engineer accompanied the application with an affidavit giving details of the proposed expenditures, from which it appeared that the Ninety-sixth Street power-house would cost when completed $2,975,580,

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the Fiftieth Street power-house $600,000, and the new cars $800,000, or a total of $4,375,580.

On the basis of the chief engineer's figures, there would be left from the proceeds of the stock sale $4,624,420 and on the basis of Mr. Vreeland's figures, $5,000,000, to complete the change of motive power on the railroads owned and operated by the company.

But on June 28, 1900, the company applied for permission to issue still more stock, $7,000,000, and in this application President Vreeland said that $3,000,000 of the sum would be required to change the motive power on the company's own lines as distinguished from its leased lines. The chief engineer again put in his figures and showed that the cost of changing the motive power on these owned lines would be $2,867,808. Adding to these the expenditures the chief engineer detailed with the application of 1898, it appears that the total cost of changing the motive power on owned lines and on leased lines was $7,243,386. Yet the company's report for 1902 declared that there had been expended for changing the motive power on owned and leased lines $13,310,977.87. The sum of $6,067,641.87 seems to have disappeared behind this item.

Who got the money?

ANOTHER SIX MILLIONS MISSING

Again, in the last six months of 1901 the Metropolitan Company borrowed $7,240,263.33 for new construction, and according to its report it expended for new construction $6,900,494.26.

But there was no new construction in those six months, except what was involved in the changing of the motive power on a small part of the leased lines. The change of motive power on the company's own lines was provided for by the issues of additional stock already related.

Yet the report of the company asserts that in the year 1901 there was expended for new construction $8,543,736.39, a sum large enough, according to the figures of the chief engineer, to pay for changing the motive power on fifty-seven miles of railroad. As a matter of fact, for the year the company's actual expenditures upon new construction were $2,105,195.10. The sum of $6,438,541.29 seems to have disappeared behind this item.

Who got the money?

CHAPTER XVI

THE cases I have cited are mere types; they have been repeated many times and subjected to some variations to suit different conditions, but the fundamental principle has remained the same. Always there has been an increase of the load of capitalization under which the enterprise lagged and staggered, and always a part of the securities thus issued or a part of the money they represented mysteriously disappeared. The farmer's boy in the old story observed that the miller's hogs were very fat. You may notice similarly that the syndicate gentlemen have grown very rich.

Even in this brief outline of a long and very intricate story I ought to mention two matters that stand out conspicuously in the long succession of questionable transactions.

Probably no other corporation in this or any other country has ever operated under so many different names. To follow the concern through its list of designations from the old Broadway & Seventh Avenue, the names of different subsidiary companies that were made to do duty for the whole, the Metropolitan Street-Railway Company, Metropolitan Traction Company, Metropolitan Securities Company, Interurban Street-Railway Company, New York City Railway Company, the Interborough-Metropolitan Company, and the rest, would be an unprofitable task, but I desire to note one use that has been made of this fugitive and evanescent nomenclature.

The Metropolitan Street-Railway Company was organized under the laws of the State of New York. The Metropolitan Traction Company was organized under the laws of the State of New Jersey. These companies were coexistent, had the same amount of capital stock, the same ostensible purposes, the same management; but the Metropolitan Traction Company, being a New Jersey corporation, was not obliged to make public report of its transactions. When, therefore, the syndicate bought a branch line for $100,000 and sold it for $1,000,000, it always sold it to the Metropolitan Traction Company of New Jersey (where the record of the affair was lost) and the Metropolitan Traction Company of New Jersey sold it to the Metropolitan Street-Railway Company of New York, and back of this transaction no investigation could go because it was a

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transaction between corporations of different states.

The Metropolitan Traction Company of New Jersey seems also to have had another function in concealing the disappearance of moneys mysteriously missing from the Metropolitan Street-Railway Company of New York. Thus when in 1898 the Metropolitan Street-Railway Company issued $15,000,000 of additional stock, $6,000,000 thereof, it will be remembered, was to redeem outstanding debenture certificates. These debenture certificates were issued in October, 1897, to pay for property purchased from the Metropolitan Traction Company.

A CLEARING-HOUSE FOR SECRET DEALS

In September, 1896, the Metropolitan Street-Railway Company had issued and delivered to the Metropolitan Traction Company $13,500,000 of stock in payment of other properties and securities purchased from that company. That is all the information made public in regard to these transactions. What were the properties and securities thus acquired? Nobody knows. The items go down in the books, the totals appear in the reports, there is no explanation of the entries, and the properties and securities are left to public surmise. All we know is that the Metropolitan Traction Company, owned by the syndicate, had no legitimate function in the operating of the street-railroad system of New York, that it was used as a clearing-house for the secret deals of the syndicate, and that here in these two items a total of $19,500,000 of the stockholders' money was paid to it on a bald entry.

The other matter I should tell relates to the Third Avenue Company, which for many years had remained independent and outside of the syndicate's control. In the early part of 1900 the syndicate saw that the time had come when it might possess this long-coveted property. The Third Avenue owned or controlled a very great trackage and had been one of the most staid and powerful corporations of the city. It had been weakened by changing its motive power from horse to cable and then from cable to electricity, in which operations it had been subjected to some very strange and most costly contracts.

Mr. Henry Hart, who had been for years the captain of the enterprise, was growing old and feeble, and the new management seemed to fare but ill. Observant persons saw that the ship was steering a singularly erratic and perilous course. In these conditions the price of the stock sagged of its own weight. In two or three years it had fallen from 232 to 120, and at that point the syndicate thought it might safely begin to operate. A terrific bear raid was started against the stock, an assault most cleverly planned and carefully executed, the newspapers being adroitly tricked into helping. It drove the price from 120 down to 45, at which figure the syndicate quietly loaded up until it had secured control. By a device quite familiar in such operations, the syndicate gentlemen had bought while they pretended to sell, and thus had kept the price down to the level whither they had forced it. Whereupon they effected the lease to the Metropolitan of the Third Avenue and all its allied lines, and the passing into their hands of practically the entire street-railroad system of Manhattan and the Bronx.

To pay the floating debt of the Third Avenue Company and to provide for change of motive power on some of its allied lines there were now issued $35,000,000 of Third Avenue bonds—naturally; consolidation and reorganization have always been the occasion of more water on the flooded lands. The floating indebtedness of the company was $22,000,000. This left $13,000,000 for the change of motive power. So far the motive power has been changed on one and one-quarter miles of the allied lines, at an actual cost of possibly $400,000. But the $12,600,000 seems to have disappeared.

Who got the money?

THE USEFUL LEASE

Meanwhile the Third Avenue Railroad Company has issued nearly $2,000,000 of additional bonds, its present floating debt is about $7,000,000, and a property once exceptionally solid and profitable has become a piece of financial wreckage. A separate receivership and the practical obliteration of the stock are threatened, all because the inside has been stolen from the enterprise.

Who got the money?

Two years later the whole outfit, Metropolitan, Third Avenue, and everything else, was leased to a new company called the Interurban Street-Railway Company. In all these operations the lease is a great matter.

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It covers up a deal of rottenness and it once more strikes the rock whence flow the unfailing streams of water wherewith fainting finance is revived. It was so in this case. The Metropolitan then owed $11,000,000, a condition no longer to be concealed; hence the handy lease, more water, more tribute from the public. According to the statement of President Vreeland, this indebtedness had been incurred in the purchase of Third Avenue stock, and one of the reasons given for the new lease was that funds might be provided for the payment of this indebtedness.

The facts were that the purchase of Third Avenue stock had cost $6,400,000, not $11,000,000, and that even this $6,400,000 had long before been paid. For in 1901 the Metropolitan had issued $7,000,000 of new stock for this purpose, and the stock (thanks to an impressionable public) had been sold at a premium, so that it had realized $10,500,000 instead of $7,000,000, and the $6,400,000 had been paid off, leaving a handsome balance.

How then could there be an indebtedness of $11,000,000 "incurred in the purchase of Third Avenue stock"?

HANGING ON STRAPS TO MAKE OTHER MEN RICH

The company's quarterly balance-sheets, filed with the State Railroad Commissioners, sufficiently established the startling discrepancy. Kuhn, Loeb & Co. were then holding about $6,000,000 of the Metropolitan Securities Company stock. The attention of Mr. Jacob Schiff, a member of the firm, was called to the difference between the statement of President Vreeland and the facts as disclosed by the balance-sheets. Mr. Schiff went at once to Mr. Ryan and made a peremptory demand that his firm be instantly relieved of the $6,000,000 of Metropolitan Securities stock. Mr. Ryan lost no time in complying with the demand. Why, one person can guess as well as another. But he certainly complied, and on the spot.

Four years ago Mr. James W. Osborne publicly offered to prove in any court of law that there had been stolen from the Metropolitan by the men on the inside not less than $30,000,000. No opportunity was ever given to him to make good his assertion. His challenge was never accepted. But it may be interesting now to recall his offer and to observe at the same time this table of the sums that have disappeared in the various Metropolitan transactions:

Houston Street bonds	$6,000,000.00
"New Construction" Report of 1901	6,438,541.29
"Leased Line Betterments" Report of 1902	11,014,730.70
"Track and Roadway Construction" Report of 1902	3,500,000.00
Change of Motive Power, General Report of 1902	6,000,000.00
Thirty-fourth Street change motive power	700,000.00
Central Park, North & East River* change motive power	1,500,000.00
Twenty-third Street change motive power	1,400,000.00
Second Avenue change motive power	2,396,218.55
Third Avenue bonds	12,600,000.00
Total	$51,549,490.54

So this is the reason why the Metropolitan with its enormous revenues, its almost unequaled business, its increased receipts and diminished expenses, has gone into the hands of receivers. It is the reason why when the receivers took possession they found the entire property in a decayed and dilapidated condition. It is the reason why there were not enough closed cars to equip the road for cold weather. It is the reason why the company operated fewer cars in 1906 than it operated in 1905 and into them crowded, jammed, and mashed a greafer number of people. It explains why two-thirds of the passengers are obliged to hang to straps. It explains what becomes of three cents out of every five cents paid for fare.

The enterprise has been monstrously overloaded with capitalization until it has sunk; a great part of its securities have disappeared; upon the whole mass the public is paying the huge interest charges; for the sake of the fortunes drawn from these manipulations the public must endure the pains of an inadequate and uncomfortable service.

If it is necessary that these gentlemen should have IT, should we not fare better if we gave them their huge fortunes direct from the national treasury and hired them to keep their hands off us and our affairs?

* See Mr. Amory's pamphlet, pages 23 and 24.

"Where Did You Get It, Gentlemen?" will be concluded in the February number.

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THE FOUR STARTED, WATCHED BY ALL THE FLICKINGERS THAT REMAINED.

Little Stories of Real Life

Bill's Budzbanowsky

By Bessie R. Hoover

"I DECLARE to goodness!" cried Ma Flickinger, "I dunno when we've been so slicked up and sittin' round on a Saturday afternoon afore."

It was a half-holiday at the factories, and the Flickinger family was assembled in the front room, awaiting the arrival of Bill, the eldest son, who had gone to St. Joe to bring Sophie Budzbanowsky to call on them. He had been "going" with Sophie so long that they were considered as good as engaged; and Bill sincerely hoped that Sophie would take it that way and save him the herculean task of proposing.

The Flickingers so seldom had company that an unwonted thrill of expectation pervaded their dingy, rented home. Ten-year-old Opal sat uncomfortably in her outgrown best dress; while Jed, next older, was fully as uncomfortable in his new suit, which, having been bought with an eye to the future, was so large that he felt lost in it.

Opal's married sister, Jule, and Jule's meek husband, Milo, had come over to meet Sophie, and were tending their twin babies, Janice and Jasper, on the broken-down sofa.

Ma Flickinger had put on a clean calico wrapper and had screwed her scanty hair into an extra tight knot; and Pa had reluctantly donned his old black suit, though he utterly refused to submit to a white collar.

The tramp of feet was heard on the porch, followed by a girl's laugh, and the good-natured growl of a masculine voice. Then Bill Flickinger, very red-faced and important, marched into the house, accompanied by Sophie. She was a slight, dark-haired, neatly dressed girl of about eighteen, whose manner was in marked contrast with Bill's. Sophie, who worked in the St. Joe knitting factory, had acquired a great idea of always being *nice*, an ambition that had never entered the head of clumsy, self-satisfied Bill. The family had seen Bill's girl once before, at a picnic at St. Joe, and they liked her.

After Sophie had visited a while with them she said: "Billie and I thought it would be nice if we all went over to the lake this afternoon—it's just lovely outdoors."

"Nice, yes—but land, Sophie!" exclaimed

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Ma, "it'd take six months to git us all ready. But Jule and Milo might go, seein' they're slicked up. Opal'd tend the twins."

"What say, Milo?" eagerly questioned Jule, who scarcely ever went anywhere.

"If I've got the change." Milo fumbled doubtfully in his pocket.

"Change nothin'," cried Bill, who liked to play the liberal lover. "I'll stand for this treat. Git on your togs, people."

"Bill's Budzbanowsky!" shouted a small boy, suddenly appearing at the side window with his nose flattened against the screen. It was Butch, Bill's little nephew who lived next door. Butch himself had nicknamed Sophie, and he liked the sound of the syllables so well that he was always bursting forth with "Bill's Budzbanowsky."

"Shut that up, Butch," ordered Bill, secretly tickled.

"He thinks it's smart," apologized Ma. "Come in and see the lady, Butchie," she coaxed; but Butch disappeared, emitting a whole chorus of "Bill's Budzbanowskys."

"What are we waitin' for?" inquired Bill. "All that are goin' to St. Joe with me, come on."

The four started, watched by all the Flickingers that remained.

"'Pears like we'd never been married at all," mused Milo on the way.

"What put that fool notion into your head?" questioned his wife sharply.

"A-goin' out like this in company," he returned mildly.

"It don't do married folks no hurt to go outside their own yard once in a while," said Jule.

They found St. Joe thronged with promenaders, and after walking through the little park, wandered down to the dock where one of the large lake steamers that was making short excursions that day was just ready to start on another trip.

"Let's go," said Bill to Sophie.

"I should much like it," she answered primly; "wouldn't you, Julia?"

Bill, who by this time was tired of having Jule and her husband with them, scowled at Jule not to go, but she spoke up boldly:

"Yes, I would. I ain't never been on this lake—nor any other, for that matter."

"I didn't ask *you*," said Bill ungraciously to his sister; "I asked Sophie."

"I asked Julia," corrected Sophie, wishing to make peace.

"Oh, I won't go. I know Bill don't want me," said Jule.

"I sha'n't go without Julia." Sophie spoke positively.

"Then come on—all of you," grudged Bill.

"I won't go with Bill," declared Jule sullenly, though she was dying to go.

"You might go with me," unexpectedly observed her husband, "'cause I'm goin'."

"For the land sakes!" exclaimed Jule, surprised and delighted; "then I'll go."

DRAWING SOPHIE'S ARM THROUGH HIS, BILL MARCHED TRIUMPHANTLY AWAY.

As the City of Chicago steamed slowly past the pier and out into Lake Michigan, leaving St. Joe set like a cameo on its green bluffs, Jule felt that she was having the best time of her whole life. Milo was also enjoying himself; for Bill, ignoring Sophie and Jule, took his brother-in-law all over the boat on a tour of inspection. When they passed Sophie and Jule on the deck, Bill called out sarcastically:

"You seem stuck on Jule, Miss Budzbanowsky!" But he was out of hearing before Sophie could answer.

"Ain't he provokin'?" sympathized Jule; "but jest pretend you don't notice and he'll git over it; he's only jealous. Billie's got a good heart, but Ma's spoilt him."

Now Bill had a rival, by name Ignatius

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Machnitzke, from whom, months before, he had wrested Sophie. Machnitzke was on the boat, and, seeing Sophie for once unattended by Bill, he immediately sought her out and began overtures by means of a box of crackerjack.

Sophie was just removing her hand from the box, gallantly extended by Ignatius, when Milo and his brother-in-law returned from a final survey of the boat.

"Huh!" snorted Bill.

Machnitzke airily offered him the crackerjack box, but Bill failed to see it.

"Billie looks like he was feeling off about something," remarked Machnitzke to Sophie, ignoring Bill as Bill had ignored the crackerjack.

They rode back to the dock in gloomy silence, and leaving the boat, tramped up to the park, Machnitzke affably attending Sophie on one side, and Bill stalking sulkily on the other, with Jule and Milo following.

"We haf to say good-by now, Bill," said Machnitzke insolently when they reached the park. He had bragged at the factory that he would get Sophie again. "Sophie and I ain't going your way no more."

"Ain't goin' my way?" thundered Bill, and gave Machnitzke a cuff that sent him sprawling over a near-by rustic seat.

Drawing Sophie's arm through his, and never once looking back, Bill, in a strange tumult of joy, marched triumphantly away, leaving Milo and Jule to pacify the sputtering Machnitzke.

So exultant was Bill at disposing thus summarily of his rival and at getting rid of Jule and Milo, that he didn't stop to think that the girl might not consider him a hero.

"Why don't you say somethin'?" he blurted out, as they stopped at a secluded seat in the shade of a grape-hung maple.

Sophie began to cry.

"I forgot he was your old country beau," sneered Bill, instantly offended. "I suppose you are crying for him."

"No, I am *not*," answered Sophie, controlling herself, "but Ignatius is my friend—and he is of my country—and my church——"

"When I go with another Catholic Pole," cried Bill violently, jumping to his feet, "I'll know it. If you wanted to go with Machnitzke, why didn't you say so?"

"I didn't want to go with him—but——"

"All right, Miss Budzbanowsky, I see how it is—I ain't good enough for you. Besides, Jule has been settin' you up."

"She has not," contradicted Sophie with spirit.

"Well, I ain't blind. I might 'a' knowed how it'd end. It ain't forgit and forgive with me. If I git good and mad I'm mad to stay—so if you've got anything to say why you took Machnitzke's part, say it now."

"I didn't take his part—only I don't think it nice to act like drunk and to get into fight——"

"I ain't been drinkin'—I never drink; ask Ma. If you hadn't let Jule come taggin' along on the boat, nothing'd 'a' happened. Machnitzke sneaked in when I was off with Milo."

"It wouldn't have been *nice* to go on the excursion without Julia and her husband when we had asked them to come to St. Joe with us. Besides," added Sophie defiantly, "I liked it better with Julia along. And I think you treat her wrong—and how would you treat a wife if you act so to a sister? And I don't change *my* mind, either."

"I dunno," said Bill sarcastically, "as I ever ast anybody to be my wife."

"If you never ask—I never gave you chance to, either!"—which was strictly true.

"Here we part," announced Bill angrily.

"Oh, Billie, let us part friends," begged Sophie, relenting at the thought of losing him.

"Huh!" exploded Bill, and stalked gloomily away.

The week following the quarrel passed slowly for Sophie. On the boat she had promised to visit Jule the next Saturday afternoon, but since the trouble with Bill, she hesitated to go. However, arguing that Jule might feel hurt if she did not keep her promise, Sophie decided to call anyway, resolved that it should not be her fault if she lost the friendship of Bill's family.

There was no lack of warmth in Jule's greeting when Sophie arrived soon after dinner. "I was scared stiff for fear you wouldn't come," she cried; "I didn't know but what that great lummox Bill had made you hate the whole Flickinger tribe. But come over to Ma's; she made me promise to bring you. Bill ain't home."

Bundling the twins and their worsted dog into the rickety cart, they went over to Ma Flickinger's, where Jule generally entertained her company. Sophie could not doubt the sincerity of Ma's welcome, and she found in Pa, too, a champion. Jed and Opal sat wide-eyed and uncomfortable in hard chairs. Sophie was soon seated, an honored guest,

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in the best rocker—not the easiest, for Pa always sat in that.

"I did hope," began Ma, diving at once into the vital subject of the quarrel, "that when any more of us thought of gettin' married, we'd have sense enough to make a good match."

"Well, it seems that Billie has—if he and Sophie make up—" began Pa.

"Yes, *if*— Billie's certainly started out right," admitted Ma; "but what he lacks most is sense to treat you right," she concluded, turning to Sophie.

"We never had no word before," faltered Sophie.

"Probably nothin' ever crossed him," remarked Jule.

"He was always so good to me, making himself always like a brother," testified Sophie, who had determined not to say a word about Bill, but who, curiously enough, found herself praising him. "You see it's this way—I am all alone in this country—since my mother died—and it seemed so nice for Billie to make me acquainted with his family; I liked that so much; and I didn't like to think we couldn't be friends any more."

FOR ONCE IN HIS LIFE, BILL FLICKINGER ACKNOWLEDGED HIMSELF WRONG.

"You'll find us friends right straight through from sun-up to day afore that," declared Pa heartily, convinced that he had made a strong speech.

"That's right," added Ma, "and Billie'd be only too glad to make up with you, but he jest acts contrary. He's been that way from a young one. I've known him to git spunky when I wouldn't give him the biggest piece of pie, which is always cut large for Pa. Billie never could give in; not but what it would have been better for him to be squelched reg'lar; but he always got the better of me, bein' the first boy. Opal, go out and start supper; everything's ready. Jed, you go and scour the knives and forks in the onion bed—seein' Sophie's here."

"Oh, don't make such trouble over me," protested Sophie.

"No trouble," assured Ma. "We always aim to shine 'em up occasionally."

"And no caterwaulin'," cautioned Pa, as the children reluctantly left the room. "Remember—company."

"But how do I know does Billie want to make up?" questioned Sophie.

"Bill's fair pinin' away," said Pa. "His symptoms is plain. Why, when Butchie yelled out 'Bill's Budzbanowsky' this noon, Bill got red and then white, but he didn't say nothin'; that's a strong sign in Bill."

"Bill ain't had no fetchin' up," broke in Jule, whose chief contribution to the conversation was her slighting remarks about her brother.

"I wouldn't go so far as to say that—with your Ma in the room," objected Pa mildly. "Show your own fetchin' up, Jule, if you've got any."

"It ain't that Ma ain't tried to do somethin' for him," admitted Jule.

"Summat!" exclaimed Pa solemnly; "your Ma's been the makin' of us all."

"Bill'd addle any kind of a fetchin' up," observed Jule conclusively.

"We never had no words till last Saturday. Billie was always the perfect gentleman friend," said Sophie.

"The boy's got a white streak in him," approved Pa.

"Twisted with yallow, though," put in Jule.

"Mebbe you did more in the first place to rile Billie than you let on, Jule," suggested Ma. "You seem so set ag'in him; still I don't know as more than usual—you two always fit like cat and dog."

"Oh, no!" cried Sophie, "Julia was not to blame. If I only had said different; but when he called me a 'Catholic Pole' I was quick mad."

"'Twa'n't right to twit you that way," said Ma; "and 'twa'n't right to be knockin' down your Polish friends—though I don't think——"

"No, Machnitzke went too fur," interrupted Pa, following up her unspoken thought.

"Billie told me many times what a good mother he had," said Sophie.

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"Did he now?" cried Ma eagerly.

"I said Bill was white—" began Pa.

"I say, folks, is Miss Budz-zz—?" and an indistinct hum like a passing bee trailed off into silence. It was Milo, Jule's husband, inquiring at the side door.

"Miss Sophie Budzbanowsky is here, if that's what you're chewin' on," answered Jule ungraciously. "What of it?"

"Well—'cause Bill's comin'."

"Ain't this his home?" snapped Jule.

"Yes, but—Miss Sophie—might not be pleasant for her," hinted Milo; "might go out back door."

But before Sophie had time to profit by this well-meant warning, a heavy step pounded on the porch, and Bill burst into the house.

"Holdin' a caucus in the front room?" he called.

"Sophie's here!" informed Jule shrilly.

"What in thunder!" shouted Bill—joy, anger, resentment conflicting in his voice. "Then I'll be movin' on." Still he did not go, but, drawn by an overpowering attraction, doggedly tramped into the front room and stood without speaking in the midst of the company. But he did not look at Sophie.

"Billie Flickinger!" cried his mother, her hollow cheeks flaming red with indignation, "look at yourself! A great hulking six-footer a-worrying a little mite of a thing like Sophie. You've run this family for twenty-two year with scarcely a good word for one of us, and been pampered and took care of and meals kept warm for you—and now you work off your crankiness on a born lady. And what if Machnitzke was mean? Sophie couldn't help it. And a-twittin' her of bein' a Catholic Pole! What'd you 'a' been, Bill, I'd like to know, if your Pa'd 'a' saw fit to settle in the Polander's country—?" and Ma paused for breath.

"I am glad Sophie is a Pole," exclaimed Jule. "I'm proud to know a Catholic Pole; but if she was a Dago Pole, or a Sheenie Catholic, I'd like her just as well."

"That's right," echoed Pa, "and a man's religion is his *cas*tle."

"Ma," yelled Opal, "what'll I do with this 'tato salad?"

"Land! I plumb forgot it—stir up with a fork."

"It's folks that counts and not what meetin'-house they go to," moralized Pa.

"I never knew that any of us had any religion," sniffed Jule loftily.

"No religion, you know," Pa hastened to explain to Sophie, "that needs a meetin'-house steeple to oversee it. Though this family aims to do right—at least most of us does," with a glance at Bill, "some of the time."

"Supper's ready," announced Opal at the door.

"It ain't a question of religion, and Bill knows it; he ain't acted decent," declared Ma. "Everybody stop jawin' and come out to supper."

But Bill and Sophie lingered in the room after the others were gone.

"Ma's right," said Bill simply, looking straight at Sophie, with all the pain and desire of the past miserable week crowded into that one moment; for his foolish pride and unjust resentment had quite died out.

And for once in his life, Bill Flickinger, royal monarch of his little world, had acknowledged himself in the wrong. Sophie had never seen him look so manly, and the eternal feminine, whose joy it is ever to take unto itself man's burden, spoke through her, saying:

"I was to blame, too, Billie," and she really thought she was.

"Cut the sparkin'," called Pa from the supper-table; "'tatoes is gettin' cold."

Then Bill and Sophie appeared with such remarkably happy faces that there was no doubt about their having made up. And Ma Flickinger, seeing how things were, promptly burst out crying.

"Now what's wrong?" demanded Bill, with a grin.

"It give me a turn," answered Ma, wiping her eyes. "Sophie and Billie, crowd in between Pa and Jed."

"Mebbe there ain't no cause for rejoicin'," hinted Pa.

"For the land sakes, Bill, ain't you ast her yet?" questioned Jule boldly.

Bill shook his head; his tongue seemed glued to the roof of his mouth. But he was too happy even to spar with Jule. This was, indeed, a heavenly mental state for one of Bill's make-up to attain.

"Then I'll be danged if I don't do it myself," growled Pa with huge enjoyment. "I'm nigh as anxious as Bill. Now, Sophie, will you have Bill for keeps? Fair and square, you can see that he's dead gone on you—and so are we all."

"If Billie he wants me," answered Sophie faintly, looking at her plate.

"Out with it, Bill," encouraged Jule, but

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as her brother did not speak, she added: "Ain't you got sense enough to say somethin'?"

"Bill's Budzbanowsky!" shouted Butch, suddenly appearing at the open door.

"That's right, kid," Bill managed to say.

"Have some 'tato salad, Sophie," begged Ma; and the family felt that Bill would now see the matter safely through.

The One Kinship

By Joseph Kochell

AS James Nolan came swiftly up the gravel path and started to ascend the steps to the porch, Strathers, of the "plain clothes" police, who had been waiting for hours in the shrubbery at the right of the little cottage, stepped up noiselessly beside him.

"Evening, Jim," he remarked dryly, at the same time deftly passing his hand over the man's clothing where a gun might have been secreted.

Nolan wheeled so quickly that he stumbled.

"God!" he exclaimed, and, with a fierce light in his eyes, tried to wrench free his arm, which Strathers had gripped firmly by the elbow, holding it close to his own side.

"Now, now, take it easy," warned the detective, clinking suggestively in his other hand a short chain with cross-bars of steel. "Want me to use the twisters?"

The door of the cottage opened. Nolan, standing with his back to the steps, heard it. He clutched Strathers by the sleeve.

"Not now—not here—for the love of heaven, man, don't let her know," he begged in a sharp whisper. Strathers let go his arm, and Nolan faced around with an easy motion. His wife stood framed in the open doorway, their boy in her arms. The light of the setting sun bathed her whole figure in a deep golden glow. She was smiling at her husband, with a kindly, questioning glance at the man behind his shoulder. Strathers felt Nolan quiver in every fiber.

"Mary, dear, I'll be in directly," Nolan said in a low, even tone. "This gentleman," indicating Strathers, who almost involuntarily raised his hat, "I—we have a matter to discuss, and——"

"Yes, James," she interrupted gently, "but won't you come in? See, Boy wants you," and she smilingly held out the baby, that gurgled and struck out delightedly with its feet and arms. The sunset glow now tinged them both with glorious red.

Nolan stood transfixed, his shadowed face haggard; she could not see the agony that crept into every line. Strathers saw it, and pitied him. He carefully turned away, his shoulder brushing Nolan's back to keep the "feel" of his movements.

Nolan gazed at the picture before him, the recollection of which was to stay with him to the end of his life, and he forced an answering smile to his lips. He shook his head.

"We are going for a little walk, to talk it over, dear," he told her, and, as he saw a fleeting troubled look in her eyes, "We won't be long," he lied, and then swung about abruptly and walked with Strathers out of the little garden, and down the road. Before they turned from sight of her he looked back once; she was waiting there in the fading light, holding the child to her breast.

When they had passed out of sight, he turned savagely on the detective, who was watching him narrowly.

"Well?" Even Strathers was startled at the sudden change in the man's voice and manner. The anguish of James Nolan had given way to the cold hardness of "Jim" Nolan, alias "Slick Jim," ex-convict and "crook," whom Strathers had hunted down and caught.

"SEE, BOY WANTS YOU."

"Well?" echoed Strathers significantly. "I guess you know. The East Bank job; I think they'll be glad to see you. A neat bit of work, eh, Jim?"

Jim Nolan sucked in his breath through his teeth.

"How'd you place the job to me?" he asked, avoiding the detective's look.

"Young Pimley, the clerk—we nailed him for his share. We pushed him hard, and he's turned evidence—squealed—" He threw out his hands deprecatingly. "Oh, there's nothing to it; we've got it on you, easy."

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Nolan burst out with a curse. "That —— pup! By heaven, they'll have to prove it."

"I tell you, we've got it against you, clean," insisted Strathers. "If you try to fight it, you're a fool. Why couldn't you keep away from the game, man? You've been straight a couple of years now, and with your wife, and the kid—steady, there!" He slipped out his pistol as Nolan made a sudden movement.

The latter stood still, his face like chiseled yellow marble.

"You leave her out of this, Strathers," he said tensely in a dry, rasping voice. "She never knew but what I was —well, what I made out to be. And I lived up to it—kept straight, until I ran up against that light-mouthed, wine-drinking fool in that bank, and it looked too easy—" He laughed harshly and suddenly held out his wrists. "Here, if you get me thinking of that," and he jerked his head in the direction from which they had come, "by heaven, I'll try to get away. You're right, Strathers: I don't want to fight it. I was going to clear out to-night, but you were too quick."

HE WORKED SILENTLY, DAY IN AND DAY OUT.

Strathers linked his prisoner's wrist to his own. They had some distance to travel and he cared to take no chance.

"I thought I'd let you know how it looked, Jim," he said simply.

"I know—I'll have to stand for it," Nolan said, and his face was very drawn; "but when I'm through, I'll get Edward Pimley for this, so help me God!"

Within the month the "People" had proved the felony against him, and Nolan stood at the bar for the sentence that would again reduce his identity to the numeral of the convict.

He received it quietly—five years; it seemed light enough (the evident reward of his admission of guilt), considering his record, which had been dwelt on so insistently by the prosecutor at the trial. In his attitude there remained no trace of the fierce passion that, near the close of the case, had caused a brief sensation in the court room, when he had tried to reach the State's main witness, young Pimley, the clerk of the bank, on whose confession he had been apprehended for the forgery.

In prison, he was put at a bench to plait straw into rude mats, and he worked silently, with mechanical precision, day in and day out. He sought no companionships among the other inmates. His only visitor was Al Connor, an intimate, a "pal" of the early days of his career.

They would talk of many things in the short interviews permitted them, but never of Nolan's wife, his home, the one white spot in his life. He had not seen her since the day of his arrest, but she had sent him word: a few sorrowful lines breathing forgiveness, and love, and faith for the future. She would patiently wait for him. The message aroused a dogged determination—a jealousy of every day gained by a strict observance of the prison regulations, of every hour by which the law permitted him to shorten his term, "for conduct."

Then, toward the end of his confinement, she and the child died in a night, struck down by a malignant epidemic. When Connor told him, Nolan, pale even underneath the prison pallor, stared at him so long and vacantly that Connor grew apprehensive. (Once before he had seen a look like that—on the face of a man who died, raving, in a madhouse.) And then, with a quivering sigh, the stricken man collapsed on the rude plank of his cell.

"Dead," he repeated wearily, "dead—dead, oh, Al!" and Connor realized that Nolan had cared more than he had ever guessed.

A few weeks later his term expired.

Edward Pimley dropped the evening newspaper and shifted uneasily in his seat. He arose in a nervous apprehension of an imperceptible something that he could not define. He glanced at his watch, and stretched his arms and yawned. It was too early to retire, so he tried to shake off the peculiar sense of oppression, and picking up his paper he leaned his chair back against the table. For a moment another news item held his attention.

From the floor above, a tiny wail floated down the stairway, the lower steps of which were visible in a little alcove beyond the door at the farther end of the room. He heard his wife moving about upstairs, and then it was still again.

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Then he became aware that his disturbance arose from the unaccountable breaking and flickering of the gas flame above the table. He glanced up over his shoulder and saw the flame bend and wave slightly as if fanned by a breeze, and at the same moment he felt a slight draft stir in his hair. Something rustled unmistakably behind him, and, as he started up, a pliable coil of rope dropped over his head, down his arms to the elbows, which were instantly pinioned to his body, and a muscular forearm pressed against his throat, stifling his startled exclamation. He was drawn sharply against the edge of the table, and, in another instant, lay there gagged, looking up in horrified recognition at the face and closely cropped head of James Nolan.

Nolan saw the frightened, dilating pupils of Pimley's eyes, and laughed in a mirthless undertone. With another coil of the rope he secured Pimley's feet.

"Know me, eh?" Then, as Pimley struggled, he held up close to his face the long, narrow blade of a knife.

"You lay still and listen," he commanded through his closed teeth. Next he dragged Pimley from the table, threw him heavily into the chair, and stood before it, breathing hard.

"I'm going to kill you, Pimley," he said after a moment, with deliberate distinctness—the helpless man's throat worked convulsively—"but I want you to know, it's not for what you did to me," he went on.

"I had a wife, Pimley; I had a child, who needed me," the even, hard tone continued, "and they died. That's why I am going to kill you now, do you understand?"

Nolan watched his victim's terrified eyes for a moment, and stepped closer, nerving himself to strike the blow. Then, down the stairway, beyond the door to the alcove, came a swish of skirts. Nolan instinctively reached up and turned off the light, and moved swiftly behind the chair in which the bound man lay.

Then he gasped once, twice, and suddenly threw out his hand, the fingers spread apart before his face, as if to ward off a blow.

At the foot of the staircase, irresolutely halting just beyond the doorway, facing him, stood a fair young woman, her arms infolding a little white animated bundle that she was holding close to her breast. The dull crimson and gold of the swinging lamp above her in the alcove played on her hair, over her face and swaying figure.

"Edward," she called softly into the darkness that her sight could not yet penetrate. Then, with a tentative forward step as she heard a movement, "Are you there?" She held out the little white burden gloriously. "See, dear, baby is awake. He wants you," she said.

A barely audible moan escaped Nolan. The knife had slipped from his hand. He was retreating backward across the room, back to the open window, back into the night, with both hands raised to shut out the vision.

At Fourscore

By CHARLES BUXTON GOING

HIS body, warped and brown and thin,
Is like some quaint old violin,

Played till it bears the lasting trace
Of the dead player's hand and face—

Played to old airs of love and pain
Till it has broken with the strain.

But even yet, when some one brings
A master touch, the poor worn strings

Wake, from his heart of bygone years,
A music that is blind with tears.

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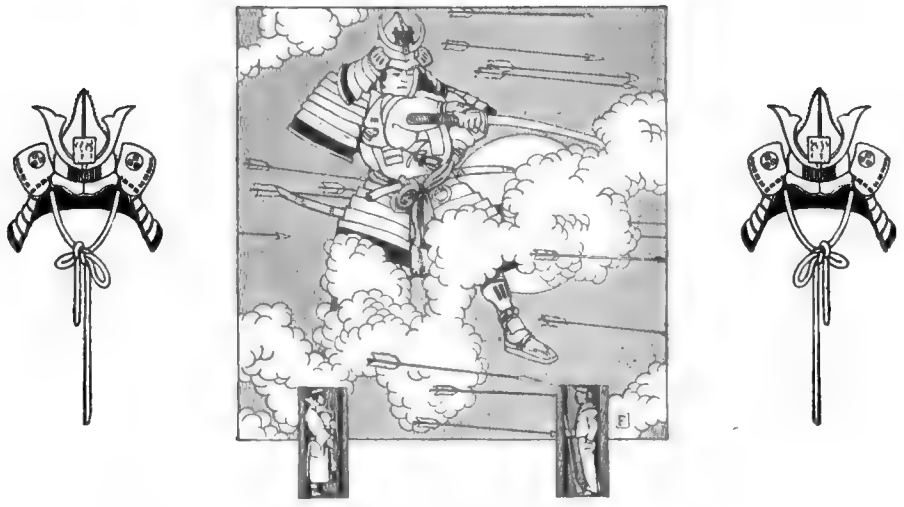

What Is a Good Man?

By GENERAL COUNT KUROKI

Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Army

With a note by HENRY SATOH

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In the Christmas issue, we published a symposium on "What is a Good Man?" General Kuroki's contribution was belated. But when it came, we found it so typically Japanese in spirit and at the same time so clear an expression of the universal military ideal that we feel justified in presenting it in this number.

YOU wish me to give you my own definition of a good man. But as I have been brought up in my profession since I was a little boy, and have never stepped outside of that circle, all my ideas are necessarily based upon the principle guiding my profession. So you cannot expect from me a definition such as a philosopher or a religionist or an educationist can give. But as one serving in the army of my august master, I am not without my own ideal of a good man. If you want me to speak on the subject, I can say this, that any person who will act up to the spirit of the Five Imperial Commandments given to those serving in the profession of national defense, is worthy of the name of a good man. I might add, also, that the commandments are just as applicable to those not belonging to the profession in their daily lives. In other words, any person who would conscientiously observe these injunctions and faithfully follow them out in his life would be fully entitled to the much-coveted honor of being considered a good man.

NOTE: By the Five Commandments the General means those

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contained in the Imperial Exhortation, dated January 4, 1882.

This Rescript is looked upon as the Bible of those serving in the noble profession which has for its object the defense of the nation both on land and on sea.

The Exhortation is an essay written in a dignified style so eminently characteristic, in its phraseology, of the genuine Japanese inspiration, that it is next to impossible to translate it into a foreign language with full justice to its tone and spirit as well as to its rhetorical merit. However, an attempt is here made to give the gist of the Rescript so sacred to every soldier and sailor of the Dai Nippon, and it is done in the hope that this humble endeavor may be of some use in thus contributing its mite toward the presentation of the great General's idea to the readers of this magazine.

In the Preamble of the Rescript is stated the fundamental principle underlying the organization of the national defense, and after briefly recounting the vicissitudes to which the supreme command both on land and on sea was subjected during the various stages of the history of the nation, and its final restoration with the close of the Shogunal (military) government of the Tokugawa Family (in 1868), the Imperial Essay emphasizes the fact that the Emperor is the supreme commander of the whole organization, with which is closely interwoven the rise and fall, the glory and humiliation, of the entire nation.

The Five Injunctions are then enumerated. They are briefly as follows:

I. *He who serves in the army (or the navy) shall make it his duty to do his utmost in being loyal and devoted.*

No man can there be who, born in this country, entertains no desire to serve his country. Still more so is this the case with those serving in the army (or the navy). Without this conviction deeply implanted in him, the individual, however proficient in the art and knowledge of his profession, will become a man devoid of spirit, and the military organization composed of such individuals, however perfect in its form and system, will be only a conglomeration of disjointed units totally useless in time of emergencies.

II. *He who serves in the army (or the navy) shall punctiliously observe the principle of decorum.*

Under this heading the underlying principle of order and discipline pervading the entire organization is elaborated, and those addressed are exhorted not to overlook even the slightest point.

III. *He who serves in the army (or the navy) shall value and esteem personal courage.*

The importance of courage having been explained, a clear distinction is made between a rash act of braving dangers and a calm, heroic conduct, those addressed being warned not to confound the former with the true courage. Under this heading they are also exhorted always to be meek and gentle in their behavior, and never to attempt to make a display of their bravery.

IV. *He who serves in the army (or the navy) shall be trustworthy and honorable.*

This virtue, so indispensable in every walk of life, is especially so with those constituting the units of the military organization. No one can remain in the service even for a single day without this qualification. To be trustworthy is defined as acting up to one's words, and being honorable is identified as performing the duties and obligations expected.

V. *Simplicity of living (frugality) shall predominate in the life of him who serves in the army (or the navy).*

Without this spirit to guide him, effeminacy will soon follow, and habits of luxury will come to be courted. Once fallen a victim to such evil, the exalted sentiment of prizing his principles and courage will be stifled in the soldier or the sailor and he will become an object of universal contempt. Such is a far graver misery than a personal misfortune, for the habit once introduced in the army (or the navy), it will spread with the force of an epidemic and weaken and impair the martial spirit.

The Imperial Rescript then concludes with an appealing exhortation that, the five injunctions herein stated being the ways recognized by the Heaven and the Earth, and being also the immutable principle guiding all the dealings of mankind, every soldier (or sailor) is expected to observe them faithfully and thus render to his country all that is expected of him in the service.

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A Row of Books

By JOHAN BARRETT

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Mr. Charles Edward Russell's articles, "Soldiers of the Common Good," which attracted wide attention in EVERYBODY'S throughout a year, have been published in book form, under another title. This is a comprehensive series, following a common social movement among many lands and peoples, and is a most remarkable piece of work. It has shown something deeper than the effort of philanthropist or reformer—the uprising of the proletariat in its own behalf—one of the significant revolutions of peace.*

COYLY tucked away between the leaves of my copy of "The Shuttle" (Stokes), I find a little pink leaflet announcing that Frances Hodgson Burnett, the author of this international romance and of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," is now the editor of *The Children's Magazine*, a "bright, joyous, and helpful monthly for the young." And one wonders whether the announcement of this fact is to be taken as explanatory of "The Shuttle," or vice versa. Possibly, as Dr. Johnson would have said, the interrelation is reciprocal. Certainly "The Shuttle" is for the young; not for the young in years, nor yet in heart; but in that voracious and undiscriminating idealism that prefers the glamour of life as it isn't to the meaning of life as it is. There is nothing of which the young, in this sense, are so disdainful as of the indeterminate. Just as a naïve science once analyzed nature into Earth, Air, Fire, and Water, so your naïve idealists divide life into Goodness, Badness, Humor, and Pathos. And as nature was supposed to abhor a vacuum, so they abhor a compromise. To these, then, one commends "The Shuttle." It is a long time since a writer who felt with them so sincerely has written for them so well. The story deals with two Anglo-American marriages, and in the aftermath of one and in the experiences precedent to the other, it is intended to exemplify the web of mutual interests and mutual help that the shuttle of fate is weaving between the countries.

I believe that it was Émile Zola who defined a work of art as "a bit of life seen through a temperament." It is an excellent working definition; perhaps the best for its size and the handiest for pocket-compass use that has been devised. M. Zola, in pronouncing it, doubtless thought that he was putting in a good lick for realism and administering a polite snub to the romanticists. But, if so, he forgot that illusions are at least as fundamental as disillusionment, and that dreaming dreams is as much a part of life as digging ditches. At any rate his definition, which, by the way, is as applicable to an epigram as to an epic, has turned out to be non-partisan. Just carry it around for a while and test it. Try it on some things you like and on some you do not—say, on Mr. George Barr McCutcheon and on Mr. George Moore. It will explain a lot of things. Try it, if you choose, on Mr. John Galsworthy's "The Country House" (Putnam). But try "The Country House," anyway. This is that rather scarce article, a book with a bouquet, a flavor, a something about it that inclines one constantly to smack one's lips over it. Yet it is as far as possible from being caviar to the general. For there are few current books of which the contents may be more simply defined as "a bit of life." Its flavor is drawn from the temperament of the quiet and appreciative satirist who wrote it. An episode in the lives of a conservative English country family is Mr. Galsworthy's ex-

* "The Uprising of the Many."—Doubleday, Page & Co., Publishers.

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cuse and opportunity for presenting them and their friends to us. The word presenting is used advisedly, since one is more conscious of meeting them than of reading about them. Yet while the author never detracts from their validity as individuals, he contrives that we never lose sight of their validity as types. And thus, while never obtruding, he never abandons his satirical sizing-up of the class to which they belong.

On the other hand, if one were asked to describe Miss May Sinclair's new novel, "The Helpmate" (Henry Holt), one could scarcely do better than to define it as "a bit of life seen through a microscope." I venture to believe that the first question most people will ask themselves when they finish her elaborate dissection will be, "Why did she do it?" Of course even the most sincere admirers of Miss Sinclair's "The Divine Fire" must have felt that the author was prone at times to become intoxicated by her own lyric facility. She was constantly saying things in words whose perfect pertinence and assonance could scarcely be excelled; and then instantly paraphrasing herself for the mere joy of successful accomplishment. But the cockney poet and his entourage, under Miss Sinclair's brilliant management, were a good enough property to pay dividends even on a verbal overcapitalization. Not so, however, is the shallow, self-righteous bourgeoise whose married life and ultimate awakening are recorded in "The Helpmate." The woman, indeed, as well as her husband and the lesser characters of the book, is, like all Miss Sinclair's characters, a natural, logical study by a student of men and women. But as a story "The Helpmate" is unpardonably long drawn out, and as an analysis of character it uses a high-power lens upon an object visible to the naked eye. To revert to the financial simile, Miss Sinclair has capitalized for a million a property that would have been dear at fifty thousand. Her prospectus is minutely and glowingly composed, but she has underwritten a "lemon."

Without denying the primacy of love among the passions, there are, nevertheless, moments when one wearies of hearing the orchestra of fiction forever playing Hail to the Chief. One of these moments is the right time to take up Mr. Joseph Conrad's minor tragedy, "The Secret Agent" (Harper). In that it concerns itself with the dregs of impotent and outcast humanity in the slums of London, this tale may fail to interest the thoughtlessly fastidious. But since it is the inherent humanity of these dregs, the persistency of the personal equation even in the pariah, that Mr. Conrad has sought to make artistically significant in the story, it may be trusted to appeal to the fastidiously thoughtful. The secret agent is a hanger-on of one of the foreign embassies, who has furnished them with carefully colored information about the under-world of anarchistic refugees, and who, for business purposes, has kept in easy touch with a changing circle of fake reformers, out-at-elbow socialists, and idle terror-mongers. Suddenly called upon, through a change of policy on the part of his employers, to produce, instead of denounce, an anarchist plot, this heavy-brained, comfortable, and cowardly parasite is forced to a choice between risking his neck and losing his living. The agent's final solution of his dilemma, how he came to reach it, and how it involved not only himself, but everyone connected with him, in a dénouement no less tragic for being sordid, are the elements of a situation handled by Mr. Conrad with admirable restraint and molded into a story of which the construction is noteworthy in these days of haphazard literary architecture.

The detective story seems to occupy very much the same position as the boiled egg. Both have come to be rather indispensable staples of diet, and neither of them can ever be mistaken for anything else. One sees omelets that are all but indistinguishable from scrambles, and "novels of manners" that taste for all the world like "stories of adventure." But a boiled egg and a detective story are each *sui generis*, and both look so easy to do that they are constantly being done by those who don't know how. As a result, we are ill served in both respects and yet are not overly discriminative of actual achievement. "The Mauleverer Murders" (John Lane), by A. C. Fox-Davies, is one of the three-to-the-order, cold-storage, high-flavored, half-cooked, opened-in-the-kitchen-with-pieces-of-shell-in-the-glass orders of detective fiction. It will sustain you, at a pinch, say from Syracuse to Buffalo, if you would not sooner go hungry. And there you are. But the stories comprised in "The Exploits of Arsène Lupin" (Harper), which we owe to Maurice Leblanc, are not only fresh laid, but prepared with understanding. Some one has called the detective story the "drama of ratiocination." That, exactly, is what these stories are, only, as M. Lupin is a burglar instead of a sleuth, the ratiocination is that of the hare instead of that of the hounds. He plays psychological sleight-of-hand tricks on his pursuers, and we are forced to admire their cleverness through being taken in by them.

Two recent volumes of short stories, one by Jack London and one by Thomas A. Janvier, are good enough, each in its own way, to deserve at-

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tention. But they are doubly interesting if considered together, because they happen to deal with strongly contrasted but equally fundamental aspects of human nature denuded of artificial restraints, and because they thus incidentally place in juxtaposition the quintessential spirits of two writers who would appear to be incapable of such close approach. The stories in Mr. London's "Love of Life" (Macmillan) are stories of the Klondike ten years ago. Those in Mr. Janvier's "Santa Fé's Partner" (Harper) are of New Mexico during the railroad construction period of the seventies. Mr. London shows us the play of basic passions in men face to face with finalities and freed from the aids and the constraints of fellowship with their kind. Mr. Janvier sketches the irresponsible humors of an as yet irresponsible community—or shall we say of an aggregation of isolated human units not yet become a community? We wince at the truth of Mr. London's insight, and laugh at the truth of Mr. Janvier's. Yet the one is never unconscious of the irony that underlies the tragic, and the other never loses sight of the tragic implication in the play of his human tiger cubs. And thus they touch hands across the gulf.

"Lord Cammarleigh's Secret" (Little, Brown), by Roy Horniman, is one of those fictional escapades that differ from literature in the same way that "joy riding" differs from motoring. Mr. Horniman is out for a lark, and the situation, while radically indefensible, appeals to us by the convincing impudence of its carrying-out. The cleverly improbable plot is by no means rare of conception. Dozens of stories start in on provocative lines, just as dozens of automobiles start in on a hill, with a fine rush and an encouraging hum, only to come down to second speed half-way to the top and finish in distress on the low gear. But "Lord Cammarleigh's Secret" is one of the exceptions. It begins with a rush, but it takes the middle incline with its assurance scarcely diminished, and tip-tilts over the crest with a sustained ease that is little short of exhilarating. The story is that of a young actor, out of a job and "up against it," who invests his sole remaining asset, a quick wit, in a highly speculative bit of social blackmail. Trading upon an assumed knowledge of a wealthy bachelor's secret, constantly successful, and constantly lured by success into fresh temptings of providence, he finishes his meteoric herohood safely installed in the good graces of his victims and of ourselves, but as ignorant as he began, leaving us, laughing at our own discomfiture, as unenlightened as he found us.

I have known people—excellent, unexceptionable citizens, for the matter of that—who rather prided themselves upon looking down on the man with a hobby. I hope they will skip this paragraph. If one suggested to them that they were missing one of the cardinal illusions, they would try, unsuccessfully, to look sympathetic, and we should part company needlessly sorry for each other. For my own part, I would as soon be without an intelligent, gentle, thoroughly housebroken hobby as to be separated from my dog. I am quite aware that both of them are constitutionally liable to rabies, but I take the risk cheerfully—and am careful not to feed either of them too much meat. Robert and Elizabeth Shackleton, the joint authors of a volume called "The Quest of the Colonial" (Century), are a pair of hobbyists who have thought to share with us, not so much their esoteric learning, as their individual experiences. Granted a love of treasure-trove and an instinctively hopeful attitude toward old garrets and dark shops, this book will prove congenial reading. But the actual lover of Sheraton and Heppelwhite who, either from choice or from necessity, would sooner root out a bargain than commission an interior decorator, will follow the Shackletons in their vacation quests with envious and responsive interest and will not come away without valuable hints.

OTHER BOOKS

"Races and Immigrants in America" (Macmillan). A serviceable digest and tentative discussion of our economic and sociological problems as affected by the immigration of the past century. By John R. Commons.

"Her Majesty's Rebels" (Macmillan). A somewhat loose-jointed but companionable novel of Irish life, the plot of which suggests the career of Charles Stewart Parnell. Written by Sidney R. Lysaght.

"Empire Builders" (Bobbs-Merrill). A tale of strenuous civil-engineering, railway-promoting, and love-making, by Francis Lynde. A typical "professional" romance of the day.

"Eben Holden's Last Day a-Fishing" (Harper), by Irving Bacheller; "An Encore" (Harper), by Margaret Deland. A brace of gracefully contrived return engagements of former fiction friends from Indiana and Old Chester.

"Religion and Historic Faiths" (Huebsch). Remarkably concise lectures upon the essence of religion and upon the spirit of the Chinese, Babylonian, Egyptian, Zarathustrian, Brahmanic, Buddhistic, Greek, Hebraic, Mohammedan, and Christian faiths. By Otto Pfleiderer, of the University of Berlin.

"Clem" (Century). One of the cleanest cut of the lesser new fictions. The story of an all-but-accomplished mésalliance, told by Edna Kenton.

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Under the Spreading Chestnut Tree

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree."

A certain man, living in a New England village, lost a horse one day, and, failing to find him, went down to the public square and offered a reward of five dollars to whoever could bring him back.

A half-witted fellow who heard the offer volunteered to discover the whereabouts of the horse, and, sure enough, he returned in half an hour leading him by his bridle. The owner was surprised at the ease with which his half-witted friend had found the beast, and, on passing the five dollars to him, he asked:

"Tell me, how did you find the horse?"

To which the other made answer:

"Waal, I thought to myself, where would I go if I was a hoss; and I went there, and he had."

Billy, aged twelve, took part the other day in a debate on imperialism. His opponent, in rebuttal, made a point by quoting the definition of empire from the Century Dictionary. Billy, nothing daunted, with all the air of Patrick Henry himself, rose up and said:

"It's all right for my opponent to quote from the dictionary; but as for me, I rely on *the facts!*"

Little Betty had been playing quietly on the porch one afternoon, unnoticed by her father and a friend, who were discussing the recent financial panic. When the guest had gone and bedtime had come, Betty was unusually silent and thoughtful. And when she knelt to say her prayers, a pause followed the usual petitions in behalf of "papa an' mamma an' Aunt Mary an' Uncle Tom an' Rover an' Bridget." Finally, with great earnestness, she resumed:

"An' now, God, please take great care of Yourself, 'cause if anything should happen to You we'd only have Mr. Roosevelt—an' he hasn't come up to papa's expectations."

On the way to the office of his publishers one crisp fall morning, James Whitcomb Riley met an unusually large number of acquaintances who commented conventionally upon the fine weather. This unremitting applause amused him. When greeted at the office with "Nice day, Mr. Riley," he smiled broadly.

"Yes," he agreed. "Yes, I've heard it very highly spoken of."

Comptroller Metz of New York opposed a certain bill on the ground that it would accomplish nothing.

"That bill," he said, "would effect no more real change than did the kindness of the canal-boat captain to the weary actor. After an enforced idleness of two months, the actor was offered an engagement in a town twenty-five miles away, on condition that he report for work that evening at seven o'clock.

"Well, he patched up his worn shoes as best

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he could, pinned up his wardrobe in an old newspaper, and set out along the towpath of the canal. But after he had covered some nine or ten miles, the poor fellow's boots gave out, and a little farther along, footsore and weary, he gave up in despair and threw himself on the grass by the bank of the canal.

"As he lay there cursing his fate, a canal-boat hove in sight. The actor was seized with an inspiration.

"'Captain!' he shouted, as the boat drew near. 'Pull up, captain! For the love of heaven, pull up!'

"'Wal?' inquired the captain as he stopped the boat.

"'Captain,' pleaded the actor, 'I've simply got to get to Quag to-night to play second heavy in "The Pitfalls of Pittsburg," and I can't walk another step. Can't you give me a lift? I'll gladly work my passage.'

"'Right-O,' said the captain, with a kindly nod. 'Lead the mule.'"

The three men in the back room of Conner's saloon had made a night of it. Their heads were heavy and their nerves were on edge. The half-emptied glasses on the table had lost their charm.

Suddenly a rat darted across the floor, seized a bit of cheese that had fallen from the table, and scurried back to the hole whence it had come. Each of the men started violently and glanced suspiciously at his companions. It was Hennessy who first mustered courage to speak.

"What are ye lookin' at?" he demanded with a sneer. "I know what ye're thinkin'. Ye think I thought I saw a rat. But I don't!"

The late H. C. Bunner, when editor of *Puck*, once received a letter accompanying a number of would-be jokes in which the writer asked: "What will you give me for these?"

"Ten yards start," was Bunner's generous offer, written beneath the query.

A man and his wife were airing their troubles on the sidewalk one Saturday evening when a good samaritan intervened.

"See here, my man," he protested, "this sort of thing won't do."

"What business is it of yours, I'd like to know," snarled the man, turning from his wife.

"It's only my business in so far as I can be of help in settling this dispute," answered the Samaritan mildly.

"This ain't no dispute," growled the man.

"No dispute! But, my dear friend——"

"I tell you it ain't no dispute," insisted the man. "She"—jerking his thumb toward the woman—"thinks she ain't goin' to get my week's wages, and I know darn well she ain't. Where's the dispute in that?"

The husband had had an unusual amount of work to do and it was after midnight when he started up-stairs to bed. He tiptoed softly, but in spite of his cautiousness his wife rolled over and half awakened.

"Is that you, John?" she asked.

"Yes, dear."

"Are you sure?" she demanded, from force of habit.

President Manuel Amador of Panama tells this little tale of a certain Cuban millionaire:

"An unfortunate man once obtained access to this millionaire and started to lay before him his woes. He depicted his wretched poverty in most vivid colors. Indeed, so graphic was the man's sad story that the millionaire felt himself affected as he had never been before. With tears in his eyes he summoned his servant and in a quavering voice said:

"John, put this poor fellow out. He is breaking my heart."

Sergeant Murphy had a squad of recruits on the rifle range. He tried them out on the 500-yard range, but none of them could hit the target. Then he tried them on the 300-, 200-, and 100-yard ranges, in turn, but with no better success. When they had all missed on the shortest range, he scratched his head and regarded them perplexedly. Suddenly he straightened up.

"Squad, attintion!" he commanded. "Fix bayonets! Char-r-ge!"

His clothes were spotted with dirt and grease, but a bright bunch of flowers adorned the lapel of his coat.

"What do you think of this?" he asked, proudly tapping his bouquet. "Where do you think I got it?"

"Don't know," admitted his friend, "unless—Why, maybe it grew there."

A young lady entered a crowded car with a pair of skates slung over her arm. An elderly gentleman arose to give her his seat.

"Thank you very much, sir," she said, "but I've been skating all afternoon, and I'm tired of sitting down."

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Everybody's Magazine

PUBLISHED BY

THE RIDGWAY COMPANY

ERMAN J. RIDGWAY, *President* JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE *Editor* WM. L. JENNINGS, *Sec'y and Treas.*
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31 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

With "Everybody's" Publishers

THOUGH the outside of this number is marked January, it comes to you a few days before the New Year, the interval we all devote to taking stock of past performances and considering future flights. It seems fitting, before we plunge into 1908 with its manifold perils and opportunities, that we appropriate a brief space to balancing accounts with our readers. These past twelve months have meant a good deal to all of us who are engaged in the making of EVERYBODY'S, and we have always assumed that our readers are as much interested in the magazine as we are ourselves.

To begin with thanks—this 1907 has been a great year for EVERYBODY'S in business and in circulation. To-day the magazine is stronger and more prosperous than ever before. We have certainly not performed to an indifferent audience, but rather to the most responsive and generous in the world. The knowledge of the sympathy and appreciation of our readers has been a spur and an incitement to high effort. If we have accomplished anything, it is because of the encouragement that your support affords us.

Have we made good these last twelve months? One answer is the increase of our news stand sales and an addition of thirty per cent. to our subscription list. Another—the item of expenditure. We have spent far more money on the magazine than ever before. We have not economized—we have not even counted costs. We have gone after the best wherever we could find or see it. Among ourselves we say we came near getting what we went for, but performers are not always the best judges of their own work. Decision is with the audience.

Before submitting the proposition, however, it may not be amiss to remind you of some of the features that represent the character and quality we like to think EVERYBODY'S stands for. There was Owen Wister's "Keystone Crime," for instance, which competent judges have pronounced the best article of the year; and William Hard's "Making Steel and Killing Men"—surely as fine and able a presentation of the great problem of life-waste in industry as the country has had. We are mightily proud of Brand Whitlock's moving arraignment of the prevailing system of punishing criminals, in "What Good Does It Do?" and of I. K. Friedman's "Tragedy of the Released Convict," which followed. These were big human fact stories which concerned the whole population. In the same category are "Our Industrial Juggernaut," "Needless Slaughter by Street-Cars," and Carl Snyder's admirable statement of the "Growing Railway Death-Roll—Who Is Responsible?" The publication of these articles alone, we honestly believe, justified the existence of EVERYBODY'S in 1907. But there are other credits. In our pages the President exposed the "Nature Fakers"; and Cardinal Merry del Val set forth the policy of the Pope toward the separation of Church and State in France. We in the office thought at the time that Leroy Scott's Russian sketches expressed the spirit of the Russian Revolution more poignantly and more picturesquely than anything we had read elsewhere on the subject. And we have heard it said that Rex Beach's "Fight at Tonopah" is about the best piece of reporting that has been done since Richard Harding Davis's memorable story of the Yale-Harvard football game years ago.

Since the era of Lawson, EVERYBODY'S has been associated with the exposure of financial

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depravity, and those people who look to us for information in regard to the performances of "wealthy malefactors" have surely had their thirst satisfied in Will Payne's "Cheat of Overcapitalization" and Charles E. Russell's "Where Did You Get It, Gentlemen?" Altogether it has been a bad year for the malefactors, as is abundantly set forth in Edwin Lefèvre's "The Game Got Them," with which this January issue begins.

As to fiction—there we are on sure ground. You had your money's worth there. We are quite certain that EVERYBODY'S published several of the best stories that appeared in 1907. It is a pleasure to recall some of these bully yarns. C. G. D. Roberts's "Terror of the Sea Caves," one of the finest adventure stories that have appeared in a long time; Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews's "Forgiveness of Sins"—a great story; "Sangre de Cristo"; the altogether delightful "Hickory Limb"; Stewart Edward White's amusing "Honk-Honk Breed"; "Alexander"; "How Moriarty Escaped"—and no less than five stories by the inimitable O. Henry. And by no means least is "The Adventurer." This mention, moreover, takes no account of the stories in our December issue, for which we put our best feet as far forward as possible.

Weigh up the twelve numbers—1,760 pages, by the way. Have we made good?

At least this retrospect will guarantee our agreement to do still better in 1908 than we did in 1907. There is not space here for a detailed enumeration of all the fine features already organized, but let us say that we will follow the Tarkington serial with some charming new stories by Kenneth Grahame, whose "Golden Age" is still remembered as quite the most delightful series of studies of child-life in the language; that Samuel G. Blythe has looked over London, Paris, Berlin, and Venice, and sized them up in an unprejudiced American way; that Edwin Lefèvre is writing a sketch of J. P. Morgan; that Paul Latzke has done Joseph Pulitzer and Tom Johnson; that William Hard is preparing a series, "The Woman's Invasion," and that Elinor Glyn has promised us her diary in America. Besides these features, which should administer a little to the gaiety and profit of the coming year, there will be some O. Henry stories, stories by Eleanor Abbott, Arthur Stringer, Harvey O'Higgins, and a few other real craftsmen, whose work our readers are accustomed to find in EVERYBODY'S.

What did you think of our Christmas issue? Now that it is out, we regard it with some favor, but we were in serious doubts about it during the six or eight months in which it was on the anvil. We had the ideal Christmas number planned—the most picturesque and artistic magazine conceivable. What we got seemed little better than the shadow of our scheme. That "Good Man" symposium was about the most refractory proposition we ever undertook. Try to define a good man for yourself, and you will realize why so few of the internationally prominent men whom we approached with the problem, came to time with replies. To add to our difficulties, when the balance of the magazine was on the press, we concluded that the Panic required interpretation at our hands, and overnight we organized that "Consultation" of financial experts, which still remains the most substantial attempt to explain the scare that the country has had. To get it into the magazine we had to print and insert sixteen extra pages. With our immense edition, this involved a tremendous amount of additional printing and binding.

And now about that cover. The idea was to exemplify in practical every-day fashion the Christmas sentiment, "Peace on earth, good-will toward men." To do so, we chose the typical representatives of the warring forces—Harriman and Gompers, representing capital and labor, with Roosevelt, the stern upholder of the law, between them. The allegory seemed clear enough from our angle, but ever since the issue appeared queries have poured in upon us, demanding to know the purpose of the group. Some have suggested that the picture represents Daniel in the Lion's Den, others that some quick photographer had caught the President of the United States illicitly hobnobbing with the recalcitrant president of the Union Pacific, the president of the Federation of Labor being a witness. In our simple way we seem to have perpetrated a problem cover—something quite novel and, like other discoveries, as far as possible from our intentions.

However, do not construe any of this as an apology. We have had more compliments on this Christmas number than on any other magazine we have produced. We are satisfied, if you are.

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